



AN OLD ENGLISH CHORUS BALLAD.

Let the world still wag as it will,
Three merry wags are we !
A bumper shall flow to Nat, Thomas and Joe :
A sad pity that they had not for poor Nat,
Hang'd *Care* at Tyburn Tree.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Some where 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers.
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold;
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold,

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daises
Are these human flowers?
He who gave them hardship,
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups,
Welcome, daisies white,
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight !
Coming ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.



The Little Gipsy.

In a late number of the Petersburg Statesman, we find a description of a flowering tree which is found in the interior of Ceylon, and may be considered as a wonderful curiosity, excelling in beauty and grandeur all other plants in the vegetable kingdom. The body of the tree is sixty feet high and strait as a ship's mast, without limb or leaf; but supporting at the top an immense tuft of leaves, each of which is ten or twelve feet long. The stalks of these leaves clasp the body of the tree and incline outward, the long leaves bending over in a graceful curve. This vast crown of evergreen is of itself very grand; but when the tree is about fifty years old, there rises from its centre a cone several feet in height, which gradually enlarges until at length it bursts with a loud explosion, and a vast brilliant golden colored flower twelve feet in diameter appears over the elevated tuft of leaves as a gorgeous diadem on the head of this queen of the forest. The tree never blossoms but once, and does not long survive this grand display of magnificence.

A boy, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colors, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavored to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and snatching at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words: "Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure, like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but if embraced with too much ardor, will perish in thy grasp."

Cure for Toothache.—Alum reduced to an impalpable powder, 2 drachms; nitrous spirit of ether, 7 drachms. Mix and apply them to the tooth. Simple and safe, and sure, in most cases. If those who are subject to the toothache will cut out and preserve this receipt, they will find on trial that it is worth more than the price of their years subscription to this paper.

A RICH KING.—Louis Philippe is allowed by the nation £500,000 per annum; and £40,000 for the Comte de Paris, besides a large allowance for the Duchess d'Orleans. He has thirteen or fourteen magnificent palaces, and has derived from the sale of firewood and timber cut in the royal forests, since his accession to the throne, about \$25,000,000.

Cool.

Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a gentleman who, irritated at some misconduct of his servant, said—

“John, either you or I must quit this house.”

“Vera weel, sir,” said John, “where will your honor be gangin’ to?”

Crowning the Wisest.

Not many years ago it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a fine figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not all relished by the British beaux but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly.—Thus matters stood when the Hon. M. P. and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed, to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusement with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn out fashionist in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed, had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities, and his constant attention in the drawing-room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal waltzing and piping by the acting of charades and playing various games and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some charades had been disposed of, one gentleman begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning the Wisest." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for crown by answering successively the various questions, which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask.—The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was, to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of Republicans, as appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession, and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension, but his question.

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinction of rank consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman; will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the Falls of Niagara; a contemplation of this stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, and nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols, and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true Christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether of applause or censure, the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, mustachioed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, which subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain, as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best government, which the skill of man devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose will argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then arose from his seat, and with an assured voice, which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said,

"I regret your decision off a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and English ladies; which are the fairer?"

The young republican glanced round the circle; it was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered,

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and begetting love in our sex, and consequently those ladies who are most admired, and beloved and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest.—Now I assert confidently that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated, as in the Republic of the United States, therefore the American ladies are the fairest. 'But,' and he again bowed low, 'if the ladies before whom I have the honor of expressing my opinion were in my country, we should think them Americans.'"

The applause was enthusiastic, and after the mirth had subsided so as to allow the Judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee.

NOVEL METHOD OF PRESERVING FLOWERS.—A

correspondent suggests the following expedient for the preservation of flowers when in bloom, which may be useful to flower-painters and others:—It is well known that the great object of the existence of a plant is the maturation of its seed. This cannot be effected, as a general rule, unless the pollen dust is applied to the stigma of the flower; and if this can be artificially prevented, it has been found that the flower retains its beauty for several days longer than would be the case if allowed to impregnate its seed. The experiment can be tried in two ways: either the anthers, which are the pollen receptacles, may be cut off with a pair of scissors as soon as the flower opens, which emasculates the flower, or the stigma may be in a similar manner removed—the same end being gained, as the pollen cannot now, even if it falls upon the style, accomplish its object. Geraniums, having been thus treated, will preserve all their freshness sometimes for upwards of a week or ten days; and in their case, as the stamens and anthers are very pretty objects, it is better to remove the style of the flower entirely—none but the eye of a botanist could detect the amputation. This singular fact is not new. Sir James Smith, in the middle of the last century, discovered it; but it is not as generally known as it ought to be.

PUZZLE.—A pudding has what every body else has, every body else has what a pudding has. So what has a pudding?

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A gentleman lived $\frac{1}{2}$ of his life, and after having been married 5 years more than $\frac{1}{7}$ of his life, had a son who died 4 years before him, and who reached only $\frac{1}{2}$ the age of his father. To what age did the father live?

To a Gentleman,

WHO LATELY ASKED ME TO TAKE A GLASS OF BRANDY

Thou hast a generous heart I know,
As all men have who drink;
But wouldst thou to a world of woe,
My sinful spirit sink?

Ah! wouldst thou to my loathing lip,
Lift up th' accursed bowl;
And bid the Bard again to sip
Damnation to the soul!

Were I to touch the wine cup now,
It would its flame impart;
Despair would burn upon my brow,
And hell within my heart.

Oh! couldst thou hear my anguish'd sighs,
Both when I wake and sleep;
Thou'dst turn away with tearful eyes,
Yes, turn away and weep.

The hopes of other years now flown,
Ambition blighted too;
All, all the later woes I've known,
Are now recall'd by you.

Far better to this hapless heart,
A dagger's death were given;
Than rob me of that better part,
A sober hope of Heaven.

Beware the wine cup, Oh! my friend,
Beware ill fated love!
These evils down to hell would send
An angel from above.

When you shall lift the goblet up,
Oh! pause—its horrors scan!
Then dash to earth the damning cup,
And dare to be a man.

Think of your mourning children's tears,
And all the painful past;
Think of the wretchedness and fears,
That must be thine at last.

Think of the loss of fortune, fame,
Of friends, and peace and pride;
Think of the dark and damning shame,
The grave can never hide.

In sackcloth and in ashes now,
I mourn my follies o'er;
And with repentant tears I vow,
I'll 'go and sin no more.'

Ye jolly friends, I found in need,
And oft at midnight met;
If at the Bar I do not plead,
Don't think that I forget.

An indolent boy being asked by his teacher 'which of the boys came latest to school,' readily replied 'indeed sir, I cannot inform you for I did not get here early enough to see.'

WISE SAYINGS FOR CHILDREN—Solomon said, many centuries ago, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser.

VERY REASONABLE.—A story is told of a soldier in the army whose only fault was that of drunkenness. His Colonel remonstrated with him—"Tom, you are a bold fellow and a good soldier, but you get drunk." "Colonel," replied Tom, "how can you expect all the virtues of the human character combined, for seven dollars a month?"

Why is a pun on the Seat of Government like a first-rate conundrum?

Because it is a capital witticism.

foot of the mountains, causing great loss of life and property.

than the price of their years subscription to this paper.

of firewood and timber cut in the royal forests, since his accession to the throne, about \$25,000,000.

"Vera weel, sir," said John, "where will your honor be gaing to?"

FEMALE TRIALS.

Really we think the ladies are all breaking out at once—as if they had held in until they could “stand it” no longer. The following is about the best told account of the trials that married ladies have to undergo that we have yet met with—and we therefore publish it with the proud thought that no one can now accuse us of not being willing to do our share, in calling attention to the woes which afflict the fairest and sweetest portion of humanity.

My heart always “stirs within me” when I read selections made by Editors of newspapers, which are designed for married ladies, setting forth our duty with relation to “making our homes happy to our husbands, that we should *always* welcome them with a cheerful smile when they come in from the cares and fatigues of the day, and do all we can to make married life pleasant to them,” &c. Now, this is well, I acknowledge, and trust I strive daily to reduce as good a theory to practice. But allow me to inquire if the cares and fatigues of the wife are always—I might say ever—appreciated by the husband?

Shall I give a short sketch of domestic life as it is, not of course describing a family as it should be, but I wish to give a fair example of every day life, at home.

My neighbor, Mr. Benson, is a lawyer by profession, is what the world calls a respectable man. His income is small, but he married a lady who was able to furnish their small house handsomely, and they have some hope of prosperity in reversion. Mrs. B. was educated in modern times, and somewhat fashionably; so that the host of evils, which ignorant young house-keepers “are heir to,” came thick and fast upon her, when she started upon the doubtful pilgrimage of matrimonial life.

But she had firm principles, energy of character, and devoted love for her husband—all good stimulants in the path of duty. She braved, like a heroine, all the “tea-pot tempests” which often come from clouds not so “big as a man’s hand,” and in due time succeeded in making a cheerful and faithful manager of their economical establishment. Mrs. B. has been a wife twelve years, and is a mother of five children, the youngest but a babe, and the family are as happy as a large portion of families.

It is Monday morning, and this speaks “unutterable things,” to a New England wife, who has been married a dozen years. Mr. Benson has had his breakfast in season—has kissed the children and gone to the office, where the boy has a good fire—the books and papers are all in order, and Mr. B. sits down, to answer a few agreeable demands upon his time, which will evidently turn into cash. He goes home punctually to his dinner at one o’clock,—it is ready for him—he takes it quietly, perhaps; frolics ten minutes with the baby and then hurries back to the office. At the hour for tea he goes home—everything is cheerful, and to quote the simple rhyme of an old song,

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Benson was in his rocking chair,
And blest as man could be.

But how has it been with Mrs. Benson through the day? She has an ill-natured girl in the kitchen who will do half the work, *only*, at nine shillings per week. Monday morning! eight o’clock—four children must be ready for school—Mrs. B. must sponge their faces—smooth their hair—see that books, slates, pencils, paper, pocket-handkerchiefs, (yes, four of them) are all in order, and now the baby is crying—the fire is low—it is time Sally should begin to wash the parlor, the chamber, the

breakfast things are all waiting. Well, by a song to the baby, who lies kicking in the cradle—a smile to smooth ruffled Sally, and with all the energy that mind and body can summon, things are “straightened out,” and the lofty pile of a week’s rearing begins to grow less; but time shortens with it—it is almost dinner time—by some accident that joint of meat is frozen—company calls—Mr. Benson forgot to get any eggs on Saturday, Mrs. B. must do the next best way—the bell rings twelve—the door opens, and in rush the children from school—John has torn his pantaloons—Mary must have some money, *then*, to get a thimble, she has just lost hers—William has cut his finger with a piece of glass, and is calling loudly for his mother.

Poor Mrs. Benson endeavors to keep cheerful and to look delighted in the hubbub, and now the dinner, by her efforts alone, is upon the table, her husband comes in and perhaps wonders the “pie is not a little better warmed,” and with this comment and a smile on the baby, he is off till it is time for tea. I forbear to finish the day, Mr. Editor, and shall only say the afternoon is made up of little trials, too small to mention, but large enough to try the faith and patience of all the patriarchs.

Now, sir, this wife has surely borne the “burden and heat of the day,” her limbs are wearied—her whole energy of mind and body exhausted, and she is exhorted “to welcome her husband with a smile.” She does it, for woman’s love is stronger than death. I would ask, should not Mr. Benson give his wife a smile? What has he done to lighten her cares through the day? How is it? In nine cases out of ten after sitting idle an hour, “he wishes Mrs. B. would put all those noisy children to bed—he should be glad to have her tell David to go to the post office for letters and papers, and at length, when half way between sleeping and waking, he looks at his pale exhausted *help-mate*, and exclaims,—“well, wife, you begin to look a little fatigued.”

I cannot ask you, Mr. Editor, if my picture is not a true one, for perhaps you are a stranger to the joys and cares of married life; but, I pray you, be more just, and now and then exhort husbands to do their part towards making home agreeable to their wives, when the latter have, like Atlas, borne a world of cares and vexations through the day. CLEONORA.

THEN YOU’LL REMEMBER ME.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well—
There may perhaps in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been—
And you’ll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
’Twill break your own to see;
In such a moment I but ask
That you’ll remember me.

ROYAL IGNORANCE.—The present king of Persia made many inquiries of Sir Hartford Jones respecting America, saying, “What sort of a place is it? How do you get at it? Is it under ground, or how?”

A WOMAN’S SHORTCOMINGS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT.

I.
She has laughed as softly as if she sighed,
She has counted six and over,
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They “give her time;” for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving;
She will lie to none with her fair red lip—
But love seeks truer loving.

II.
She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond her recalling;
With a glance for one, and a glance for some,
From her eyelids rising and falling!—
Speaks common words with a blushful air;—
Hears bold words, unrepining;
But her silence says—what she never will swear;
And love seeks better loving.

III.
Go, lady! lean to the night guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer:
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
At the voice of an in-door singer!
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries,—
But dare not call it loving!

IV.
Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm:
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men beside go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving:
Unless you can swear—“For life, for death!”—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

V.
Unless you can muse, in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of Heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behaving and unbehaving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.—Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. “Why, sir,” replied Franklin, “I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss, on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which, with a mug of water, I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning; when another loaf of bread and a mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living?”

One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates’ reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts—“Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing.”

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
84 YEARS.

Love Letter.

Most worthy of estimation,
Almost to adoration,
And held in veneration,
With close application,
Be void of ostentation,
And fond of adulation,
And great consternation.
With deep meditation,
And much contemplation,
And heart palpitation,
I have a strong inclination,
To become your relation,
With your application,
And willing acceptance,
Of this declaration.
Its my determination,
Without publication,
To make preparation,
On my plantation,
For altering my situation,
For the good of the nation,
And if such oblation,
Is worthy observation,
And can obtain commiseration,
To try the operation,
Of this negotiation,
It may be the occasion,
On a sure foundation,
For another creation,
Of generation,
And cause a reformation,
From all temptation,
And amelioration,
Of my perturbation,
Also great aggrandization,
Beyond all calculation,
And every sensation,
Of joy and exultation,
JEMMY SPEECHIFICATION.

If He Can!

Let me see him once more
For a moment or two,
Let him tell me himself
Of his purpose, dear, do;
Let him gaze in these eyes
While he lays out his plan
To escape me—and then—
He may go—if he can!

Let me see him once more,
Let me give him one smile,
Let me breathe but one word
Of endearment the while;
I ask but that moment—
My life on the man!
Does he think to forget me?
He may—if he can!

RATHER BUTTER.—A cotemporary informs us that the statue of Ellsler may be stared at with perfect impunity—for 25 cents.

Whenever you would borrow money of a man, be sure that you do not let him know that you need it: you will not be half so likely to get it if you do.



CAPITOL OF VIRGINIA, AT RICHMOND, VA.

The Salem Tunnel.

There is seldom seen on any of the many excellent Railroads with which this country is favored, a more interesting section than that which passes through, or under the city of Salem in Massachusetts. This tunnel extends about 150 yards, passing under, and parallel to the centre of Court street, which is one of the broadest and handsomest streets in the city. The tunnel is ventilated and lighted by three conical apertures—which appear in the middle of the street, and six or eight rods apart—each of which is surrounded by an elegant iron fence, of which four of the posts, extend about ten feet high, and bending inward, unite in the support of a large street lamp and lantern. These conical fabrics of ornamental iron work, serve as ornaments to the street, while they protect these vertical windows of the Railroad. A traveller whose motive is curiosity, will seldom behold a more interesting sight than that of the subterranean passage of a train of long splendid cars, as seen by him while standing in the middle of a popular street, leaning on the railing and looking down into one of these well finished shafts, as one looks into a common well. In a stranger, who should not be acquainted with the circumstances, this phenomenon, followed as it usually is by the ascent of a volume of smoke, would be very likely to produce a considerable degree of astonishment, if not of consternation.

ORIGINALITY.—A man cannot always tell whether his ideas are stolen or not. We take a thought that we love, and nurse it like a babe in our bosom; and if it looks pretty when it has grown older, we flatter ourselves that it has the family countenance.

It was a good remark of Seneca's when he said—"Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate; and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware."

THE WAY TO DO IT.



A Yankee went into a bar room of a low Dutch tavern, and taking from his pocket a pen knife, stuck the point of it in one of the beams, which crossed the centre of the room; he then walked up to the bar for a glass of sling, which having procured, he produced a shilling saying, 'there landlord, place that shilling on the floor directly under the knife so that the knife shall 'hit the mark' when it falls, and you shall have the shilling.' 'It cannot be done,' replied the landlord, 'no man can do that. Place the shilling there yourself, and if the knife hits it the first time, I charge you nothing for your drink.' The Yankee raised his glass to the knife so that the handle dipped in the liquor; then removing the glass, a drop fell from the end of the handle to the floor. On this drop he placed the shilling, and then striking the beam with his hand, the jar detached the knife which fell on the shilling of course. 'I know'd you be von tam Yankee,' said the Dutchman; 'Now me give you von more drink besides that.'

Extraordinary Mechanic.

In the town of Alyth, in Scotland, there lately lived a man of much provincial celebrity, of the name James Sandy. The originality of genius and eccentricity of character which distinguished this remarkable person have rarely been surpassed. Deprived at an early age of the use of his legs, he contrived by dint of ingenuity not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself a useful member of society. He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived, as a workshop for his operations, a sort of circular bed, the sides of which being raised about eighteen inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning lathes, table, vices, for tools of all kinds. His genius for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning, and constructed several very curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than the elegance of their execution. He excelled too in the construction of optical instruments, and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those finished by the most eminent London Artists. He suggested some important improvements in the machinery for spinning flax; and, we believe, he was the first who made the wooden jointed snuff-boxes, generally called Laurence kirk boxes, some of which fabricated by this self taught artist, were purchased and sent as presents to the royal family. To his other endowments, he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both of these arts produced specimens of the highest excellence. For upwards of fifty years he quitted his bed only three times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. His curiosity, which was unbounded, prompted him to hatch different kinds of bird's eggs by the natural warmth of his body, and he afterwards raised the motely brood with all the tenderness of a parent; so that on visiting him it was no uncommon thing to see various singing birds, to which he may be said to have given birth, perched on his head, and warbling the artificial notes he had taught them. Naturally possessed of a good constitution, and an active mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs of both church and state were discussed with the utmost freedom. In consequence of long confinement, his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, and could have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, particularly when he was surrounded by his country friends. This singular man had acquired by his ingenuity and industry an honorable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. He married about three weeks before his death. From this brief history of James Sandy, we may learn this very instructive lesson, that no difficulties are too great to be overcome by industry and perseverance, and that genius though it should sometimes miss the distinction it deserves will seldom fail, unless by its own fault, to secure competency and respectability.

A SOLID ARGUMENT.—An old lady hearing it stated by a schoolboy, that the world was round, and revolved daily on its axis, replied "Well I don't know any thing about its axes, but I know it don't turn over, for if it did we should be tumbled off: and as to its being round, any one can see that it is a flat piece of ground and stands on a rock."

"But upon what does the rock stand?"

"Why on another one, to be sure?"

"But what supports the last?"

"Why la! child, there's rocks all the way down."

"Why in such a hurry," said a man to an acquaintance. "Sir," said the man, "I have bought a new bonnet for my wife, and fear the fashion may change before I get home!"

NEW VERSION.

Oh what's the use of sighing

When time is on the wing!

Can we prevent its flying?

We can't do any such thing!

The Forlorn.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Real at once
"stand
best tol
have to
we ther
no one
to do o
which
humani

The night is dark, the stinging sleet,
Swept by the bitter gusts of air,
Drives whistling down the lonely street,
And stiffens on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare and struggle dim
Through the white-sleet clouds as they pass,
Or, governed by a boisterous whim,
Drop down and rattle on the glass.

My One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl
selectic Faces the east wind's searching flaws,
are dei And, as about her heart they whirl,
duty w Her tattered cloak more tightly draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and bleak,
Her bare feet to the sidewalk freeze;
Yet dares she not a shelter seek,
Though faint with hunger and disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead bare,
And piercing through her garments thin,
Beats on her shrunken breast, and there
Makes colder the cold heart within.

Sha She lingers where a ruddy glow
not of Streams outward through an open shutter,
but I Giving more bitterness to woe,
at hon More loneliness to desertion utter.

My One half the cold she had not felt,
sion, Until she saw this gush of light
His i Spread warmly forth, and seem to melt
was a Its slow way through the deadning night.

and th Mrs. She hears a woman's voice within,
what Singing sweet words her childhood knew,
ignor And years of misery and sin,
thick Furl off and leave her heaven blue.

doubt Her freezing heart, like one who sinks
Bu Outwearied in the drifting snow,
and d Drowns to deadly sleep, and thinks
lants No longer of its hopeless woe:

Old fields, and clear blue summer days,
Old meadows, clear with grass and trees
That shimmer through the trembling haze
And whiten in the western breeze,—

Mrs. Old faces—all the friendly past
of fi Rises within her heart again,
famil It And sunshine from her childhood east
able Makes summer of the icy rain.

marri Enhaloed by a mild warm glow,
brear From all humanity apart,
gone She hears old footsteps wandering slow
the Through the lone chambers of her heart.

sits Outside the porch before the door,
his t Her cheek upon the cold, hard stone,
goes She lies, no longer foul and poor,
—it No longer dreary and alone.

frolie Next morning, something heavily,
back Against the opening door did weigh,
hom And there, from sin and sorrow free,
simp A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told
That she had found a calm release,
And that, from out the want and cold,
The song had borne her soul in peace.

But For, whom the heart of man shuts out,
the o Straightway the heart of God takes in,
who And fences them all round about
per With silence mid the world's loud din;

spon And one of his great charities
book Is Music, and it doth not scorn
(yes, To close the lids upon the eyes
baby Of the polluted and forlorn;

Far was she from her childhood's home,
Father in guilt had wandered thence,
Yet thither it had bid her come
To die in maiden innocence.

A LOVE SCENE.

Paris is the place for romantic adventures. One night, some months ago, a young officer of a cavalry regiment was returning to his lodgings late at night, when he saw on one of the bridges a young woman of considerable beauty, but clad in the mean garments of a workwoman, preparing to plunge into the river. He seized her and threatened to take her to the station-house. She supplicated, however, so earnestly to be left alone, that the officer consented to release her, first, however, exacting a solemn promise that she would not repeat her attempt.—She hurried away; but the young soldier deemed it right to follow her. Luckily it was that he did so; for no sooner did she believe herself free from observation than the unhappy girl plunged into the river. The officer was close upon her, and, with some difficulty, and not without danger, succeeded in dragging her to land. This time he insisted upon accompanying her home. With extreme reluctance, the would-be-suicide led him to a miserable lodging in the most wretched part of the town. Knocking at the door, an old woman appeared, to whom the officer related what had happened. 'Ah, madam!' she cried, 'it was for that, then, that you borrowed my clothes!' and she then went on to relate to the young officer that the pretended unknown was no other than the daughter of a nobleman of the highest rank, and that she had that night come to borrow the dress in which she appeared, in order, as she said, to avoid discovery in a love adventure. In proof of the truth of the story, the old woman pointed to the young lady's dress, which she had left on assuming her coarse attire. This naturally excited the young man's curiosity to the highest pitch. He insisted on accompanying the young lady to her father, to whom he related all that had taken place. Warm thanks were, of course, heaped upon him, and he was invited to the house, at which he subsequently became a constant visitor. An intimacy sprung up between him and the young lady, which ripened into affection, and the affection resulted in a marriage, celebrated a few days ago. This tale is true, strange as it may appear. It has, of course, created an immense sensation in the upper circles of Parisian society; and at present it is said that all young unmarried ladies are bent on attempting to commit suicide at midnight, in the hope of being saved by a handsome officer of hussars. It is so romantic; and whatever is romantic has immense popularity in Paris.—[Register.

Happiness—Where is It?

Is it in wealth? Go probe the breast
Of fortune's favorite heir;
And why doth woe that heart infest,
And anguish canker there?

Is it in fame? Its empty breath,
Inconstant as the breeze,
Will blast ere long, the laurel wreath
That late it formed to please.

Is it in friendship, or in love?
Alas! they soon decay;
The tears of disappointment prove
How feeble is their stay,

'Tis not in all that here excells,
'Tis not in Folly's round;
Look upward, mortals, there it dwells,
And only there is found.

Miss Claret and Miss Ropes.

A new way of promoting Temperance at sea.

The captain of a ship had laid in a basket of claret for his own table. After being some time at sea, as he was overhauling his cabin, he thought more bottles were missing than he could remember of having used. While reflecting upon the subject, the idea occurred to him that probably the cabin boy was the cause of the deficiency. To ascertain the truth of his suspicions, he concealed himself in a state room, and waited until the time for preparing dinner. The boy soon came in, and having arranged the table, went to the basket, took out a bottle, and said, "Jean von Dorsten, born in Rotterdam, intends marriage with Miss Rosina Claret, born in Burgundy. Notice is hereby given for the first, second, and third times; if no man appears to forbid the bans, the ceremony will immediately take place." The roguish fellow thereupon placed the bottle to his mouth, drained it, and cast it out of the window. The captain said nothing, but after dinner went upon deck, provided himself with a good rope's end, and called the boy to him.

"Jean," said he, "I've got something interesting to tell you; I'm agoing to have you married."

"S—o," ejaculated Jean, casting an anxious glance at the rope's end, "have me married, captain?"

"Yes. Now listen and see that it is done according to law."

The captain elevated his voice so as to be heard all over the ship, and cried, "Know all men that Jean von Dorsten, born in Rotterdam, intends marriage with Miss Barbara Ropes, born in Russia. Notice is hereby given for the first, second, and third times; if no man appears to forbid the bans, the ceremony will immediately take place."

Hereupon the jolly sailor raised his arm to perform this interesting ceremony, but before it descended, Jean proclaimed in a loud voice, "I forbid the bans."

"What, you rascal," said the captain, "did you not drink my claret?"

"Yes; but if you know it, you also know that I did it all according to law. If you had forbidden the bans as I do now, I should not have touched it."

The captain could not repress a hearty laugh. At length he answered, "This time I'll let you go, but remember, if you ever cast your eyes on Miss Claret again, you shall be wedded to Miss Ropes in such a style, that you'll not forget the ceremony to your dying day."

TO MARY.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

BY J. K. MAXWELL.

Long may sunshine o'er thee linger,
Bright as that around thee now,
E'er the touch of Sorrow's finger
Leave a blight upon thy brow.

Summer skies with cheering lustre,
Sweetly smile above thy way;
Hopes and flowers unfading, clustre
Round the path where thou dost stray.

Tender memories, sweetly blending
Light and shade, around thee throng,
As the stream of life descending,
Bears thee on its breast along.

Gently, Time's unresting billow
Roll across thy path by day,
Dreams of Heaven around thy pillow
Chase the shades of night away.

Reidsburg, Clarion county, October, 1846.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Oh! weary not, Oh! weary not
In labor well begun;
The day is short and waning fast,
Thy-work will soon be done.

Oh! weary not, Oh! weary not
Until the sun declines;
There's honor gained from noble toil,
And God the work assigns.

Oh! weary not, Oh! weary not,
Though hard be thine employ;
Each sweat-drop forms within the heart
A fount of holy joy.

Oh! weary not, Oh! weary not,
For when thy task is o'er,
A home is thine of endless bliss,
Where toil is known no more.

A PRUSSIAN FABLE.—A young fox asked his father if he could not teach him some trick to defeat the dogs, if he fell in with them. The father had grown grey in a long life of depredation and danger, and his scars bore witness to his less honorable encounter with the faithful guardians of the hen-roost. He replied with a sigh, "After all my experience, I am forced to confess that the best trick is—to keep out of their way."

SINGULAR.—A favorite cat, belonging to a family at Hovington, having lost her kittens, of her own accord adopted a chicken of the pleasant fancy breed, which was domesticated. The chicken appeared highly pleased with her nurse, and, on capturing a mouse, or obtaining any other food, carefully carries it to the chicken, which has imbibed many of the peculiarities of the cat, and the two now lie comfortably together, puss putting her paw over the bird to protect it from harm.—York.

ORIGINS OF COACHES.—It is stated that the Hungarians have the credit of inventing coaches somewhat similar to those now in use, in 1294. The inventor lived in the town of Kotsze, hence the name Kotszes, which was soon corrupted into coaches. In the year 1555 the first coach was made in England for the Earl of Rutland. In 1600 there were only eight coaches in London. Glass windows were used in them in the sixteenth century, and springs not till some fifty years ago.



h! dear to this heart is the Ireland it fancies;
Dear to my soul is that emerald spot,
Where sun on bright field and silver lake
glances—
That Island of green shall ne'er be forgot.

Is the home of my childhood—the home
where I drew
At infancy's dawn, from my own mother's
breast
At the fountain of love—Now, that same mother true,
'Neath the green sod doth in loneliness rest.

She's gone, yet I see her in each lovely maiden:
Her witch'ry of eye and enchantment of song—
So plaintive, each eye with the salt tear was
laden—
So sweet, to stop it was mortally wrong.

Oh, give me the maidens that cannot dissemble!
Whose song through the heart like a keen
siver goes—
That makes a man's heart strings like minstrel harp's tremble—
Swelling emotion in sympathy flows.

An Ode to Woman.

Who, in this world of care and strife,
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,
As friend, companion, and as wife?
'Tis Woman.

Who, of a nature more refined,
Doth soften man's rude, stubborn mind,
And make him gentle, mild, and kind?
'Tis Woman.

Who, in a word, a touch, a sigh,
The simplest glancing of her Eye,
Can fill the soul with ecstasy?
'Tis Woman.

When, hours of absence passed, we meet,
Say who, enraptured, runs to greet
Our glad return with kisses sweet?
'Tis Woman.

Who, by a thousand tender wiles,
By fond endearments, and by smiles,
Our bosom of its grief beguiles?
'Tis Woman.

Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,
And makes the heart with rapture glow—
Who adds to every joy below?
'Tis Woman.

Eden she lost when ensnared to vice,
But well has she repaid its price!
For earth has been made a paradise.
By Woman.

My dreams paint a wild harp attuned by
maid's fingers;
Her hair wildly flowed, and the Shamrock
it wore—
So wildly she played, that the music still
lingers,
And carries me back to the Erin of yore.
Then fondly I gazed at the vision in wonder
Erin's bright genius appeared in my dream—
Behind her a green mountain side stood
which under
Attuning her harp, she sat by the stream.

When her harp was attuned, she sang of the
glory
That once was Erin's my Erin of old—
The green mantle'd Erin, before the sad story—
Oppression his wave had over her rolled.
Of Brien Borombe, his palace *Kinkora*,*
And blithely she sang of Tara's bright
Halls.—
Then for Erin she wept—her heart did de-
plore her
Sad trains of evils, that now her enthral.
Thus weeping she sang, and her shining eyes
glittered
With briny salt tears that rolled in a flood—

Her joyfulness ceased, for her strain was em-
bittered,
And sadly she sung in a sorrowing mood.
Oh! Erin, my country, once pride of the
ocean,
Hither came learning and found here a
home—
Then tell me, my Erin, what cruel commo-
tion
Hath robbed thee of fame, hath made thee
bemoan?

What blight hath passed o'er thee, what sad
devastation?
What could my once happy Erin so scath?
Thy children are weeping their land's deso-
lation,
Like that which pursueth the conqueror's
path.
That glory of old, which thy own Brien cher-
ished,
And thy heary bards proclaimed aloud—
Is gone, is departed, in loneliness perished—
Thy wo this enwrap'd in oblivions shroud.
Oh! weep, then, my Erin in loneliness
weep!—
Give vent to thy wo, but do not despair.

Though "the dark chain of Silence is thrown
o'er thy deep"—†
Behind the black storm, the Sun shineth
fair.
Let thy sons keep at heart this one deep re-
flection—
On them lies the burden, *what thou shalt*
be!
They may wake thee to LIFE—great resur-
rection!
Erin may yet be THE ISLE of the sea!

Then ponder thou downcast—the Shamrock
may teach thee
Wisdom, which nature doth readily give—
Thy heart open wide that the precept may
reach thee—
Then Erin again for glory may live.
The Shamrock's an emblem which threefold
united,
Shows VIRTUE, VALOR, UNION, in one.
But use them—no longer is Erin benighted—
She'll shine among nations—bright as the
Sun.

* *Kinkora*—this was the palace of the great Brien,
one of Ireland's ancient monarchs.
† This striking conception is one of the ancient
Irish metaphors.

A Leap for Life.

Kentucky ranks first among her sister States for the daring courage and high-toned honour of her chivalrous sons; swift to take offence and as quickly to forgive, they avenge upon the spot, but malice never harbours in their hearts.

Nature has given a befitting home to her favourite sons. The scenery of Kentucky abounds in the wild and sublime, soft and beautiful. We see "Knobs" bristling with tall trees, rear their lofty heads 'till they are lost amid the clouds, and then sink gently into lovely and teeming valleys. Her rivers rush leaping, dashing, foaming, like mad demons, down the rugged heights, then gently flow along through smiling meadows, with a bosom as unruffled as the face of a sleeping babe.

"The scene of this sketch is on the banks of the 'Rolling Fork.' On the right from the water's edge rises, perpendicularly, a 'knob' to the height of a hundred feet, and then slopes gradually to the summit. This 'knob,' to distinguish it from others was known as the 'Cedar Lick,' from its being entirely covered by tall cedars, and the salt taste of the earth, which the deer came in droves to lick.

Among those who were the first to settle Kentucky, was the hero of our tale, *Daniel Banks* better known as *hardy Dan*. Having been crossed in love, and naturally of restless and danger-loving disposition, he eagerly embraced the first opportunity offered to emigrate to the "dark and bloody ground." At the time the following incident happened he had been three years in Kentucky, and together with six of his companions, had settled near the "Cedar Lick."

In height, Dan was over six feet—large and limbed, of great strength, and the best shot in the "clearing." Being bold and fearless, he assumed the charge of providing his companions with game.

Many was his hair-breadth escapes from the savages while hunting. Cunning as were the "red skins," yet Dan, by his wonderful skill in wood-craft, always contrived to elude their snares, and generally left them to mourn over the loss of their braves.

Dan's favourite place for hunting was the "Cedar Lick." So hither he would repair early in the morning, and concealing himself, go watch for game. One morning while thus occupied he sat down upon a fallen tree, and as it was soon wrapped in deep thought. Suddenly the cracking of a twig struck his ear. Instantly he crouched behind a tree, cocked his rifle and glanced in the direction from which came the sound; but instead of a fine buck bounding from the bushes, he perceived the dark form of an Indian creeping through the sin-bushes about a hundred yards from him. Quick as thought Dan raised his rifle to his shoulder, glanced along the barrel and fired. With an infernal yell, the "red skin" leaped to his feet, staggered a few paces, and fell to the ground, a quivering corpse.

Before Dan had time to reload, another savage, who had crept up unperceived, sprang upon him and both fell struggling to the ground, our hero under. Escape seemed now impossible, but making an effort for his life, he exerted all his immense strength, and turned his assailant, but could not use his hands, for the Indian clasped him tightly around the body. Having no other weapon

he seized him by the throat with his teeth and ground them till they met. The relaxed hold and stiffening limbs of his enemy soon told how deadly was the bite of the Kentuckian. Already the woods resounded with the yells of numerous savages—to resist was madness. In flight lay his only chance of escape, but where, on every side except towards the river were enemies, the woods appeared alive with them. But Dan was not a man to submit tamely. He knew well the horrid death he would suffer were he taken, and he had often sworn to kill himself rather than be toasted alive for the amusement of a pack of murdering red skins. The Indians pressing close, drove him to the river bank. He could go no further, for he was on the brink of a precipice. He shuddered as he looked from the dizzy height at the deep and rapid stream, far, below, but close behind him were his blood-thirsty pursuers. "Better," exclaimed he, "be dashed to peices than be toasted alive." He hesitated but for a moment. Collecting all his strength for the leap, and casting one look to heaven, he sprang from the peak just as the savages gave a yell of fierce joy at the certainty of securing their prey.

Down, down he sped, with the swiftness of an arrow, struck the water and disappeared. He soon rose to the surface and floated moment, stunned. Then recovering, he truck out for the opposite bank, gained it and disappeared in the forest.

The descendants of the hardy pioneer still point out to the wondering traveller the spot where Dan Banks took his "leap for life."

True Nobility.

The greatest of the Roman satirists has said that virtue is the only and true nobility:

"Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."

The world is disposed to echo and applaud the sentiment, but yet to act as though birth and fortune were better and more estimable attributes of true nobility. Men of weak minds and narrow prejudices, are too much inclined to look to these accidents with more respect than they do to the better qualities of heart and mind.

A lord, the descendant of a hundred generations, and the bearer of sixteen quarterings, said once to a bishop, who had made himself what he was—"Your birth is ignominious, for your father was a butcher."

"My lord," replied the man, whose virtue was his only nobility, "he was—but I, his son, am a bishop; had your father been a butcher, you would have been one also."

There was more credit due to the man whose energy of mind and character had raised him from an obscure station to one of dignity, than to him, who, deriving all his dignity from his ancestors, had added nothing to that which he had obtained by the accident of birth.

So thought Cicero, when, with pride, he claimed the title of a "novus homo"—a man who has risen by his own exertions from obscurity to influence and power.

So thought Lord Tenterden, the Chief Justice of England, when once, on a public occasion, he boasted that he was the son of a barber.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 3, 7, 8, 11, is a girl's name.

My 4, 5, 6, is a small insect.

My 13, 11, 2, is a thing that fishermen use.

My 5, 9, 6, 11, is a small letter.

My 10, 9, 6, is a small hut.

My 12, 3, 11, is a malt liquor.

My whole is a very large body of water.

THE ASH AND THE HOLLY.

FOR LITTLE READERS.

"Pray what may your name be? I've thought the whole Spring, That I never once met with so sharp-faced a thing! Though it may seem unkind to make such remark; Yet, really, such leaves—and so odious a bark!—I declare that if I such an object had been, I'd have certainly gone where I could not be seen."

Thus spake a young Ash, with a slim, graceful waist— Who assumed all the airs of a lady of taste, And scorned the plain Holly, whose title to grace Was not to be found in fine figure or face; In fact, not a tree of the forest stood near, But declared the poor Holly too low for their sphere!

The Holly looked upward, as though her heart pined— For 'tis hard to be scold'd and unloved by our kind; But she shook the large tears from her leaves so reviled; And, without the least anger, thus answered and smiled: "Tis granted, Miss Ash, I'm less graceful than you— But if I've less grace, I've less arrogance, too!"

"I wear not the tassels and flowers which adorn The boughs of the chestnut, this beautiful morn; And the river that rolls in the sun-light divine, Might scorn to reflect such an image as mine; Yet 'neath the dark aspect you seem to despise, Lives something immortal—akin to the skies!"

"When the clouds of the Winter descend in their wrath, And the shrill tempest blows o'er your desolate path— When the beauty ye vaunt is all chastened and cast, As a thing to be spurned by the foot of the blast; Then the poor humble Holly is prized for its own, And loved in gay halls, where the Ash is unknown."

"There dressed in her plain modest garment of green, With a necklace of coral, she reigns like a queen; While hearts, young and happy, dance round her and sing, Till Winter appears like a spirit of Spring; And the mirth and the meeting, the music of words, Seem sweeter than May, and the singing of birds."

"Nor deem that my reign is but partial and brief; No, a love universal yet hallows my leaf; And the peasant, God bless him, though poor be his cot, In some favored nook can still find me a spot; For though I have dwelt in rich mansions at will, I love the clean cottage, and cling to it still!"

"When next you descend upon 'lowness of birth,' And prize form and feature beyond real worth, Remember true beauty may centre within, And more than requite for mere darkness of skin; Appearance, though charming, yet sometimes deceives, Too oft the least worth may be hid by fine leaves; As the bird that soars highest and warbles the best, Is born in the lowest and narrowest nest."

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he called little children like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then; I wish that his hand had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look, when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And if I thus earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above— In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven,— And many dear children are gathering there, For "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Never heard of that heavenly home;— I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Jesus has bid them to come. I long for the joy of that glorious time, The sweetest, and brightest, and best, When the dear little children of every clime, Shall crowd to his arms and be blessed.—Miss. Rep.

Quick in her Application.

"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon—'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'"

"Do you mean me, sir?" enquired the lady, quickly.

"Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."

Yankee Skill.—We were shown a few days since by Frederick Tyler, Esq. of this city, a specimen of table knives, made by Mr. N. P. Ames of Springfield, Mass., which were worthy the skill and taste of that most indefatigable artizan and practical mechanic. The blade of the knife, which was admirably proportioned, and most elegantly finished, was ingeniously inserted in a handle of ivory, firmly bound and secured by an inlay of German silver; making as a whole, an article embodying greater taste and durability, than we have ever seen imported.—*American*

A REMARKABLE DWARF.—There was in this town last week, says the Wilmington N. C. Chronicle, a boy from Moore county, named William Hancock, who is one of the most remarkable dwarfs that we have ever seen. He is nearly 17 years of age, 37 inches high, and weighs 27 lbs. He is symmetrically formed, is lively and active. In intellectual development he will compare with ordinary boys of 12 or 13 whose education has not been attended to. He ceased to grow at 4 or 5 years of age.

A marriage took place in New York last week where the bride, bridesmaid, bridegroom, and other men were all cousins, and thirteen other (the whole) stood beside them. An Englishman was also present: and a happy affair. The bride's mother.

LAST WORDS. Jefferson's dying words were—"I have done for my country and all mankind all that I could do, and now I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." The last words uttered by President Harrison, as heard by Dr. Worthington, were these: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

THE FAREWELL.

The sun is in the West,
The stars are on the sea,
Each kindly hand I've pressed,
And now farewell to thee.
Our cup of parting done,
'Tis the darkest I can sip,
And I've pledged them every one
With my heart and with my lip.
But I come to thee the last,
That in sorrow we may throw,
One look upon the past
Together, ere I go.

I met thee in my spring,
When my heart was like the fly,
Which on its airy wing
Sports the live-long summer by.
I loved thee with the love
Of a wild and burning boy,
Thy being was enwove
With my grief and with my joy,
Thou wast to me a star
In the silence of the night,—
A thing to view from far
With a fear and a delight.

That hour of joy is gone—
When man from man departs,
The deep wrung hand alone,
May tell the anguished hearts.
No tear may stain the eye,—
And their parting look must be
Like the stillness of the sky,
Ere the storm has swept the sea.
But when we say farewell
To her we love the best,
A bitter tear may swell,
Nor shame the stoutest breast.

I would not that my name
Should ever reach thine ear—
I've smiles for men's acclaim,
For their censures not a fear.
Nor would I when thy home
Looks joyously and bright,
That the thought of me should come
To sadden thy delight.
I would dwell a thing apart,
For thy spirit to descry,
A light within thy heart,
A shadow on thine eye.

Best beloved—fare thee well!
And though no hope be given,
The thought of thee shall be a spell
To guide my heart to heaven.
And the memory of thee—
What the dew is to the rose,
It shall come as gratefully!
In the hour of my repose.
It shall be what it has been:
A lamp within a tomb,
To burn, though all unseen,
To light, though but a gloom.

When the shade is round thy dwelling,
And the murmur in thine ear,
When the breeze is o'er thee swelling,
And the landscape dark and drear,
When no lover is beside thee
To flatter and to smile,
When there be none to guide thee,
And many to beguile,
When withered is the token,
And all unlinked the chain,
With a faith unwarped, unbroken,
I will kneel to thee again.

The Grand Jury have found a bill against Barker Burnell, late Cashier of the Nantucket Bank, the first count of which charges him with the embezzlement of \$100,000, to which he answered—"I am not guilty." The trial has been postponed until next June. As he had been surrendered by his bondsmen, Mr. B. was remanded to jail to await trial, or be bailed out on a new bond.

DOCTOR MOTT.



We present our readers with a striking portrait of this wonderful man. He is the professor of the operations of surgery of the medical faculty of the University of the City of New York, an institution whose success and reputation is unparalleled in the history of such institutions.

Professor Mott is of American birth, and descended from Adam Mott, who became a resident of Hempstead, L. I., in 1655. His grandfather, William, son of William, and grandson of said Adam, was born in August, 1709. He had two daughters and ten sons, of whom Henry, the father of Valentine, was one. Henry was born in May, 1757, and married Jane, only daughter of Samuel Way, of North Hempstead. He was educated in the medical profession by the venerable John Bard of New York. He died in New York at the advanced age of 83 years. His only surviving son, Valentine, was born at Glen Cove, Oyster Bay, L. I., August 20, 1785.

The young Valentine received the rudiments of a classical education at Newtown, L. I., and in 1804 he began his medical education at Columbia College, under their medical faculty. Here he graduated M. D. in

1806, having had the advantages of private instruction from the late Valentine Seaman. He here read a thesis on the *Stitice Limoni-um*. The young graduate had been a "hard student," and his friends were pleased and astonished at the extent of his private anatomical preparations. He thirsted for the secrets of his art, and in 1807 went to London. Here he became a pupil of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Astley Cooper. He attended steadily the lectures of the institutions of that metropolis, was a steady auditor of the elder Cline, Abernethy and Cooper, on surgical science, and in every department of the art he was a laborious enquirer. He next visited Edinburgh, and there made larger acquisitions to his knowledge. Two years afterwards he returned, and the young graduate became the lecturer on surgery in his own *Alma Mater*, Columbia College. Here he became Professor of Surgery, and notwithstanding the skill of other professors of the time, he is the first who initiated American youth into the arcana of surgical skill, by the researches of the knife and the expositions of verbal disquisition. Again he travelled abroad, making great accessions to his already wonderful stock

What is Rum.

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
Rum is the tyrant of the soul, he said,
Ye young and fair, take warning from the dead.

I asked a dying drunkard, e'er the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke;
I asked him, What is Rum? Rum he replied,
The curse of earth—MY RUIN!—and he died.

I asked a weeping wife; she raised her eye,
All filled with tears, and this was her reply,
Rum dashed from me fond hopes of earthly bliss,
And made this life a cup of bitterness.

of information. His success as a clinical lecturer is unbounded, and any one who visits the New York Clinique, which is opened free every Saturday, will be astonished at the extraordinary facility of his operations, and the wonderful exhibition of medical resources. With the students he is a great favorite, and many anecdotes might be told of his popularity and influence over them. He is ever at hand for advice, and in his pithy lectures, which the pouring in of a diseased population gives occasion for, he is signally happy. We remember being present at one of his lectures. A woman was introduced, who was nearly blind. The Dr. caused her to be seated, and in a very delicate way questioned her of her ailments. The woman gave a straight story, but apparently a studied one. The Dr. saw his clue. He then merely questioned her concerning her feelings, and other matters, which done, he administered to her a prescription and advice, and sent her home. When the woman was gone, the Dr., turning to the students, said, "Young gentlemen, that woman is now paying the penalty of her sin. And now let me advise you, never attack a woman's pride, it is her sacred boon. If she is suffering the rewards of vice, never let her know that you suspect it. It is the pride of the sex—they will suffer, but will not confess. Let the *diagnosis* satisfy your enquiries; it is the tell-tale of the patient's life. But never, never, by inquisition, destroy the remnant of a woman's virtuous pride. And, young gentlemen, take warning—avoid temptation. This is the horrid form of retribution which follows this sin, which insinuates itself into the community of youth and the sacred precincts of the domestic hearth." A cloud of dust encircled the Clinique, from the deafening stampings of the gratified students.

Thousands of young men have been benefited by his lectures, and his experience has been carried by them to all parts of our land. He has been the great professor in four medical faculties. Columbia College, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Rutgers College, and the City University school of Medicine, have all been the recipients of his wisdom. He is a man of whom we are all proud, and abroad his fame is recognized. The celebrated Colles of Dublin says of Dr. Mott: "In reading his professional contributions to art, I cannot but envy him the feelings which he experienced when he performed his great operation on the *arteria innominata*." Sir Astley Cooper, the great English surgeon, and teacher of Dr. Mott, says, "He has performed more of the great operations than any other man living, or that ever did live." With such a faculty as the Drs. Mott, Pattison, Revere, Paine, Bedford and Draper, with the worthy Chancellor Frelinghuysen at their head, long may the Medical College of the City of New York thrive and prosper.

A Precaution.

Pat Murphy, my footman, desirous to suit,
And so quick on his errands to go,
Had walked till he fairly had worn in his boot
A little round hole in the toe.

Next morning I saw him intently at work,
(I scarcely could ask him for laughter,
In the heel he was poring a hole with a fork—
"Why, Pat," says I, "what are you after?"
"Faith, Master," says he, "you the reason shall know,
The cause I don't wish to conceal,
'Tis to let all the wet that comes in at the toe,
Pass immediately out at the heel."



AMERICA.

BY G. FORRESTER BARSTOW.

A noble land, America, is thine!
With fertile plains spread out before the eye,
In which thy streams as bands of silver shine,
Reflecting in their depths the deep blue sky;
With giant mountains elevating high
Their heads encircled with eternal snow,
Which morning tints with many a varied die,
When their first sunbeams on their summits glow,
That light, but melt not; there stern Winter reigns;
Unsoiled his virgin diadem remains.

A lovely land, America, is thine—
In the fair West, along whose forests green,
The elm is girdled with the wreathing vine,
Among whose leaves the blushing fruit is seen,
Where bending branches glittering between
In the clear fount the sparkling sunbeams glow,
Brightening the water with a silver sheen,
That o'er the pebbles in sweet music flow,
Till deeply shaded silently they glide,
With the green branches imaged in their tide.

Fair is thy land where 'neath the Eastern sky
The bright blue ocean dashes round thy shore,
Its waves now calmly spread before the eye,
Now waked by storms in wildest notes they roar,
Like mighty warriors bearing high above
Their proud array a crest of driven snow,
In lengthened line, toward the shore they move,
As in their pride to overwhelm a foe;
Against its iron walls they break at length,
And waste in pearly foam their giant strength.

Fair is thy land, but dearer far to me,
The lines that tell on History's varied page,
How thy bold children struck for Liberty,
And in their weakness braved the oppressor's rage.
Bright are the skies, but brighter yet shall be
Among the Nations thy time-honored name,
If thou fulfil'st thy lofty destiny,
And fall'st not short of thine appointed fame,
If but thy sons preserve the gifts unstained
Which their bold fathers in the battle gained.

Dearer than all, in every vale and hill,
Bloom the sweet flowers of heaven-born liberty,
Whose matchless fragrance the whole earth shall fill
Born by the winds across the trackless sea,
Where man, unbound by chains of days gone by,
By ancient customs and by kindly laws,
With a bold heart can lift his hopes on high
And nobly labor in a worthy cause.
So let us labor, if we blot that name
So greatly honored, greater is our shame.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a bee like a spectator?
Why is a Virgil translated, like Hatred?
According to the laws of retaliation, what right have
you to pick a painters' pocket?

Brother and Sister.

THE LITTLE FRENCH BOY that would not let his sister want. We hope our younger readers will profit by this true little story. It shows what even a little boy can do, when he sets about it.

A French paper says that Lucille Romee, a pretty little girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under a charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, dear! what could he do for me!"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant a little boy, with a sprightly countenance, started forth from amidst the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Romee, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"Oh, how good you are, James!"

"But let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. However, you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush-maker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed while I slept on the floor, wrapped in my blouse. But it appears the poor little thing had not enough to eat, for, unfortunately, one day she begged on the boulevard. When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself, 'come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I very much wished to become an artisan, but at last decided to look for a place. I have found a very good one, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs, a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister.'"

"My boy," said the magistrate, "your conduct is very honourable. The Court encourage you to persevere in this course, and you will prosper."

An Irishman making love to a lady of great fortune, told her "he could not sleep for dreaming of her."

CONUNDRUMS.

IT IS A BEHOLDER.

IT IS A VERSION.

HE HAS PICTURES. (Picked Yours)

The Court then decided to render up Lucille to James, and she was going from the bar to join her brother, when the magistrate smilingly said, "You cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow. (To the magistrate) I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

The Complaint of a Pick-pocket.

I am a pickpocket, and—seeing what I see—am not ashamed to own it. I received a very fair education, which, possible—for I'll not brag—enables me to steal with an adroitness unknown to the more illiterate. Sir, I have been three months in the House of Correction, and was discharged yesterday. Mr. Chesterton's "nick" is yet fearfully visible among my hair, whence a great paucity of nob-thatch. I was committed for stealing a pocket-handkerchief; value, one shilling. Well, I had offended the laws of my country, and therefore picked oakum and did not grumble.

But, sir, the *Daily News* has just fallen into my hand; from which I copy the following:—

"At the sitting of the court, before the Deputy High Steward, Thomas Lightfoot, Esq., and a full court, the juries of St. Margaret's St. Martin's and St. James's made the following presentments for false weights, measures and scales:—St. Margaret's 12; St. Martin's, 8; St. James's, 4. The parties were severally fined from 5s. to 40s."

I further read that—

"At the Tower Hamlets Petty Sessions, on Friday, 34 tradesmen were severally fined from 5s. to 60s. for using false weights and measures. In the Holburn division, within a few days, 14 tradesmen have been fined from 10 to £5, for similar offences."

Now, sir, what I want to ask is this: In the matter of stealing, are we to have two laws? One for the comfortable householder, who picks pockets behind his own counter—and another for the thief who, having no shop, robs in the street?

Why, I indignantly ask it—why was not I permitted to pay a fine for the stolen handkerchief? When shopkeeping robbers are let off with a money penalty—why should the poor unprotected, houseless thief, be sent to the treadmill?

Is it my fault that I cannot employ false weights and scales? Is it an extra crime that I am compelled to steal with my naked fingers?

Again, indignantly I ask this, and remain
Yours, wronged,

JOHN SHEPPARD, [the Younger.]

Curious Discovery.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from Canadagua, says: A discovery has been made in that part of the country which has excited no little curiosity. A sturdy oak, one of the primeval settlers, had been felled for the purpose of being converted into ship timber. During the process of sawing, a number of incisions were discovered, which had evidently been made with some sharp instrument of iron or steel and these cuts were found 400 grains from the outer bark each grain being the growth of one year. According to this idea, this country must have been traversed 400 years ago by men accustomed to the use of iron and steel instruments, but whether of their own manufacture or not must at present remain a mystery.

QUEER CALCULATION.—The Editor of the Yankee Blade says:—"It would be a curious sight to see all the babies in the United States, under five years old, together; they would make a pretty little collection of 2,400,000. What a squall there would be, should they all cry out at the same time, and what a heap of sugar plums it would take to quiet them!"

AN IRISHMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A SNAPPING TURTLE.—"And what's the matter now, Patrick?" "Faith, I'll not be digging in that ditch no more, Captn. There 'aint the like o' what I saw, in Ireland and no where else, I'm thinkin'—the critter had a kiver on his back, and when he ran out his head he swallowed it directly; and when he walked he crawled strait on his belly."

A QUICK WIT.—Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges, too, sire?" "Louis, penetrating into the artfulness of the question, replied, "And the partridges, too." The dish was gold.

John C. Faber
Jacob Ford
Dr. Furman
J. B. Funder
P. Feneau
Timothy Ford
William F. F.
Barnard Elliot
William Elliot
John M. Ebric
Alexander Edy
Samuel Dickson

[From Frost's Book of the Indians.]



SECOND CHIEF OF THE MANDANS.

SINGULARITY.—Let those who would affect singularity, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

Puzzles, &c
(For the New England Washingtonian.)
ENIGMA.

Franklin, Mass. CEPHAS BULLARD.

(From the Iris and Odd Fellow's Mirror.)

No name or nation or of place
I by these letters mean ;
But if you do them rightly trace
And put each letter in its place,
A word will then be seen.

To know what words these letters spell,
Read your Bible, and that will tell ;
And when you've searched the scriptures round
It only *once* can there be found.

RIDDLE.

There was a man bespoke a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it did refuse it,
He that bought it would not use it ;
And he that had it could not tell
Whether it suited ill or well.

CHARADE.

My first is the pride of your garden and bower ;
My second the Queen's second daughter ;
My whole is a plant not famed for its flower,
But often distilled for a water.

REBUS.

Brian. You did not say what his belt was made of.

Hunter. His pipe was made of a red pipe-stone, and it had a stem of young ash, full three feet long, braided with porcupine quills in the shape of animals and men. It was also ornamented with the beaks of woodpeckers, and hairs from the tail of the white buffalo. One thing I ought not to omit; on the lower half of the pipe which was painted red, were notched the snows, or years of his life. By this simple record of their lives, the red men of the forest and prairie may be led to something like reflection.—“We are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow,” Job

"There's Hope for thee yet."

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

What though from life's bounties thou mayst have
fallen,

What, though thy sun in clouds may have set
There is a bright star that illumes yon horizon,
Telling thee loudly, — "There's hope for the
yet!"

Earth may look dull, old friends may forsake thee
Sorrrows, that never before thou hast met,
May roll o'er thy head: yet the bright star before
thee

Shines to remind thee,—“There's hope for thee yet!”

III.
 'Tis but folly to mourn ! though fortune disda
 thee,
 Though never so darkly thy sun may have set
 'Tis wisdom to gaze at that bright star before the
 And shout as you gaze, — " There is hope f
 me yet ! "

A Victory.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air ;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare ;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With mirth-inspiring sound ;
The gaping cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around,
And thousand joyful voices cry,
" Huzza ! Huzza ! A VICTORY ! "

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played ;
Less wild and frolicsome than she,
That rosy, prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turns ghostly white,
Her eyes with fear are filled,
And rushing in-of-doors, she screams—
“ My brother Willie’s killed ! ”
And thousand joyful voices cry,
“ Huzza ! Huzza ! A VICTORY ! ”

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
A-knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her few gray hairs, and shrieked
"My joy on earth is done!
Oh! who will lay me in my grave?
Oh, God! my son! my son!"
And thousand joyous voices cry,
"Huza! Huza! A VICTORY!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed
With matron's treasure blessed ;
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh
The widow's tale to tell ;
But like a corpse, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth-floor fell ;
And thousand joyful voices cry,
" Huzza ! Huzza ! A VICTORY ! "

An old weak man, with head of snow
And years threescore and ten,
Looked in upon his cabin home,
And anguish seized him then.
He spoke no word to wife or babe,
Matron or little maid ;
One scalding tear, one choking sob—
He knelt him down and prayed,
And thousand joyful voices cry,
“ Huzza ! Huzza ! A VICTORY ! ”

The Ivy.

Oh ! a merry old stave for the Ivy brave,
That mantles the ruin'd wall,
And climbeth the steep of the castle keep
Till it waves o'er the turrets tall.
It rooteth him fast, against the blast,
And laughs at the cold wind's moan ;
He scorneth to fear at the winter drear,
He decketh him in his brightest gear.
So a merry old stave
To the Ivy brave,
That changelessly flourishes on !

A stripling tree, just sprung had he,
Five hundred years ago,
When the young fair girl of a belted earl,
Train'd his limbs o'er the crannied stone,
To shelter her bow'r in the noon-tide hour,
When the summer fiercely shone.
But joy will share itself with care,
She died, but the tree grows greenest there.
So a merry old stave,
To the lvy brave,
That changelessly flourishes on!

He spreadeth the pride of his green shoots wide
O'er the chapel's roofless pile:
He loveth the haunt where the monk's grave chant,
Once rolled through the pillar'd aisle.
Baron and knight, and lady bright,
Sleep low 'neath the sculptur'd stone,
And nothing is seen with life, I ween,
But the tree that mourneth o'er what hath been.
So a merry old stave
To the Ivy brave,
That changelessly flourisheth on!

Pardon thine enemy, and do him good as thou hast opportunity, and thou wilt resemble the incense that fills with perfume the fire that consumes it.

"A new broom sweeps clean," as the widow said when her new husband ran off with all her money.

'I hope your honor will give me something to make me drink.' 'Certainly, my dear fellow, there's a pickled herring for you, and if that don't do, I'll give you another.'

Patrick, you fool, what makes you stare so softly after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it?—Hush! hush! my darling, the rabbit don't know

ON THE MARRIED STATE.

To Miss ——. Knowing that you are about to enter a garden enclosed and that you are, at present, a stranger to this garden, permit an old friend to give you some account of it. I have travelled every part, and every path; know every production of every kind it can possibly yield—and as my information can do you no harm, it may do you some good.

You know that there is but one way of entrance. I need hardly tell you that it is extremely gay and glittering; strewed with flowers of every hue and fragrance, with all that art or imagination can invent. You may fondly hope this scene of rapture will never alter, as you will not see the end of the path when you enter it. To some it proves a short one—and to you it may appear very different in the retrospect.

Here, my dear girl, let me caution you not to dream of perpetual bliss; if you do experience will show you that it never existed on earth, save in visions or visionary heads.

You will meet with many productions in this garden which are charming to the eye and pleasant to the taste; but they are not all so. Let me just remark, that you are carrying into this garden one of the most delicious and delicate plants in nature—I mean good humor. Don't drop it, or lose it, as many have done soon after they entered, who seldom, if ever, found it again. It is a treasure which nothing can make up to you.

When you get to the end of the first walk, which lasts about thirty steps, commonly called honey-moon-path, you will see the garden open in a vast variety of views—and here I must caution you against some productions which are nauseous and noxious, and even fatal in their tendency to the unwary and ignorant.

There is a low, small plant, which may be seen in almost every path, called indifference, though not perceived at the entrance. You will always know when near this plant, though you do not see it by a certain coldness in the air which surrounds it. Contrary to all others, it thrives in cold, and dies in warmth. Whenever you perceive this, change your situation as soon as you can.

In the same path is often found that ugly yellow flower, called Jealousy, which I wish you never to look at. Turn from it as fast as possible; for it has a strange quality of tinging the eye that beholds it with a stain which it seldom gets rid of.

As you go in, you will meet with many little crooked paths; but do not go into them. I advise you, as a friend, never to attempt it, for though, at the entrance of each, is written in large letters, 'In the right way,' when you get in, in nine cases out of ten, you will find the true name to be Perverseness, and that you are in the wrong, and will not acknowledge it. This often occasions endless disputes here; is a source of perpetual difference, and sometimes of a final separation in the garden.

An English minister was asked why he did not promote merit. 'Because,' replied the statesman dryly, 'merit did not promote me.'

Near this spot, you will meet with a sturdy, knotty plant, called Obstinacy, bearing a hard, bitter fruit which becomes fatal when taken in large quantities. Turn from it; avoid it as you would the plague.

Just opposite to this, grows that lowly, lovely shrub Compliance; which though not pleasant to the palate, is salutary and sweet, and produces the most delicious fruit in the garden. Never be without a sprig of it in your hands; it will often be wanted as you go along; if you do not, you will surely repent the want of it.

All over the garden you will find a useful plant called Economy. It is a thriving quality; take a good stock of it as you go in. It adorns and enriches at the same time. Many entirely overlook it, and despise it, and others think they do not want it. It is generally forgotten in the hurry and gaiety with which people enter this place, but the total want of it is commonly paid for by bitter repentance.

I must tell you unless you partake of it, it will answer little end to either. You may if you please, carry some with you into the garden: but it is a hundred to one if you do not lose it going in. This is more useful than you will find there—for it is of another sort. Provide yourself and partner with a proper quantity of it, as soon as you can when in the place.

You observe as you pass, two or three paths, which run much into one another, I mean those of Regularity, Exactness, and Neatness. Do not think as many do, that when once you are in you may be careless of your person and dress. Remember that your companion will see some that are not so—this difference will strike his eye, if not offend it. Enter those paths almost as soon as you enter the garden; and take my word for it, if you do, you will never get out of them; once fairly in, you are in for life—and the worst of it is, that if you do not find them soon, you will never find them afterwards.

Near this walk is found that invaluable shrub Humility. This, though of no worth in itself, yet joined to other good qualities is worth them all put together. It is never seen without being admired; and is most amiable when not visible. They say 'virtue is its own reward;' I am certain pride is its own punishment. Flee from it as from contagion, which it strongly resembles. It infects and corrupts. Cultivate with all your care, the humble plant now mentioned, as the best antidote against this poisonous weed.

Allow me here to drop a hint on the subject of cultivation, as that most probably will be your employment. Should you be trusted with the rearing of a flower, remember two things; first, that it is but a flower, however fair—frail in its nature, and fading at every blast; and, secondly, that it is a flower in trust, for the cultivation of which you are accountable to the owner of the garden.

Should you be a witness to a blast on its dawning beauties, oh, how your fluttering heart will bleed with tenderness. Let affection sympathise. Your feelings may be conceived, but they cannot be described. The young shoot will naturally and insensibly twine around the fibres of

your frame. Should it live and thrive, spare no pains to teach the young production how to rise. Weed it, water it, prune it—it will need them all. Without this, many weeds will spring up and poison the very soil on which it grows.

Remember this is a trust for which you are accountable to Him who gave it. That you may be blest with the sweetest productions of this garden—that they may be the delight of your eyes, and that you and they when the summer of this life is over, may be transplanted to some happier soil, and flourish in immortal vigor, in perfect and permanent felicity, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend.

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

I saw a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from the mountain, winding its way through the valley and the meadow, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country. I saw a little seed drop into the earth. The dews descended, the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became a shelter from the heat, 'and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches.'

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents, the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classes under his arm; walking alone, buried in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath School, and heard him saying to a little circle that surrounded him, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' in a few moments afterwards I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.'

I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lisp the name Emanuel. Her hair was whitened by the frosts of winter, and heaven beamed on her brow, and in her eye, glistening with a tear; and I thought I saw in her tear the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, listening to her lips in the voice of instruction; and inquiring in childlike simplicity the way to be good, and I said, 'This is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which was probably sown in weeping; and your grey hairs shall not be brought down with sorrow to the grave, but in the bower of rest you shall look down on him who 'will arise and call you blessed,' and finally greet you where your hope is swallowed up in fruition and praise.'

DIRECTING A STRANGER—A countryman in the street inquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said, he'd show him presently. "Do but go across the way," said he, "to yon goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards, and it will bring you thither presently."

J. B. Littlejohn

CLAMPING DOWN THE EARTHQUAKE—An ignorant Dutchman passing a number of railroad tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was non-plussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head quite bald, he ejaculated, "Tay mosh pe iron clamps to keep der eart quakes from preaking up der roat!"

A New Orleans letter published in the Charleston Courier says:—"Judge Martin's will, which only takes five lines of writing, has just been proved. His whole estate, valued at \$500,000, is left to his brother, who being only 65, he was wont to call "the boy." I presume that the most eloquent and voluminous author would fail of giving as much pleasure as these same five lines—worth just \$100,000 a line."

The Jews in Russia.—We have learned with the greatest interest, says a Frankfort paper, by letters from St. Petersburg, written by persons worthy of credit, that His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, has resolved to emancipate the Jews in his empire as soon as intellectual instruction and civilization shall be so advanced among them that this great boon may be beneficial to themselves. The number of Jews in Russia, and Poland, is about 2,000,000.

Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweet at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

[From the Christian Citizen.]

The Little Prisoner.

There was a little boy in London whose parents were poor, and he used to do errands for other people to get money to help support the family, and buy bread for his little brothers and sisters.

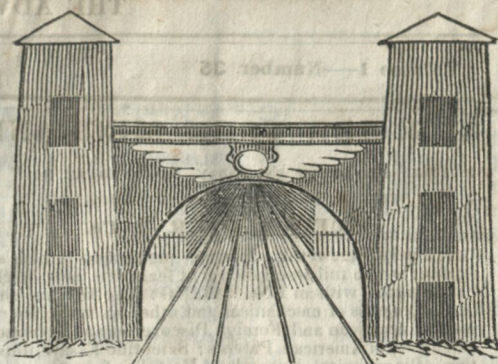
A baker who lived in the neighborhood told the boy he would let him have cakes and muffins to sell, and give him pay for all he sold.

One day in February last the boy got a basket full of cakes and muffins, and took a bell in one hand and a basket in the other, and went out into the streets and rung his bell, and cried out, "Here's cakes and muffins, good warm cakes and muffins!" He went about the streets in this way, selling his cakes, until presently a constable met him, and told him not to ring his bell, for it disturbed the people. But the boy did not stop ringing his bell, for he did not know that it was against the law, but thought the man told him not to ring it merely because he wished to plague him. So he went on; but the constable seized hold of him and dragged him off to the Police Court, and made a complaint against him as a bad boy. The judge asked the boy if it was true that he had been ringing his bell in the street. The boy said it was, for he did it to help him to sell his muffins, and was not aware that it was wrong, and if the constable had told him that it was against the law, he should not have done it. Well, said the judge, it is a crime, and you are liable to a fine of one pound, (that is about five dollars) or imprisonment for one month; but I shall let you off if you will pay me one shilling. Sir, said the boy, I have but sixpence in the world; won't you be good enough to let me go if I pay you the sixpence? No, said the judge; and then he told the constable to take the little fellow off to a dark and gloomy prison, where there were rogues and robbers, and all sorts of very wicked men. The boy wept most bitterly, but he had to go to prison. But it happened that there was a very kind man in the court room, who saw what was done, and he went up to the judge, paid the shilling, and then the judge sent and let the boy out of prison, and he ran home to his mother.

Which was the kindest man, the judge, or the one who paid a shilling to save an innocent little boy from a gloomy prison?

A SHEET OF PAPER.—What can be more common place than a sheet of writing paper? And yet when we trace it through all its wanderings, every ramification becomes deeply interesting. First comes the flax or cotton, planted, tended, and sold to the speculating merchant; then its admittance to the factory, where it is wove into vestment for the prince, or mayhap the beggar. Then its sale again and transport across the sea, and arrived at its destination, it is bought once more; and the widow plies her needle at midnight in forming it into a garment, for one who will wear it, tear it, and at last carry it piece by piece away. The rag-monger sells it to the paper manufacturer, it is torn into a thousand shreds, made into a pulp, pressed out, dried, clipped, sold to the stationer, and at last used as parchment by the very man who once, perhaps, wore it on his back.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



THE DEPOT GATE.—As the cars passing westward approach the depot at Springfield, the passenger, if he looks ahead, sees at the apparent distance of a quarter of a mile, what to him appears to be a pair of gate-posts, with a gate, or something like it, standing between. These gate posts continue increasing in size as he approaches, till after gliding over about two miles of distance, he finds his gate posts to be a pair of towers near forty feet high, and eighteen feet square at the base, and are occupied as sitting rooms and business offices of the depot. They are painted with a plain stone-color, approaching an olive. Over the gate-way arch, is a figure of ornamental carved work, and beneath it—through the arch—appears the end of the new Railroad bridge. This scene first appears while the cars are passing through a long excavation, about twenty feet deep; to this circumstance is partly attributable the illusion above described.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

John Pierpont was born in Litchfield, Ct., on the 6th of April, 1785. His great-grandfather, the Rev. James Pierpont, was the second minister of New Haven, and one of the founders of Yale College; his grandfather and his father were men of intelligence and integrity; and to his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Collins, he attributes the thoughtful tone of his mind. He entered Yale College when 15 years old, and was graduated in the summer of 1804. From this period, till the year 1816, his employments were various. At one time we find him a private tutor in a distinguished family in South Carolina; at another, studying law, and subsequently practising at the Massachusetts Bar; now mingling in mercantile affairs in Boston or Baltimore, and still occasionally sporting with the Muses. About the time last named, he published in Baltimore the first edition of his most important Poem: "The Airs of Palestine," and two other editions were published in Baltimore, in the following year. The "Airs of Palestine" is a poem of about eight hundred lines, in the heroic measure, in which the influence of music is shown by examples, principally from Sacred history. The religious sublimity of the sentiments, the beauty of the language, and the finish of the versification, placed it at once, in the judgment of all competent to form an opinion on the subject, before any poem at that time produced in America.

Soon after the publication of the "Airs of Palestine," says Mr. Griswold, Mr. Pierpont entered seriously upon the study of theology, first by himself, in Baltimore, and afterward as a member of the Theological School connected with Harvard College. He left that seminary in October, 1818, and in April, 1819, was ordained as minister of the Hollis street Unitarian Church, in Boston, as successor to the Rev. Dr. Holley, who had recently been elected to the Presidency of the Transylvania University, in Kentucky.

In 1835 and 1836, in consequence of impaired health, he spent a year abroad, passing through the principal cities in England, France, and Italy, and extending his tour into the East, visiting Smyrna, the ruins of Ephesus, in Asia Minor, Constantinople, and Athens, Corinth, and some of the other cities of Greece; of his travels in which, traces will occasionally be found in some of the short poems which he has written since his return.

Mr. Pierpont has written in almost every metre, and many of his hymns, odes, and other brief poems, are remarkably spirited and melodious. Several of them, distinguished alike for energy of thought and language, were educated by events connected with the moral and religious enterprises of the time, nearly all of which are indebted to his constant and earnest advocacy for much of their prosperity.

"PASSING AWAY."

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoy'd it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!")

O, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!

"It Isn't Anything Else."

Sundry researches have been made for the purpose of discovering the origin of such phrases as "I won't do anything else," and "it isn't anything else," &c., which are become quite fashionable among the b'hoys, and it is said to have been found in the following true story:—

A French Field Marshal, who had attained that rank by court favor, not by valor, going one evening to the opera, forcibly took possession of the box of a respectable Abbe, who for this outrage brought a suit in the court of honor, established for such cases under the old government. The Abbe thus addressed the court:—

"I came not here to complain of Admiral Suffren, who took so many ships in the East Indies; I came not to complain of Count de Grasse, who fought so nobly in the West; I came not to complain of the Duke of Crebillon, who took Minorca; but I came here to complain of the Marshal B——, who took my box at the opera, and never took anything else."

The court paid him the high compliment of refusing his suit, declaring that he had himself inflicted sufficient punishment.

DAGUERROTYP. A woman's heart is the only true 'plate' for man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change effaces it not!

MEANING OF WORDS.

We learn the meaning of most words
By sound as well as sight;
They mean, although they have no mean,
So mind and write them right.

For thus—in "eccentricity,"
One sees good many c's,
Also, in "hubbububberous,"
The b's are thick as bees.

Some judges judge the English tongue,
But kill it with a breath;
With wind and words they sentence some
Fine sentences to death.

A sea-horse is a sea-horse, when
You see him in the sea;
But when you see him in a bay,
A bay horse then is he.

Of course a race course isn't coarse,
A fine is far from fine;
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble pine tree pine.

If miners are all minors, then
Their guardians get their gains;
All glaziers extra pains should take
To put in extra panes.

A kitchen maid is often made
To burn her face, and broil it;
A lady knows no labor, but
To toil it at her toilet!

"How do you do?" said Sal to John,
"So so," replied he;
"How do you do?" said John to Sal,
"Sometimes sew sew," said she.

If one were ridden o'er a lot,
He might his lot bewail,
But 'twould be of no use to him
To rail against a rail.

A bat about a farmer's room,
Not long ago I knew
To fly. He caught a fly—and then
Knew up the chimney flue;

But such a scene was not seen,
(I am quite sure of that.)
As when with sticks all hands essayed
To hit the bat a bat.

A vane is vain, one would suppose,
Because it wants a mind;
And, furthermore, 'tis blown about
By every idle wind.

'Tis punishment for me to pun;
'Tis trifling void of worth;
So let it pass unnoticed like
The dew that's due to earth.

FAREWELL.

It is a painful word—"farewell!"
It bids the tide of sorrow swell;
It sounds like friendship's parting knell;
And yet this word
Of brighter, better hopes may tell,
If rightly heard.

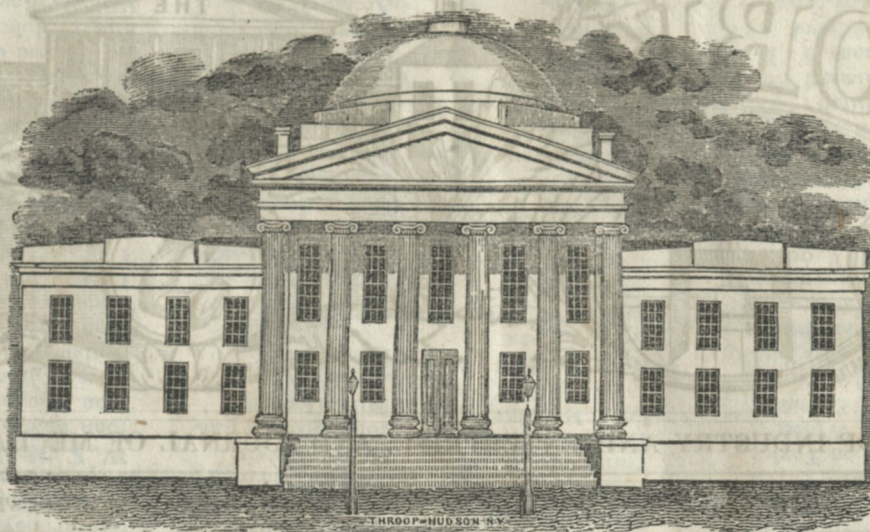
It is a word that lingers here;
It reaches not that holier sphere
Where sins and trials disappear.
No secret sigh
There rends the heart; no parting tear
Drops from the eye.

Speak, then, the word, and let it lead
To high imaginings, and feed
On promis'd blessings to succeed.

The soul shall dwell
In those inspiring thoughts, nor need
To fear, "Farewell!"

ARCHITECTURE.

COLUMBIA COUNTY COURT HOUSE.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE. &c.—This beautiful engraving was drawn and engraved expressly for the Rural Repository, a periodical which we have often noticed as a favorite gem of Literature, published at Hudson, N. Y. the city in which the Court House above represented, is situated. Washington square upon which the Court House is erected, is beautifully situated at the southern termination of Fourth street and embracing the grounds from north to south, between Union and the south line of Allen street, and from East to West court streets in the other direction. The Court House is located on the south side of this square, and fronting directly on Fourth street. The end and rear walls are composed of blue limestone, and the front of white marble from the Stockbridge quarries. The main building is 48 feet front, and 56 feet deep. The Portico, of the Ionic order, and the dome are in perfect keeping and proportion with the body of the edifice. The wings are each 34 feet in front by 44 deep. The east wing is occupied as the County Jail, with the necessary cells, and a suit of rooms for the accommodation of the prison keeper and his family. The west wing contains the office of the County clerk, the Common Council room, the Grand and Petit jury rooms, and the office of the district attorney. The first floor of the main building is a large open saloon with a broad open stair way in the rear. The second floor exhibits one of the most elegant court rooms in the State. The Bench, the Bar, the Clerks desk, the Jury seats, and gallery for spectators are all in the right place, being arranged with regard to both convenience and elegance. This fine edifice was erected in 1835.

A Western paper tells of a certain squire who has a very sagacious dog. He sits up like a man in a chair, will allow you to put a hat upon his head and a segar in his mouth, and if any by-stander chances to give him a flip or a levy, the dog's owner is the only person who can get it from him again.

The Picayune says it is a remarkably sagacious animal, truly, but not so good a financier as the elephant it heard of, who took in money on very special deposit.

"He performs strange tricks and hanties, does he?" inquired a cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin'!" retorted the keeper, "we've learnt him to put money in that box you see way up there. Try him with a dollar."

The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very hextraordinary—has-tonishin', truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and put it back."

"We never learn him *that trick*," retorted the keeper, with a roguish leer, and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

INGENIOUS BOY.—An Albany boy, fourteen years of age, has in two years past cut with a common jack knife, a representation of Noah's Ark, and one hundred and fifty of its inhabitants, man, beast, owl, and reptile, on wood.

A VESSEL IN THE SUN.



Passing up Long Island Sound not long since in one of the Providence steamers, and being on deck at the rising of the sun, our admiration was much excited by the appearance of the full side view of a sloop on the sun's disk, and bearing about the same proportion as represented in this cut. The weather being calm, the sloop made very little perceptible progress until the sun had risen above it! The sails appeared of a dingy brown, approaching to black, and although at a distance which may be calculated by its proportional size, the rigging was distinctly visible, and the whole had the appearance of a finely drawn picture. Although the occurrence was perfectly natural, and produced no astonishment, we doubt whether, of the thousands who have viewed the rising sun from the sound, one can be found, except the then present company, who ever witnessed a similar appearance.

"Vengeance is mine,"
Said God:
"Not thine,
Child of the sod."
"I will repay
The wrong,
Though long
My time delay."
Ye wrong'd and crush'd,
And weak,—
Ye meek,
Whose plaint is hush'd
By fraud and power,—
Hope on!
The hour
Will come anon
When Heaven shall strike
Your foes,
And like
Untimely snows
They'll melt away,
And ye
Shall be
No more their prey.
Who stings a heart,
The sting
Shall bring
To him a smart.
Ye who in heaven
Would live,
Forgive,
To be forgiven.

Who suffer loss,—
And take,
For sake
Of Christ, His cross,—
Pray for your foes,
Do good
To those
Who long have stood
Across your path,
And glared
In wrath
To see you snared:
And when your time
To die
Is nigh,
In strength sublime
Your souls with hope
Shall wait:
The gate
Of heaven shall ope,
And voices sweet
With love
Shall greet
Your flight above.

MY MOTHER.

BY JAMES HUTCHINSON BRO.

MY MOTHER, oh, my mother!
To me who gavest birth,
For thee my love is holy,
Thou dearest one on earth.
And thine for me is fervent,
And stronger day by day;
O, often have I bless'd thee,
When I've knelt down to pray.
My mother, oh, my mother!
So gentle, and so kind,
I love thee, oh I love thee,
And thy sweet, peaceful mind;
Thou'rt growing old, my mother,
I hope that I may be,
When thou shalt be enfeebled,
A source of joy to thee.

My mother, oh, my mother!
Thy acts of love to me
Will ever be remembered,
I trust return'd to thee;
Thou'st spoken words of comfort
When I've been sick at heart;
I feel that I could never
With thee, my mother, part!

My mother, oh, my mother!
May thou live long to cheer,
And by thy wisdom guide me,
While our short stay is here;
I'll always bless thee mother,
For acts of kindness done,
Will be unto thee ever,
A loving, grateful son,
Mass.

Take it easy.

Take it easy! Life, at longest,
But a lengthened shadow is;
And the brave, as well as strongest,
Dare not call to-morrow his!
Take it easy—for to-day
All your plans of wisdom lay.

Take it easy! Done with fretting;
Meet your neighbor with a smile;
From the rising sun to setting,
Live the present all the while.
Take it easy! Every vow
Make in reference to "now."

Take it easy! What is hidden,
Or is wrong,—or seemeth so,—
Leave it, as a thing forbidden,
Out of which a curse may grow!
Take it easy! Never pry
Into what will cause a sigh.

Take it easy! Daily turning
To the monitor within;
On its altar, always burning,
Keep an incense free from sin!
Take it easy! Never fear
While you keep a conscience clear!

Take it easy! Ever leaning
To the side of truth and right;
Happiness from virtue gleaming—
Peace of mind from wisdom bright!
Take it easy! For, at best,
Life is but a sorry jest.

Results of Accident.

Many of the most important discoveries in the field of science, have been the result of accident. Two little boys of a spectacle maker in Holland, while their father was at dinner, chanced to look at a distant steeple, through two eye-glasses placed before one another. They found the steeple brought much nearer than usual to the shop windows. They told their father on his return; and the circumstance led him to a course of experiments, which ended in the *telescope*. Some shipwrecked sailors once collected some seaweeds on the sand, and made a fire to warm their shivering fingers, and cook their scanty meal. When the fire went out, they found that the alkali of the sea-weed had combined with the sand, and formed glass—the basis of all our discoveries in astronomy, and absolutely necessary to our enjoyment. In the days when every astronomer was an astrologer, and every chemist a seeker after the philosopher's stone, some monks carelessly mixing up their materials, by accident invented gunpowder—which has done so much to diminish the barbarities of war. Sir Isaac Newton's two most important discoveries—concerning light and gravitation—were the result of accident. His theory and experiments on light were suggested by soap bubbles.

Sleep.

Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death. "So like it," says Sir Thomas Brown "that I dare not trust it without prayer."

Curiosities.

A woman who never scolds while getting dinner.

A child that never cries while getting washed.

A married man who never gets a curtain lecture.

Snuff taking is recommended to students of the French Language, as it facilitates the acquiring of the proper accent.



Dear Reader, here is an exact likeness of an *Elssler Hood* and a *Short Cloak*, such as worn by the "exquisites" of the gentler sex in these regions. Published of course, for the information and amusement of sensible people in the country, who do not bow down to the god of fashion, and who may not have seen to what extent the human form can be distorted.—*Vox Populi.*

1842.

Careful Susan.

I am a very little girl, but I am growing larger every year, and by and by I hope to be more useful than I am now.

Father works hard out in the fields, and mother works hard at home; for she has a deal to do among so many of us. What a many pennies it must take to buy all our clothes, and bonnets, and shoes! and then our breakfasts and dinners! Father had need work, and mother, too.

I cannot work and get money to buy a loaf, but I take care not to waste a single crumb; let the crust be as hard as it will, I eat it all up.

If I can't buy wood and candles, I take care not to waste them. I am too little to poke the fire, and to snuff the candle; mother says I might set my clothes all in a blaze.

I don't know how much mother paid for my last shoes; it took all the money at the corner of the cupboard; so that I take care not to get into the wet and dirt, that my shoes may last the longer.

I have had my bonnet a long while now; I never swing it about by the strings, nor crush it up together, nor leave it lying about; and mother says that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I have not got many playthings, for they would cost money and wear out; so I play with the kitten, and pussy never costs anything, and never wears out.

Mother says time is as good as money, and that if I cannot help her much, I should not hinder her by being untidy; so I keep every thing about me as tidy as I can. I put my little chair in the corner when I have done with it, that nobody may tumble over it. I try to learn to sew a little. Many a time mother has sent me with father's dinner into the fields. It would never do for mother to go, and carry baby too, while I was doing nothing. Sometimes I go over to the store on an errand; so that if I get nothing, I try to save something, and mother says that is the same thing.

O, I forgot to tell you, that when I sit on my little stool, mother often puts baby in my lap. I hold him as careful as I can; and when he smiles I kiss him, and that makes him smile again. Mother says, in time I shall nurse very pretty, but I can't toss baby about as she does.

Mother has taught me two verses to sing to baby, and she says she will teach me some more:

'Hush my dear! lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee!

I am not sure that baby knows yet what they mean.

Mother says that before another year has gone by she will get me into the Sunday School; and if she does, I will try to be always in time, and mind all that is said to me.

I feel sure that I should get on, but mother says I should never trust my own heart, for it will deceive me. I must ask God, for Jesus Christ's sake to pardon all my sins, and help me in every thing. I know that mother is right, and I hope I shall do as she tells me.—(London) *Child's Com-*

Short Cloaks: or, Squabs.

Wife! is that you?
Exclaimed a modest gentleman,
Of forty-two—
I thought some paddy woman—O, shocking!
Was coming into my house without knocking!
And what is that,
You'd have me think a garment?
How very squat
You look! You once was tall and comely;
But now—O, how confounded homely!

Well, I declare!
Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
That's pretty fair,
That you, my wife, aged forty-eight,
Should curtail yourself at such a rate!
To him the wife—
"Husband, 'tis a *cloak* you laugh at!
Upon my life,
I cannot see what there is about it,
That makes you so unmercifully flout it."

"Let's see, my dear,—
Perhaps it is the fashion
To wear such gear—
But 'spose it were the fashion thus to crop
The other garments as short as this on top;
How many think you,
Would such a fashion follow?
Precious few
I reck'n—the fashion would a begging go,
As, I trust, will this squab fashion, too."

An Anagram.

As Kate went tripping up to town
(No lassie e'er looked prettier,)
An 'uucco chiel' in cap and gown
(No mortal e'er looked grittier)
Accosted Kitty in the street,
As she was going to cross over,
An robbed her of a kiss—the cheat!—
Saying—"I'm a *philosopher*!"
'A what?' said Kitty, blushing red,
And gave his cap a toss over,
'Are you? Oh, *phi*!' and off she sped,
Whilst he bewailed the '*los-oph-er*!'

Wood for Coffins.

A foreigner, in speaking of the English, says that:
Old maids should be buried in crab-tree.
Old bachelors, in elder-tree.
Married people, in pear-tree.
Chronologists, in date-tree.
Bricklayers and plasterers, in lime-tree.
Pugilists, in box-wood.
Schoolmasters, in birch.
Cowards, trembling aspen.
The honest Tar, in sturdy oak.

A Child's Reason.

Mr. Bilby from the West Indies, lately stated at a public meeting in England, the following fact. A short time before I left Trinidad I visited a school where I heard a number of Spanish boys read a chapter in the New Testament. I asked them "is not that a very delightful chapter?" At last one little fellow said, "O yes, very nice, very good." Then said I, "suppose a gentleman came into this room (as was the practice with the Roman Catholics) and were to say that all these Bibles and Testaments should be taken away from you, do you think that would be very nice, or very good?" "No," replied the little fellow, "that would be bad." I asked him why he thought so. "Because" said he "in the Bible it is said, search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life: but if they were taken away, how can we search them?"

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

I wish the fashions were the same
As thirty years ago;
I can't imagine what should make
The tailors change them so;
When I was in my youth I made
A coat of homespun do,
And thought it very fine to have
My hair tied in a queue.

And in those days our breeches were
All buckled at the knee;
And silver buckles would ensure
The best of company;
Our beavers were of comely shape,
And kept off sun and rain—
Oh how I wish those broad brimm'd hats
Would come in vogue again.

I'm troubled with a half a yard
Of cloth about my feet;
My coat is made so very small,
The laps will hardly meet;
Tight knees are all the fashion now,
And shoes must have square toes;
Where fashions will arrive at last,
The tailor only knows.

The dandies of the present day,
Have watch chains all of gold—
You'd think the monstrous pocket book
Was filled with wealth untold!
My father wore a silver watch,
And eke a good steel chain,
And well I recollect his straight
Old pewter headed cane.

He owned a large and thrifty farm
Of wood and meadow land,
And always had a plenty of
The dollar coins on hand;
I guess some dashing friends of mine
Would find it rather hard
To pay for coats they're wearing now,
At "two pounds ten per yard."

But as for me I wish I had
My silver dollars back,
I'd recollect my father's ways
And tread the same old track;
I'd never do as I have done,
Risk hundred's on a bet,
Nor be obliged so oft to cry,
"Clean pockets here to-let."

The Careful Old Lady,

The old lady sat in her rocking chair,
Darn, darn, darn;
The fire was bright and the night was fair
Darn, darn, darn;
The stocking was old, and the heel was worn.
But she was well furnished with needle and
yarn,
And well she knew how the heel to turn;
Darn, darn, darn.

She sat in her chair from morn till night,
Darn, darn, darn,
And still her eye was watchful and bright,
Darn, darn, darn,
For well she used her needle to ply,
And every hole in a stocking could spy,
Darn, darn, darn.

Young ladies if you ever hope to be wives,
Darn, darn, darn;
For many a call you will have in your lives,
Darn, darn, darn;
Would you keep your children neat and
clean!

Would you save their toes from frost bites
keen?
Then never believe that darnings are mean,
But darn, darn, darn.

A newspaper is like a wife, because
every man ought to have one of his own.—
Ex.

A newspaper is *not* like a wife, because every
man thinks he may borrow his neighbor's.—
Ohio Statesman.

A trial is now going on in Washington which
was brought by a Mrs Connor of Philadelphia, who
claims to have been lawfully married to the late John
Van P. Ness of Washington. The action is brought
to recover her share of his property. He died worth
some \$400,000. Several letters have been introduced
to prove the marriage, which are said to be forgeries.

Maternal Affection.

The plague had broken out in Tus-
cany. In the village of Coreggi, whether
it were that due precautions had not been
taken, or that the disease was of a pecu-
liarly malignant nature—one after an-
other—first the young, and then the old,
of a whole family dropped off. A woman,
the wife of a laborer, and mother of two
little boys, felt herself attacked by fever
in the night; in the morning it greatly
increased, and in the evening the fatal
tumor appeared. This was during the
absence of her husband, who went to
work at a distance, and only returned on
Saturday night, bringing home the scan-
ty means of subsistence for his family for
the week. Terrified by the fate of the
neighboring family before mentioned,
moved by the fondest love for her chil-
dren, and determining not to communi-
cate the disease to them, she formed the
heroic resolution of leaving her home,
and going elsewhere to die. Having
locked them in a room, and sacrificed to
their safety even the last and sole com-
fort of a parting embrace, she ran down
the stairs, carrying with her the sheets
and coverlet, that she might leave no
means of contagion. She then shut the
door with a sigh, and went away. But the
eldest, hearing the door shut, went to the
window, and seeing her running in that
manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother,"
in a voice so tender, that she involunta-
rily stopped. "Good bye, mother," re-
plied the youngest child, stretching his
little head out of the window; and thus
was the poor afflicted mother compelled
for a time to endure the dreadful conflict
between the yearnings which called her
back, and the pity and solicitude which
urged her on. At length the latter con-
quered; and, amid a flood of tears and
the farewells of her children, who knew
not the fatal cause and the import of those
tears, she reached the house of those
who were to bury her.

She recommended her husband and
children to them, and in two days she
was no more. What is like the heart of
a mother? You remember the words of
a poor woman on hearing the parish
priest relate the history of Abraham—
'God certainly would not have required
such a sacrifice of a mother!'—From the

The first American vessel that
anchored in the river Thames after the
revolution, attracted great numbers to
see the stripes. A British soldier hailed
in a contemptuous tone: 'From whence
came ye, Brother Jonathan.' The Boat-
swain retorted, 'straight from Bunker's
Hill.'

RIDDLE.

What a running stream does, and the first syllable
error, gives a production of nature.

A SAVING WIFE.

A New York contemporary boasts of
having had an introduction to the heroine
of the following sketch—an acquaintance
of which to be proud, and a wife such as
'is a glory to her husband'—

Mr. —, a merchant, now residing in
Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather
an extravagant style, was in the habit,
every Monday morning, of giving his wife
a certain sum of money for table and other
household expenses of the week, never
mentioning his business to his wife, and
she, deeming him sufficiently capable of
attending to his own affairs, never inquired
into them. About five years after their
marriage, through a slight mismanagement
and the rascality of his confidential clerk,
Mr. — suddenly broke, and the fall was
mentioned sympathizingly, on 'change, and
—like all such matters—there all sympathy
ended. The merchant kept the affair a
secret, and the first intimation his lady had
of it, was by a paragraph in the 'Ledger.'

Shortly after dinner was over, on the
day of the discovery of the startling fact,
Mrs. — requested her husband to re-
main in the parlor a few moments, as she
had something to say to him. She then
left the room hurried up stairs, and shortly
afterwards returned with a splendid bound
Bible in her hand. Handing it to her hus-
band, she said: 'George, the day after our
marriage you gave me this precious book,
as a token of your love, and as a rich foun-
tain to look to in the day of trouble. Its
pages have been precious to me; and as
your brow looks sad to-day, I now return
it to you, that you may glean from it some
consolation in the hour of gloom.' She
then left the room.

The merchant opened the book careless-
ly, and a bank bill fell out of it. He pick-
ed it up and glanced at its face—it was a
\$10 bill. He opened the book again, and
another note of the amount was before him.
He opened it at the first page, and continu-
ed to find an X between every two leaves,
till he arrived at the commencement of the
book of Revelations. He was saved—
could again commence business, and had
a capital of \$9,000 to commence with!

He rang the bell—a servant appeared.
'Request your mistress to come to me
immediately,' said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entered the room with
something between a tear and a smile.

'Kate! Kate! where did you procure all
this money?'

'Tis the weekly savings of our house-
hold expenses for the last five years,' was
the modest reply. 'Every week I put 10
out of \$20 which you gave me into our
Bible bank, that when a day of trouble
came upon us, we should have something
to save us from the wolf.'

'But why put it in the Bible, Kate?'

'Because it is a good bank, and one
which will not suddenly break,' replied the
lady.

'You are an angel, Kate,' cried her de-
lighted husband, clasping her to his heart.

And so she is. Does any one doubt it?
There are thousands of such angels, de-
spite the railing of our miserable women-
slandering bachelors.

The Buffalo Advertiser says that the captains of
steamboats at that place, are adopting an excellent
suggestion; to furnish their boats with a supply of
thick planks, in addition to life preservers, to be used
in case of accident. The editor says, "had the Erie
been furnished with fifty such whitewood planks,
many a mother and helpless infant now buried in the
lake, would have been saved."

Is poverty a crime? Certainly it must be so! for
we see the rich rascal courted; his offences forgotten
—while the poor man with no stain on his character
but poverty, is shunned and of no repute. — There is
a redeeming grace in gold which hides all iniquity.
As the gold leaf, applied to the pustules of the same
pox prevents their leaving a pit, so does the same
gold, in the shape of current coin, restore the wound-
ed reputation—leaving not a scar behind.

'What's the matter Uncle Jerry?' said Mr.
as Jeremiah R. was passing by, growling most fero-
ciously. 'Matter,' said the old man, stopping short
'why here I've been lugging water all the morning for
Dr. C's wife to wash with, and what d'ye suppose
got for it?' 'Why, I suppose about nine-pence,' an-
swered Mr. —. 'Nine-pence! She told me the
doctor would pull a tooth for me some time.'

'We go to war, father,' said a bright-eyed boy
the other day to his clerical parent, 'from what
part of the Bible shall you get the text for a new
sermon?' The good minister being taken by sur-
prise at the question, thought a moment, and then
smoothing the locks of the child with a sort of pa-
ternal pride, answered that he believed it would be
from Lamentations.



[East side of the Eddystone Lighthouse.]

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

There is scarcely one of our readers, probably, who has not heard of the Eddystone Lighthouse. It is erected on one of the rocks of that name, which lie in the English Channel about fourteen miles S.S.W. from Plymouth. The nearest land to the Eddystone rocks is the point to the West of Plymouth called the Ram Head, from which they are about ten miles almost directly South. As these rocks (called the Eddystone, in all probability, from the whirl or eddy which is occasioned by the water's striking against them) were not very much elevated above the sea, at any time, and at high water were quite covered by it, they formed a most dangerous obstacle to navigation, and several vessels were every season lost upon them. Many a gallant ship which had voyaged in safety across the whole breadth of the Atlantic, was shattered to pieces on this hidden source of destruction as it was nearing port, and went down with its crew in sight of their native shores. It was therefore very desirable that the spot should, if possible, be pointed out by a warning light. But the same circumstances which made the Eddystone rocks so formidable to the mariner, rendered the attempt to erect a lighthouse upon them a peculiarly difficult enterprise. The task, however, was at last undertaken by a Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, a gentleman of some property, and not a regularly-bred engineer or architect, but only a person with a natural turn for mechanical invention, and fond of amusing himself with ingenious experiments. His house at Littlebury was fitted up with a multitude of strange contrivances, with which he surprised and amused his guests; and he also had an exhibition of water-works at Hyde-Park Corner, which appears from a notice in the Tatler, to have been in existence in September, 1709. He began to erect his lighthouse on the Eddystone rocks in 1696, and it was finished about four years after. From the best information which can now be obtained, it appears to have been a polygonal (or many-cornered) building of stone, and, when it had received its last additions, of about a hundred feet in height. Still the sea in stormy weather ascended far above this

elevation, so much so that persons acquainted with the place used to remark, after the erection of Winstanley's building, that it was very possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted up upon a wave and to be carried through the open gallery by which it was surmounted. The architect himself, it is said, felt so confident in the strength of the structure, that he frequently declared his only wish was to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the Heavens, that he might see what would be the effect. But these words were perhaps merely ascribed to him after the event. On the 26th of November, 1703, he was in the lighthouse superintending some repairs, when there came on the most terrible tempest which was ever known in England. Next morning, not a vestige of the building was to be seen. It had been swept into the deep, as was afterwards found, from the foundation, not a stone or beam, or iron-bar remaining on the rock. The single thing left was a piece of iron chain, which had got so wedged into a deep cleft that it stuck there till it was cut out more than fifty years afterwards.

Passing over the building of the second Lighthouse, which was destroyed by fire, we now come to the erection of the third and present one.

Mr. Smeaton, the architect, has himself recorded the history of his lighthouse, in a very magnificent publication, from which we have derived the particulars regarding the preceding structures. When it was first proposed that the work should be put into his hands, he was in Northumberland, but he arrived in London on the 23d of February, 1756. On the 22d of March, the architect set out for Plymouth, but, on account of the badness of the road, (how strangely such a statement reads now,) did not reach the end of his journey till the 27th. He remained at Plymouth till the 21st of May, in the course of which time he repeatedly visited the rock, and having, with the consent of his employers, determined that the new Lighthouse should be of stone, hired work-yards and workmen, contractor for the various materials he wanted, and made all the other necessary arrangements for beginning and carrying on the work. Everything being in readiness, and the season sufficiently advanced, on the 5th of August the men were landed on the rock, and immediately began cutting it for the foundation of the building. This part of the work was all the

was accomplished that season, in the course of which, however, both the exertions and the perils of the architect and his associates were very great. On one occasion the sloop in which Mr. Smeaton was, with eighteen seamen and laborers, was all but lost in returning from the work.

During this time the belief and expressed opinion of all sorts of persons, was, that a stone lighthouse would certainly not stand the winds and seas to which it would be exposed on the Eddystone. However, on the 12th of June, 1757, the first stone was laid.

From this period the work proceeded with great rapidity. On the 26th of August, 1759, all the stone-work was completed. On the 9th of October following the building was finished in every part, and on the 16th of the same month the saving light was again streaming from its summit over the waves. Thus the whole undertaking was accomplished within a space of little more than three years, "without the loss of life or limb," says Mr. Smeaton, "to any one concerned in it, or accident by which the work could be said to be materially retarded." During all this time there had been only 421 days, comprising 2,674 hours, which it had been possible for the men to spend upon the rock; and the whole time which they had been at work there was only 111 days 10 hours, or scarcely sixteen weeks. Nothing can show more strikingly than this statement the extraordinary difficulties under which the work had to be carried on.

Smeaton's Lighthouse has stood ever since, and promises yet to stand for many centuries. It is, as has been mentioned, of stone, and is a round building gradually decreasing in circumference from the base up to a certain height, like the trunk of an oak, from which the architect states that he took the idea of it. Among many other tempests which it has endured unshaken, was one of extraordinary fury, which occurred in the beginning of the year 1762. One individual, Smeaton tells us, who was fond of predicting its fate, declared, on that occasion, that if it still stood it would stand till the day of judgment. On the morning after the storm had spent its chief fury, many anxious observers pointed their glasses to the spot where they scarcely expected ever again to discern it, and a feeling almost of wonder mixed itself with the joy, and thankfulness, and pride of the architect's friends as they with difficulty described its form through the still dark and troubled air. It was uninjured, even to a pane of glass in the lantern. In a letter from Plymouth upon this occasion the writer says, "It is now my most steady belief, as well as everybody's here, that its inhabitants are rather more secure in a storm, under the united force of wind and water, than we are in our houses from the former only."

EVERY MAN TO HIS LIKING.—"Whereabouts in the good book shall I read?" asked the spouse of a worthy deacon in the church, as she opened the sacred volume for the family evening service.

"Oh, it makes no great difference where," was the deacon's grave reply; "read the story of Sampson and the foxes; I guess that's about as funny as any on't."

Why are the Mexicans likely to improve in their habits?

Because the Americans have sent them a Taylor, who will dress them well, and be sure to give them fits.

Why is the author of this conundrum a silly fellow?

Because he must be a spoon to think that Mr. Burke will fork him over the plate.

A BITE.—"Here, fellow, hold this horse."

"Does he kick?"

"Does he kick? no! Take hold of him."

"Does he bite?"

"Bite! no! Take hold of the bridle, I say."

"Does it take two to hold him?"

"No!"

"Then hold him yourself."

BURY AN ATTORNEY.—An Irish Attorney, who

died poor, was buried by a shilling subscription.

Some one asked Curran for his shilling.

"For what?" he exclaimed.

"To bury an Attorney."

"Here, take this pound-note, and bury twenty of

them at a shilling a head."

A machine for cutting wrought nails has been in-

vented by Mr. J. H. Holcomb, of Brandon, Vermont,

which with two men will make as many nails per

day as forty or fifty men can do, and with a great

saving of iron.

POOR WAGES.—Ellihu Burritt, the learned black-

smith, who is now in England, writing home says,

"that a full-grown man in the nail-making business,

by working from four o'clock in the morning, until

ten o'clock at night—eighteen hours—can earn

eighteen pence sterling, or thirty-six cents a day,

and no more!"

THE SHEPHERD OF MOUNT LEBANON.

Shepherd, dost thou ever look
Back into the page of time,
Turning to that holy book,
Faithful record of thy clime,
Where the prophet's hymn hath told
Tales in strains of melody,
How thy cedars, firm and bold,
Types of human strength may be.

Lonely shepherd, hast thou ne'er
Heard those cedars tell their story
To the wandering mountain air,
Whispering their ancient glory:
How the King of Israel chose
From the forests at thy feet,
Lofly cedars, such as those,
For his Lord's own temple meet?

Shepherd, hast thou never dreamed
Jordan's waves were swelling near,
When the wakening blast has seemed
Like a tempest to thine ear?
Hast thou never learned to see
Former things in those that are,
Made them live again, and be
Just as real as they were?

Lonely shepherd, none have told
Half this wondrous tale to thee—
Who the truth shall now unfold?
Who shall set thy spirit free,—
Free to range the utmost scope
Of this world so fair and bright;
Free to soar, on wings of hope,
To the fount of life and light?

Shepherd, thou hast never learned
How the page of thought to fill.
Thine the evening fire has burned,
Thine the cottage on the hill;
Thine the range of verdant fields,
And their glorious Lebanon,
All the boon thou ask'st, it yields—
Space to feed thy flocks upon.—*Mrs. Elli*

Judea.

Soft winds still blow o'er Jordan's stream,
And curl its restless flood,
As when along its banks of green
The sons of Judah trod.

The stars look down as fair and bright,
On hill, and plain, and stream,
As when the Prophets watched at night
Their silver, shining beam.

On Carmel's distant waving fields,
Still creeps the clust'ring vine;
And still the rose of Sharon yields
Its fragrant sweets divine.

Though winds are soft and stars are bright
O'er distant field and flood,
As when the beams of sacred light
Shone round the Ark of God;

No more is heard the Levite's song,
No more the Prophet's dream;
No more the choral virgin throng
On Zion's hill is seen.

The Hebrew maids in Gentile lands
Now seek an exile's home;
And, where their father's grave-stones stand
The sons of Hagar roam.

VERY GOOD IF TRUE.—It is said that
the young man in this city who won a
fourpence by betting on the election, im-
mediately laid it out in a cheap bustle
and presented it to a poor young lady
who was unable to purchase one for her-
self.

"LIGHT OF THE GENTILES."

BY THE "BLACKWOODS" ARTIST.

Through superstition's vale they trod,
Without one cheering ray
Of sunshine from the throne of God
To fall upon their way;
The heavens made of burnished brass,
Seem'd to their aching sight,
And closed their gates lest they should pass
Within their portals; and, alas,
Their doom was hopeless night.

No star appear'd—nor clouds were broke,
That light might pierce them through;
Nor "words of light" were ever spoke
From the ethereal blue;
Nor angel minister appear'd
To bring them friendly news;
And God, whose muttering wrath they fear'd,
Had pass'd them by, and only heard
The prayer rebellious Jews.

The light of immortality
When hidden from our view,
Our brightest consolations flee,
And every impulse too
Which flows from an aspiring mind,
That's made alone to feed
On angel's food—a spirit-kind—
Denied of this, our souls are blind,
And darkness must succeed.

So were the Gentiles, ere the light
Of Love's effulgency
Dispersed the shadows of the night
And call'd forth beams of day:
Ere hopes of immortality
Fill'd the dark void within—
Unbinding, set the captive free,
And pointing to Mount Cavalry,
Where Jesus dies for sin.

Though their Deliverer hid his face
For many ages pass'd,
He now bestows recover'ing grace
And shows his love at last;
When they were driv'n by conquer'ing foes,
Unable more to stem
The tide, and death their vials froze,
A star—a luminous star arose,
The star of Bethlehem.

It was the star whose soothing ray
The shepherd's heart first warm'd,
The morning star of dawning day
Pledge of redemption form'd,
And perfected by God our Sire
Who saves a fallen race.
This star—the spark of hidden fire—
Threw off its dress—earth's man attire—
The SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Its rays unable to disperse
At first the vale of night,
Yet soon Creation's universe
Cannot contain its light.
It will its bright and liquid rays
Shed forth in brilliancy,
Till Time will fail to own his days,
Till worlds on worlds are in its blaze
Wrapt to eternity.

Georgia.

DELIGHT IN RELIGION.—Delight in religion
will make the business of religion more easy to
us. Delight makes every thing easy; there is
nothing hard to a willing mind; delight turns
religion into recreation: it is like fire to the ear-
sauce, like oil to the wheels, like wind to the
sails; it carries us full sail in duty. He that de-
lights in God's way will never complain of the
ruggedness of the way; a child who is going to
his father's house does not complain of a bad
way. A christian is going to heaven in the way
of duty; every prayer, every ordinance, he is a
step nearer his Father's house: surely he is so
full of joy that he is going home, that he will
not complain of a bad way. Get then this holy
delight. Beloved, we have not many miles to
go, death will shorten our way, let delight sweet-
en it.

The Duration of Human Life.

The medical writers have often treated of
the duration of human life, and the influence
which particular trades and conditions have
upon the health of individuals. From these,
some curious and well attested particulars
may be elicited. It is the general opinion
that longevity depends in a great measure
upon descent from long-lived ancestors, and
many instances of the fact may be adduced.
Doctor Franklin, who died in his eighty-
fourth year, was descended from long-lived
parents—his father died at eighty-nine, and
his mother at eighty-seven. Dr. Fothergill
states that he never knew a single instance
of persons who had lived to be eighty years
of age, who had not descended from long-
lived ancestors. More women live to be old
than men, but more men live to be very old
than women. Indeed, there appears to be
provision in nature for the mutual accom-
modation of the sexes; for at those periods
of life when women are the weakest, and
most subjected to disease, men are stronger
than at any other period of their lives: then
when men by old age become weakened,
women again have the superiority of strength.
More persons who have married live to be
very old than persons who have remained
single, which is a strong argument against
celibacy, though contrary to the popular no-
tion, for "old maids" and "old bachelors"
are such common phrases, that one would
be led to believe that those conditions in-
variably conferred length of days upon those
who chose to remain in them. It is observed
that the number of births exceed, in town
and country, the number of deaths; but the
proportion varies in different districts, ac-
cording to a variation of physical and moral
causes. A numerical proportion of births
always exists between the sexes; but more
males are born than females, which appears
to be a provision of nature for maintaining a
due equality between the number of sexes;
for the life of man independent of destructive
wars, is more exposed to accidental causes
inducing death, than that of women.

Sadler has pointed out a curious fact which
seems established by the tables he has pub-
lished, as follows—that if a man marry a
woman younger than himself, the number of
boys in the family will exceed the number
of girls; but if the man be younger than his
wife, then, according to the disparity be-
tween their respective ages, the number of
girls will equal or predominate over the
number of boys. Of all new born infants,
one out of four dies the first year; two-fifths
only attain the sixth year; and before the
twenty-second year, nearly one-half the ge-
neration is consigned to the grave. Attained,
however, to the age of maturity, one out of
every thirty or forty individuals die annually.
Such are the general facts which appear to
have been established concerning the dura-
tion of human life, but its extension and ac-
companying happiness must be materially
modified by the habits which each individual
in his own sphere is led to adopt.—*Phil.*

Getting rid of False Friends.

"I weeded my friends," said an old eccentric
friend, "by hanging a piece of stair carpet out of my
first floor window, with a broker's announcement
affixed. Gad! it had the desired effect. I soon saw
who were my friends. It was like firing a gun near
a pigeon-house; they all forsook the building at the
first report, and I have not had occasion to use the ex-
tra flaps of my dining-table since."

A man by the name of Burnett, formerly a res-
pectable citizen of Worcester, but who had become
excessively degraded by intemperance, was found
dead at a miserable hovel in that place yesterday
morning, having taken his own life.
A lady once told Dr. Felix she had ordered her
body to be opened after her death, as she was afraid
of being buried alive.
John Smith has said many good things, among the
rest, that a newspaper is like a wife, because every
man ought to have one of his own.

A housewife, on being advised to put list on her
doors to keep the cold out, declined, because she
had read that the "wind bloweth where it listeth."
In the year 1458, a proclamation was issued by
Henry VIII, that "women should not meet together
to babble and talk, and that men should keep their
wives in their houses." This little bit of history is
interesting, as showing the present advanced state
of the female mind.

SHEEP.—At a meeting of the American Agricul-
tural Association, last winter, Mr. Amory Edwards,
an American merchant, who had resided some years
in Peru, stated that the weight of fleece yielded by
Alpacha sheep, is about twelve pounds per head,
and that large quantities of the wool are exported
from Peru to England, where it brings about forty
cents per pound. The animals cost about five or
six dollars per head in Peru—their flesh is highly
prized as food.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of
Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does
not go down at all. Travellers go up there to see
it. A steamboat goes from Stockholm for the pur-
pose of carrying those who are curious to witness
this phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The
sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the
whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to
rise.



Howard

A friend to every clime! A Patriot of the World.

The above engraving is believed to be a correct likeness of Howard, the philanthropist. It was generously presented to the proprietors of this paper by a justly distinguished lady of this city, whose meat and drink it is to labor indefatigably in behalf of suffering and oppressed humanity.

The name of HOWARD is so well-known through all parts of the civilized world, and so justly revered by every philanthropist, that it is deemed unnecessary to make many very particular observations concerning his history. And were we disposed to state many particulars of this eminent philanthropist, we have not room to publish them in our small sheet.

JOHN HOWARD was born at Hackney (England) 1726. When quite young he lost his father by death, who was a carpet ware-house keeper in Long Lane, Smithfield, in consequence of which his guardians bound him apprentice to a grocer, but as his constitution was delicate, and his property above mediocrity, he purchased his indentures and travelled over France and Italy. 'On his return to London,' says Lempriere, 'he lodged for sometime at the house of Mrs. Lardeau, a widow at Stoke, Newington, and so great was the attention of this lady to him during a severe illness, that gratitude produced affection, so that he married her, though much older than himself.'—Three years after, (1755,) she died. In 1758 he married again, but in 1765 he was called to part with his second wife.

Howard now began to devote his time, and talents and wealth to acts of benevolence among the poor who surrounded him. Appointed sheriff in 1773, the distress of prisoners was brought more immediately under his notice, and induced him to form the humane design of visiting the jails of England to administer relief and to suggest improvements. In 1774 he received the thanks of the House of Commons for his attention to prisons. Encouraged by this honorable testimony, after visiting the prisons in England, he travelled on the continent with the same humane zeal, and between 1775 and 1787 he three times passed through France, four through Germany, five through Holland, twice through Italy, and once through Spain and Portugal! He published at his own individual expense several voluminous works containing descriptions of

dangers which must attend such a journey, in his account of the principal lazarettos in Europe, he says, 'trusting in the kindness of that Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully submit myself to the disposal of unerring wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life.'

The zeal of Howard in the cause of suffering humanity at last proved fatal. While at Cherson he visited a patient who labored under a malignant epidemic fever, and catching the disorder he fell a victim to compassion, Jan. 20th, 1790, being sixty-four years of age.

Lempriere justly observes that the modesty of Howard was equal to his merits. In 1785—five years previous to his death—a large subscription was rapidly filled to erect a statue in commemoration of his many services to the suffering prisoners, but he peremptorily declined the honor, exclaiming, 'Have I not one friend in England who will put a stop to such proceedings?' The following extract from one of his letters in relation to this subject will be interesting to our readers. It is dated Feb. 16th, 1787.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—You are entitled to all the gratitude I can express, for the testimony of approbation you have intended me, and I am truly sensible of the honor done me; but at the same time you must permit me to inform you, that I cannot without violating all my feelings, consent; and that the execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me. It is therefore my earnest request, that those friends, who wish my happiness and future comfort in life, may give up the attempt. I shall always think that the reform now going on in several of the jails of this kingdom, and which I hope may become general, the greatest honor and the most ample reward I can receive.

The only memorial which he wished, and which he himself planned, leaving blanks to be filled up after his decease, is now placed in Cardington church, under the tablet erected by himself to the memory of his beloved wife. It is as follows:

JOHN HOWARD,
DIED
AT CHERSON, IN RUSSIAN TARTARY,
JANUARY 21, 1790. AGED 64.
CHRIST IS MY HOPE.

Howard was a man of great decision of character. Foster, in his excellent work on this subject, speaking of this distinguished philanthropist says, 'his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted it had an equality of manner, which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual, forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds, as a great river in its customary state is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent. In his intercourse with prisoners, however fallen and sunk in wickedness, however they

TO ALICIA, OF RURAL VALE.

WHAT meanest thou, Alicia, state,
Is it that I must have a mate,
A partner, faithful, loving, true,
To pour into the aching breast
'Elixir' that shall give a rest,
To weary hours, and troubles too?
That chemical that lengthens life,
'The loving kindness of a wife?'

One who will dally with the heart,
Extract the archer, Cupid's dart,
And prove far more than anodynes?
If so, thou little teasing elf,
Did'st thou not say a word for self,
When writing me those meaning lines?
Can I in shallop calmly sail
Unto thy cot in 'Rural Vale?'

Ah! dost thou think I never feel,
And still am destitute of 'zeal,'
The magnetic power to prove?
I think for once its power I'll try,
And if I fail, thou wilt know why
I bask not in a 'Woman's Love.'

[J. B.]

A RECEIPT FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO BE SAVING.

Cut your bread on a little board and save all the crumbs. If you have any dry pieces of bread or crusts which are not burnt, break them small and put them with the crumbs. (It is a good plan to have a little pot or pan kept for the purpose of collecting them.) When you have enough put a little milk to them, not too much—about enough to wet them thoroughly. When they are soaked through break them up with your hand, as fine as you can, conveniently. Put in soda enough to make the mixture sweet, but not enough to taste. Add an egg or two according to the quantity, a little salt, a little sugar if you like, and stir in enough flower to make it about the consistency of thick batter, bake them on a griddle, and you will have slap-jacks more light, more tender and palatable than can be made of flour alone, beside saving your fragments.

When you have on hand more broken bread than you can use, it is a good plan to dry it thoroughly and put it in a dry place. A coarse bag will keep it from dust and let in the air. The drier the better it is for use.

Pounded fine, it makes as good a pudding as ground rice, and is less trouble.

For my own part, I think this a better way of using broken bread than pouring it into the baskets of professional street beggars, who will often throw it down before your door, and thus reward your good intentions by dirtying your side walk.

Howard was a man of great decision of character. Foster, in his excellent work on this subject, speaking of this distinguished philanthropist says, 'his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted it had an equality of manner, which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual, forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds, as a great river in its customary state is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent. In his intercourse with prisoners, however fallen and sunk in wickedness, however they were despised and abused by the world, he was pitiful and courteous, affording an eminent proof of the beneficial effects of kindness and mercy. In all his visits to prisoners in every country, he says, 'I never received an insult from either jailor or prisoner, nor lost one article, except a pocket handkerchief which was afterwards returned to me by a prisoner who had picked it up when it dropped from my pocket.' Such was his delight to do them good that they could not but love him. He improved every opportunity to assist them, and when it was attained, it afforded him the purest pleasure.

Finally we close this hasty and imperfect sketch of the life and character of this truly wise and pre-eminently good man in the words of Cowper, the great moral poet of England:

'Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accepts the tribute of a stranger's pen.'

THE SHIP BUILDERS.

BY WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the East,
The earth is gray below,
And spectral in the river mist
Our bare white timbers show.
Up!—let the sound of measured stroke
And grating saw begin:
The broad-axe to the knarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire sparks rising far and fast
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us, the smith shall stand
Beside the smashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

Gee up!—Gee ho!—The panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island-barges steer.
Rings out for us the axeman's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century circled oak
Fell crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—In nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the trunnels free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough—
Where'er the tossing spars shall drip
With salt spray caught below—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs, her vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel—
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel:
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why linger on these dusky rocks
The young birds of the sea?
Look!—how she moves adown the grooves
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her, wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of Commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—but let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within:
No Lethæan drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison draught for ours,
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be her's the prairie's golden grain,
The desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

Midnight Rambles.

'Tis hellevated that I feels,
Ven all the world's a sleepin';
Down on my back, with kick'd up hee
And at the stars a peepin':
'Stronomy's a science too,
As I takes great delight in;
Jis see the stars a blinking so
Ven watch and I'se a fightin'.
O, vot an orful thing it is,
I don't know vich to choose,
If I lay's here I'm sure to friz,
Or go to Calaboose;
If I gets up, I cannot stand,
The payments are so slippy;
I vish I vos off of the land
And on the Mississippi.
I is a first rate sort of chap,
I drink's and fight's, and dance's:
I broke into a doctor's shop
And stole away his lances
I pawn'd 'em for some lick'er then,
I'se got it in this jug;
I vish I had 'em back agin,
I'd get another mug,
Jis' hear the vatch! I can't get up,
I don't know vat to do
I vish I had another sup,
I feels so tarnal blue;
The jug's rolled off the payment now,
And spilt out all the lick'er,
I feels all over as if as how
As I vas gittin sicker.
I'se been out quite too long I fear,
Upon this werry frolic;
Ven the vatchy do come near,
I'll say I'se got the colic.
I does'nt see the use there is
A keepin' of a vatch,
Since every thing, like lick'er's riz,
And chaps like I to catch.
O mortal man, ven will you learn
For to economize?
Buy lick'er vith vot chink you earn,
And try for to be wise.
For when you take a blizzer then
You feel far famed and totched;
O dear, here come the vatch agin,
Oh—now then, by gosh I'm cotched

In New Orleans—Hacket
Is making a racket.—*Rich. Star.*
He appears by the bill,
To be in Nashville.—*Lou. Gazette*
Gentlemen, the fact is,
He is now in Naches.—*St. Louis I.*
When does he talk
Of coming to York?—*N. Y. Sun.*
Give over your quarrels—
He's now at St. Chales.—*N. O. An.*
There's a turn in the wheel,
For he's now in Mobile.—*Lou. Gaz.*
No more of your glee;
He's now in Maume.—*Mau. Times.*
Much we fear Mr. Times,
Truth lies in these rhymes.—*M. W.*
Where next he will go,
We'll be hanged if we know.—*Wec*
If Hacket's not dead,
There has been enough said. *Am*

A vexatious dun, having been paid
his bill, was kicked out of the house,
when he exclaimed—'I only wanted my
money, and did not ask anything to boot.'



THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

Above we present our readers with an accurate drawing of the first vessel propelled by steam ever built. The honor of the invention is attributed to JOHN FITCH, after whom the vessel was named. It was of small dimensions and from the imperfect state of the art of machinery at that day, many obstacles presented themselves which were never overcome by the inventor, and consequently, his vessel was not brought into practical use. His experiments were made in the vicinity of Philadelphia in 1786, near which city the John Fitch was built. Subsequently, Robert Fulton brought out a steamboat at New York, clearing at one bound the doubts and disbelief of an incredulous world, and establishing despite the greatest opposition by his own unaided efforts the practicability of a doctrine he had long and vainly urged upon the people. Fulton's boat as it passed up the Hudson river, a rude craft with uncovered paddle-wheels of the roughest sort and without deck or cabin, at the rate of four miles per hour against the tide, elicited the

strongest sensation from the inhabitants upon the river, and was greeted on its arrival at Albany, after a passage of a little less than three days, by the sound of cannons and other great rejoicings.

The drawing we have given above scarcely needs explanation. The tops of the paddles slide loosely through holes in the top frame which is stationary while the tips are made to define a circle by the revolution of the power wheel to which the middle and moveable frame is attached. It struck us upon examination that this same principle of Mr Fitch's might, with the advantages gained by experience, be applied to some purpose at the present day. A pleasure boat built on such a plan would be a novelty at any rate, and would find many admirers.

We propose to give our readers next week a magnificent engraving of the latest improvements in the application of steam to the propelling of vessels, and one which cannot but be looked upon with much interest.

A Slight Mistake.

The *Courier des Etats Unis*, among its amusing Parisian gossip, gives the following anecdote:

Attached to the seminary of Evreux is a professor of mathematics, an excellent man and very learned and pious, who although occupied chiefly by his scientific employment often exercises the most pious functions. When any of the pupils have mislaid their books, it is customary for the professor to announce the fact after the evening prayer. Not long ago our mathematician had concluded the usual prayer, when one of his pupils approached and whispering in his ear, said,

'Monsieur, you will announce if you please, that I have lost my *grammaire*.'

Preoccupied without doubt by the solution of some hidden problem, the pious man misunderstanding the request, made the following announcement:

'Messieurs, M——prays me to announce to you, that he has had the affliction of losing his *grand'mere* (grandmother). We recommend her to your prayers.'

'But it is my *grammaire* Grecque (Greek) that I have lost,' said the young student laughing at the mistake.

'Messieurs, the poor lady was Greek,' added the professor with an emphasis of compassionate pity. "God will have pity on her soul."

This time the hilarity was general and when the good man was covered with confusion at his mistake, there was a general burst of laughter.

Why is a soldier in battle like idleness?

HE IS IN ACTION.

Severe Rebuke.

A field marshal who had attained that rank by court favor, not by valor, receives from a lady the present of a drum, with the inscription: *Made to be beaten*. The same hero, going one evening to the opera, forcibly took possession of the box of a respectable abbe, who for this outrage brought a suit in court of honor, established for such cases under the old government. The abbe thus addressed the court: 'I came not here to complain of Admiral Suffrien, who took so many ships in the East Indies; I came not to complain of Count de Grasse, who fought so nobly in the west; I came not to complain of the Duke of Crebillon, who took Minorca; but I came to complain of the Marshal B——, who took my box at the opera, and never took any thing else.' The court paid him the high compliment of refusing his suit, declaring that he had himself inflicted sufficient punishment.

Generosity.

There is a great distinction to be made between generosity of manner and generosity of heart. A good man, with the noblest sentiments and feelings, is sometimes disguised by a certain coldness and formality of manner; while a libertine, whose life is spent in the gratification of self, imposes on the multitude, by the bravery and frankness of his air, for a most generous hearted fellow.

THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK.



This gigantic edifice is situated between Barclay and Vesey streets, fronting on Broadway & occupying the whole square. It was built in 1836 by J. J. Astor, Esq. at an expense of about 800,000 dollars. The walls are of granite, and built in a heavy and permanent manner, with a due proportion of ornament. It is now occupied and improved as a first rate public house, by Messrs. Colman & Stetson. The basement story consists in part of several spacious ware rooms, which command enormous rents. The rents of the whole building is not far from 45,000 dols.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, Gen. Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his respects to his mother, preparatory to his departure for New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly observed the ravages which disease had made upon the frame of his aged parent, and thus addressed her:—

'The people, mother, have been pleased with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the Chief Magistracy of the United States; but before I assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—'

Here the matron interrupted him. 'My son you will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always.'

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly yet fondly encircled his neck. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his laurels and his glories forgotten, while he gazed on the wasted form of his venerable parent, from whom he must soon part to meet no more on earth!

The matron's prediction was true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, soon completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of 85, confiding in the promise of immortality to the humble believer.

Good Old Times.

I do respect the times of old, the times of beans and pork,
When our old clever, honest Dads, went whistling to their work;

When old cock'd hats and breeches were the fashion of the day,
And good thick bottomed shoes were worn, with buckles shining gay.

The times of old—the times of old—when our good mothers wore
Good homespun stuff—and kept their muffs and tippets evermore;

When good stout waists were all the rage, and cheeks ne'er painted were,
And borrow'd curls ne'er deck'd the girls with beauty debonair;

The times of old—the good old times, when harmless jokes went round
The merry hearth, where boisterous mirth and apples did abound—

When giggling maids would hang their heads in bashful modesty,
And sprightly lads would eye their Dads, and nudge them cosily!

The good old times, when our old Dads were fat and hearty too,

With hair comb'd back most gracefully, and done up in a cue;

I do respect those golden days, when fashion was inclin'd
To make her votaries wear their coats with pocket holes behind!

Alas! they've pass'd with time away—those halcyon days are o'er,

And now men doat on black frock coats with pocket holes before;

The women, too, have got the cue, and wear their chains of gold—

O for the lads like our good Dads who liv'd in times of old!

MAXIMS—BY P. A. B.

Always be candid, deception evade,
Set good examples, be last to upbraid;
Deserving of favor, from prejudice free,
Pique not thy neighbor, no infidel be.

Judge, but not harshly, desert not the poor,
Treat all with kindness, drive none from your door;
Neglect not thy duty, discharge every debt,
Look not for beauty, true worth ne'er forget.

Smile at misfortune, think ere you decide,
Be not too sanguine, beware of false pride.
Ne'er waste a moment, in love be sincere,
Stoop not to trifle, thy Maker reverse.

"Star-Spangled Banner."

"O! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

"On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the mornings first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner!—O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

"And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country, should leave us no more!
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

"O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescu'd land,
Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust;"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

The Mississippi.—The river continues to encroach upon its banks and the lands which join them. About four weeks since, near an acre of Ellis cliff sunk into the river with a tremendous crash. These cliffs are located about 12 miles below Natchez, on the east bank of the Mississippi river. The river was in a frightful agitation—the waves ran mountain high for many minutes, and dashed over the levees on the Louisiana side; hundreds of fish were thrown out of their element and lodged upon the banks. About two weeks ago a large piece of ground in the town of Plaquemine, plunged into the river, and it is said more of it must go before long.

Curious Time Piece.—In one of the most fashionable resorts in Paris is a cannon loaded and primed, and so placed that the focus of a burning glass falls upon the powder precisely at twelve o'clock, of course every pleasant day the hour of noon is indicated by the firing of the cannon. On every such day, a crowd gathers round it to watch the progress of the sun spot, and the manner in which the motion of the earth on its axis is made to fire off artillery. It would be a pretty attraction for some of our cafes, and would answer for a luncheon signal.—*Atlas*.

A sailor, last week, who was in want of money, his stock being reduced to sixpence, went to a pawn office in Chatham street, pledged his sixpence for three-pence, and got it truly described in the duplicate ticket as "a piece of silver plate, of beautiful workmanship." He then took his ticket to a public house, and sold it very readily to a pedlar for 2s. 6d., pocketing 2s. 3d. by his ingenuity.—*Mercury*.

Better Times with Mechanics.—At Uniontown, the metropolis of Fayette county, about forty buildings are in course of erection this season—and at Harrisburg, upwards of fifty, according to the Telegraph. Among the latter are a new Jail and a Meeting House. They labor to accommodate various tastes! —*Mt. Pleasant Rev.*

'Tiberius: how do you make an H?' 'Why as to that, boss, I com'nly place a horizontal beam between two upright posts.'

We give this week in the Boston Notion, the following description of the mammoth iron steamer—the GREAT BRITAIN—which will probably arrive in New York the last of this week, and which will be visited by thousands in New York and in this city.

This splendid iron ship—the largest vessel, we believe in the world—was launched, or rather floated off, from the dock at Bristol in which she was built, on the 19th of July, 1843, in the immediate presence of Prince Albert and a large concourse of noblemen and gentlemen, and families of the first distinction from nearly every quarter of the kingdom, as well as many thousands of spectators belonging to that town, and congregated on the adjacent heights, and every available point of view on shore, or from vessels on the river. An account was published of the magnificent spectacle, and of the Grand Banquet that followed the launch, at which upwards of 500 individuals of high rank, including ladies of title, and many gentlemen eminent in the scientific world, sat down to do honor to what might be called the national occasion, (which will long remain a prominent feature in the annals of Bristol,) and to pay their respects to his Royal Highness the Prince, who patronized it by his presence.

The following are the dimensions of the ship:

Length of keel	259 feet.
“ from figure-head to tail	322 “
Extreme width	51 “
Depth of hold from upper or spar deck	32 1/2 “
Burthen, by old measurement, about	3443 tons.
Power, 2 engines, 700 horse-power each	1400
Boiler (square) 34 feet by 22 in height	
Furnaces, 24—12 forward and 12 aft	
Stroke of Piston	6 feet.
Displacement of water when drawing about 16 feet (or loaded) about	3000 tons.
S. oavage for coal	1100 “
“ goods additional about	1500 “
Will accommodate about	360 passengers.
And dining accommodation for	350 “
Crew and firemen	450 persons.

The vessel is entirely built of iron, with the exception of the boarding of her decks and some of her cabin fittings and carved work. Her model is somewhat peculiar, yet accordant with the taste (when she was built) of many nautical men, and the speed she has since attained, together with her good sea qualities, prove that their opinions were well founded. Her sides tumble, or fall in, a good deal towards the top deck, from about the middle of her length to the stern, giving her a man-of-war like appearance and a wholesome rotundity in the after body. Abreast of the boilers, which are forward of the longitudinal centre, her sides are rather flattish, but she has after all abundance of bearings for a steamer, and more aloft might have produced heavy rolling in a sea-way. Her bottom bearings are ample, and she is finely moulded with a sharp entrance, approaching to the plough form, and an equally fine run. Her upper works, like most of the Bristol ships, are plain, but substantial in finish. The hull is formed of iron plates, decreasing in thickness from the keel upwards, and angle iron ribs of great strength. The plates are not, however, so thick in proportion to her size as those of some iron vessels since constructed, particularly those built at North Birkhead (for war purposes), but she is nevertheless a very strong ship, being bound securely by rods on the tension principle. The plates of her keel are from 3-4 inch thick in the middle, to 1 inch at the ends, and all the plates under water are from 5-8ths to 1-2 inch at the top, except the upper plate, which is 5-8ths. She is chiefly clench built, and double riveted at many points. The ribs are 6 inches by 3 1-2, by 1-2 inch thick at the bottom of the vessel, and 7-16ths at the top. Her rig is that of what may be called a six-masted schooner, with fore and aft sails, and lugger top sails, with the exception of the mainmast, (the second from the bow,) which will carry a square mainsail and a topsail over it. She has four decks, and the upper, or spar deck, is 308 feet in length. The engines are somewhat on the patent of Sir Mark Brunel, with the cylinders, in place of being upright, standing on an angle of about 60 degrees. The main shaft for the turning of the screw, and which is of great length and large diameter, was made at the Mersey Iron Works, in Liverpool; and is itself a great curiosity.

On the spar deck there are eight sky-lights for the fore-saloon, and one large light over the engine-room. The under decks and apartments have borrowed lights from these, and also circular lights in the sides of the ship—the latter of plate glass an inch in thickness. The companion-ways or entrances from the deck, are fitted with iron grates, or rather screens, so as always to have a weath-

er and a lee door, the former of which may be closed during gales. The windlass is on a patent principle. The best bower anchor weighs about three tons, and its iron chain cable is of 2 1-2 inches diameter in the metal of the link. The bowsprit is proportionably short, owing to the great length of the vessel. The bow is enriched with carved work; in the centre are the royal arms, surrounded by emblems of the arts and sciences of the empire, and (in illustration of the power and speed of the ship,) representations of the thunderbolt of Jove and the caduceus of Mercury.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole structure is the machinery, and the screw, by which she is propelled. The latter is on the same principle, but slightly modified, as that invented by Mr F. P. Smith, of the Patent Ship Propeller Company, (who supplied it,) and who, some years ago, exhibited it at Liverpool in the Archimedes.

Boiler and Machinery.

Boiler, (square on plan,) about	ft. in.
Length of fires	33 0
Width of ditto	6 0
Total surface of fire-bar (feet superficial)	281 0
Chimney (diameter)	8 0
Height of ditto, about	45 0
Diameter of four cylinders	7 4
Length of main wrought-iron shaft	15 9
Diameter at centre for driving wheel	2 3
Weight in the rough, as from the forge, upwards of 15 tons.	
Diagonal framing for support of shaft, of very hard and strong foreign wood.	
Cranks, thickness at large hole	1 6
Width at the head	3 6
Diameter of large driving wheel	28 0
Ditto of rigger on screw shaft	6 0
Keel under screw, 12 inches wide on the top face, 9 inches under face, 5 inches thick.	
Screw stem-post, 20 inches across the centre; rudder 6 feet 6 inches wide at bottom.	
Distance between the stern posts	11 0
Height of screw, about	15 0

The boiler platform is of plate iron, supported upon ten iron keelsons, of which the centre ones are 3 feet 9 inches deep. These keelsons are formed like the floorings, of iron plates placed on the edge.

The hull is divided into five distinct compartments, by means of water-tight iron bulkheads. The whole of the materials and workmanship, both of ship and machinery, appear to be of the first order.

On the angle iron beams of the lower decks there is an iron plate of from 2 to 3 feet wide by half an inch thick, running along against each side of the vessel, the edge of which is fitted up against the ribs, and riveted on the flat angle iron beams. This continuous plate is made of the ordinary boiler plates, united at the end with a jointing fillet, “single riveted” to each, and over it are laid the deck planks, to which they are bolted; it being, therefore, firmly secured between the beams and planking, cannot fail to aid very materially in resisting any sudden and partial resistance externally, and to maintain the original form.

The upper, or main deck, is planked longitudinally 3 inches thick in the middle, 6 inches near the sides, from which there is a mass of timber forming the “water-ways,” increasing from about six inches to about 2 feet in depth against the outside plating, forming a curve surface against the ship’s sides above and below, to admit of which the iron beams are bent down at the ends. The planking of the first saloon deck consists also of longitudinally laid planks, 6 inches wide, 4 inches thick, with “water-ways” 10 inches thick at the sides; and, as it lies on the before-mentioned horizontal plates, the projection is all above the surface of the deck. The planking of the third deck runs across the ship, with 6 x 4 inch “water-ways,” as in that immediately above.

THE MACHINERY AND ENGINES.—The boiler presents a great space of heating surface, and is amply strong for condensing engines.—The foundation plate of the engines has a conical depression of about 12 inches, into which the piston dips; this depression fits into the bend of the ship, and is therefore taken advantage of in depressing both faces of the piston, and also twisting the cylinder cover to about eight inches at the centre, thereby affording the connecting rod to be that much larger. The piston is cast with its top and bottom face, arms, and outer ring, in one piece; and for the purpose of fitting in the keys to fasten the rod there are two holes, into one of the spaces between the arms, through which the fitting and fastening is performed, and which holes are then stopped by circular plates, with valve mitre edges, and made fast. The rubbing, or “metallic” surface of the piston, is one ring of cast-iron, cut open at one point, with

a half-lapped joint, depth seven to eight inches to be packed behind. The nuts for holding down the screws for the packing ring are turned cylindrical, and inserted into holes of 2 1-2 ins. diameter, drilled into the top of the piston. The holes to be expanded by heat, and the nuts inserted cold, so as to be held in by friction, and secured by a tap screw. The shells of the piston valve are brass cylinders with steam openings, as shown by the sections, having a “twist” to render the wear more uniform. The piston valves have a cast iron expanding ring as have the cylinders. These pistons are worked by eccentrics in the usual way, but the “reversing” is effected by an eight feet spur wheel attached to the eccentric, with an appropriate contrivance to put it into gear.

The performances of the Great Britain have proved the correctness of the first anticipations. Mr Hill early stated. “It is contended by many nautical men, and some eminent in the profession, that the situation of the propelling force being at the stern will cause the vessel to run very wild in a head wind, and to counteract which the rudder will be in such constant requisition as to cause a considerable loss of power; but one sound and settled fact is worth a thousand opinions. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it does appear that if by the use of an equal weight of fuel the “duty” performance of the screw be nearly equal to that of the paddle-wheel, and that the whole of the machinery be so constructed as to be lasting, and not unpleasant to passengers, it has the merit of being free from serious inconveniences of the paddle-wheel, such as great top-heaviness, opposition of the paddle-boxes to the wind, &c., and possesses these advantages besides, namely, that strength in the upper part of the ship is not required to support machinery, and that the deck is clear—a great comfort to passengers, and of great convenience in management of sails and working the ship.”

It has since been proved that the Great Britain does not “run wild in a heavy sea,” that she steers with great ease, under sail or steam, and without any loss of power, more than any sailing or other vessel, through the action of the rudder; so that the first point may be considered as settled. As to the advantages of the screw in doing away with the lumbering paddle-wheels and their handbox casings or boxes, which destroy the straight sheer of a ship, by giving her a dromedary hump tending to strain her upperworks, and form, as it were, “sails” in beam winds, that cannot be reefed—there can be no question. The safety of the screw over the paddle-wheel, whether in collision or contact, or as regards the shot of an enemy, is equally undeniable; for, in both respects, the screw is by far the less vulnerable. Another great advantage of the screw is, (supposing it equally efficient with the wheel as a propeller,) it possesses in itself, a mechanical power or gain, (that of the inclined plane, or wedge,) while the wheel presents, on the contrary, a direct leverage against the engine equal to its semi-diameter, or rather to the distance between its centre or shaft and its floats. The beating down of the water by the paddles in the first instance, and the lift or back water in their leaving the surface, involves also a great waste of power, that is not attributable to the screw, which possesses a uniform power of forward propulsion.

THE CABINS.—The Great Britain has 26 state rooms with one bed each, and 113 with two, so that in addition to her crew, officers, firemen, &c., she can accommodate 252 passengers, each of whom can be provided with a single bed, and that without making up a single sofa, or any other temporary convenience.

The walls of the after or principal promenade saloon are painted in delicate tints; and along the sides are several fixed chairs of oak. A row of well-proportioned pillars, which range down the centre of the promenade, serve the double purpose of ornament to the room and support to the deck. In this saloon, on either side, is a range of exceedingly comfortable state-rooms and sleeping-berths. About twelve of these on each side of the deck will be reserved for ladies, as they are made to communicate with two commodious ladies’ boudoirs, or private sitting-rooms, measuring 17 feet by 14 feet. The advantages of this arrangement must be obvious, as ladies who may be indisposed, or in negligence will be enabled to reach their sleeping-berths without there being the slightest necessity for their appearing in public. The frame-work of the staircases, communicating from this saloon, with the deck, is of iron. The stairs are far more wide and commodious than is generally

met with on ship-board. From the promenade you descend into the main or dining saloon, which is 98 feet 6 inches long, by 30 feet wide. This is really a beautiful room. A large sum of money has not been uselessly squandered in procuring for it gaudy decorations, not harmonizing with its uses, but its fittings are alike chaste and elegant. Down the centre are twelve principal columns of white and gold, with ornamental capitals of great beauty. Twelve similar columns also range down the walls on either side. Between these latter and the entrances to the sleeping-berths are (on each side of the deck) eight pilasters, in the Arabesque style (of which character the saloon generally partakes), beautifully painted with oriental birds and flowers. On either side are seven doors, which open into as many passages, each of which communicates with four bedrooms. The archways of the several doors are tastefully carved and gilded, and are surmounted with neat medallion heads.—Some looking-glasses are so arranged as to reflect the saloon lengthways at two opposite sides, from which a very pleasing illusion is produced. The walls of this apartment are of a delicate lemon-tinted drab hue, relieved with blue, white, and gold. At the stern-end are a number of sofas, which range one above the other, nearly up to the stern-lights. At the opposite extremity is a large room for the steward’s use. The saloon is fitted with rows of dining-tables, of sufficient capacity to admit of 360 persons sitting down to dinner at one time, with perfect convenience and comfort. On each side of the forward promenade saloon there are 36 berths or sleeping places, and in the saloon below it 30 in each side, making in all, forward, 132. To the state-rooms there are passages leading from the saloons, and running athwart the ship.

In the fore-castle are berths, 36 in number, for a portion of the crew. The iron ribs, and the mode in which the ship is riveted can be well inspected from this apartment.

ADDITIONAL MEMORANDA.—The length of the Great Britain from her figure-head to her tailrail being 322 feet, she is 60 or 70 feet longer than a line-of-battle ship. All the masts, except the mainmast, are affixed to the deck by iron joints, and in the event of a strong head wind can be lowered like the mast of a canal boat. The diameter of the mainmast below is 34 inches, and its height above the level of the deck 74 feet. The main topmast is 55 feet long. Diameter of foremast 19 inches, height 68 feet. The other masts proportionate.

Eight walks round the principal deck are about equal to a mile in length.

In the construction of the hull and engines, the enormous quantity of 1500 tons of iron have been used.

The rigging is of iron wire rope, offering less resistance in going to windward than hemp, which would require greater thickness for equal strength.

The engines weigh 340 tons.

The main shaft is 28 inches in diameter in the centre, and 24 inches in the bearings; in the rough, before turned, it weighed 16 tons. It has been lightened by a hole of 10 inches in diameter, bored through it. A stream of cold water passes through the cranks and this hole when the engines are at work.

The screw shaft is in one long and two short, or coupling parts. The part next the engine, solid, 28 feet by 16 inches diameter. The hollow intermediate shaft 65 feet by 2 feet 8 inches diameter. The screw part is 25 feet 6 inches, and also 16 inches diameter. The total length is 130 feet, and it weighs altogether 38 tons.

The displacement of the Great Britain will be rather less than 3000 tons when loaded; with 1200 tons of coal on board, while the displacement of a first-rate, with all stores on board, is better than 4500 tons, although the former is more than a third the longer ship. The form of the bottom, and the difference of ten feet in the draft of water (the one drawing sixteen feet, the other five or six-and-twenty,) and the finer lines, cause this great difference in displacement, and, consequently, of the midship section. The Great Britain’s midship section is, from the same cause, less than that of a 52 gun frigate, consequently, with the same quantity of canvass, the former will sail faster than the latter, even if their lines approached to similarity; but with the Great Britain’s lines, more than one hundred feet longer than the frigate, and with equal stability, (of which there is no kind of doubt,) the speed in sailing alone should be much beyond that of the frigate, save when the winds are light and the lofty sails of the frigate tell.



The steamer Great Britain lies in twelve feet water, between two rocks.

THE IRON STEAMER GREAT BRITAIN.

WRECK OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.

The mammoth steam propeller, Great Britain, sailed from Liverpool on the 22d ult., taking one hundred and eighty-five passengers, about sixty tons of valuable fine goods as freight, and about the same measurement of passengers' luggage. She took her departure, (writes a passenger,) witnessed by a large concourse of spectators, amid the cheers of congregated thousands and the roar of artillery. After clearing the Bell Buoy, she bore away for the Calf of Man, with the intention of running the north-about passage between the Isle of Man and Ireland. The morning was beautiful, the wind was fair, the ship was in excellent trim, and she had abundant promise of a pleasant and rapid passage, and that, too, under the command of an able and experienced captain, who had most successfully for some years navigated the Atlantic Ocean, to the satisfaction of his passengers, the commercial public, and the company by whom he was employed. For about ten hours the noble palace of iron,—the largest that perhaps tenants the deep,—was propelled by wind and steam at the rate of 12 or 13 knots an hour. In fact, it may be said that she had overrun herself. At four to five o'clock in the afternoon, the island was distinctly visible on the starboard bow. Shortly after it set in to rain, and the wind increased, the ship making excellent progress, and the passengers uncommonly delighted with the vessel and her admirable qualities as a sea boat. Night then closed in, dark and wet, and the wind gradually freshened to a gale. The log was repeatedly taken. The weather was thick and foggy, and the ship passed the Calf lights before dark, without being able to distinguish the light-house at that station. About half past nine o'clock at night, the passengers were startled by an extraordinary noise on deck, and a cry of "stop her!"—"aground! aground!"—"the breakers, the breakers!"—"we are wrecked!"—"oh, we are wrecked!" A general fear prevailed that the ship was in collision with some other vessel; but it was soon found that she had stranded. The night was dark and stormy,

the ship beat incessantly upon the sand, the breakers repeatedly breaking heavily over her, and one of the life boats was carried from its fastenings on the quarter. Alarms and cries instantly pervaded the ship, and apprehensions were general amongst the passengers that the ship would break up during the night beneath the force of the breakers which constantly burst over her decks. To add to that moment of woe, the lightning glared, the thunder bellowed portentously from a thick curtain of overhanging cloud, and the rain began to fall in torrents. The scene was one that baffles description. So far as the eye could pierce through the gloom, the sea was a general cauldron of foam, and the white spray lashing the sides of the ship, flew over all on board like snow flakes. As we said before, the ship had out-sailed her captain's reckoning; and the light on "St. John's Point" being mistaken for that of the "Calf of Man," she went ashore at Rathmullin, in Dundrum Bay. Throughout the emergency Captain Hoskens behaved with admirable self-possession, energy, and with the greatest kindness; and immediately after the ship struck went down below, and, by his assurances, quieted the excited apprehensions of the passengers. His efforts were successful. A portion of the passengers returned to their berths and slept till morning. Of the captain and ship the passengers speak in the highest terms. The ship, previously to her striking, displayed in the gale the most admirable qualities as a sea boat; and the captain, subsequently to that occurrence, acted as well as man could act placed in a situation such as his. It was not expected that the wreck could be got off.

The steamer Great Britain was insured for £49,000, or about \$250,000. The passage money returned to the passengers, amounted to upwards of \$30,000.

The Varn.

"Cease, rude boreas, blustering railer,
List, ye landmen, all to me,
Messmates, hear a brother sailor,
Tell the dangers of the sea."

The Cause of the Accident.

The agent of the Stockholders, who was sent down to learn the cause of the accident, warmly recommends the acceptance of Capt. Hoskens' explanation or excuse for having been some thirty miles out of his course. He says:—"On examining Captain Hoskens' chart, on which are his cross bearings of the supposed points of the Isle of Man, of which so short and indistinct glimpse was caught, I find it is addressed to the Mayor and Town Council of Liverpool, published by John and Alexander Walker, agents to the Admiralty, 72 Castle street, Liverpool, and 9 Castle street, London, 1846. It was bought by Capt. Hoskens when going out on his previous voyage in June last, as the latest and most correct chart, but in it is no mention whatever of a revolving or intermitting light, or any other light whatever on St. John's Point. There, however, the light is, and it is now my business to show that had the light been, as it ought to have been—having been in use for three years, (if I am correctly informed)—in the chart, or had there been no light at all on that point, the accident would not have happened."

The owners of the ship promptly returned the passage money, and expressed their extreme sorrow and regret that the passengers were placed in their present unfortunate situation.

The Vienneise Ballet.

Amongst the passengers were the distinguished Danseuses Vienneise, 48 in number: they are all German but two, one of these is French, and the other English. From their extreme youth, the eldest being not more than twelve years old, and the youngest about six, the greatest sympathy and care was evinced for these little travellers. They appeared quite unconscious of their situation; some of them were sleeping beside their luggage on the shore: the more vigorous were setting out a repast in the coast-guard watch-house, and others innocently amusing themselves with picking up the shells on the beach. There were four adult females accompanying them, one of whom stated they had an engagement on their arrival at New York of 1,500 dollars a

There is some anxiety yet in the minds of the owners of the Great Britain. The noble vessel is still ashore, although every effort has been made use of to remove her. It is thought the vessel will not sustain much more damage than she already has.

During the day, the steamer Prince of Wales went round from Belfast to render the Great Britain assistance: that was tried at high water, and found to be impossible; she therefore returned to Belfast, taking these forty little fairies and their guardian to that city on their way back to Liverpool.

North American Indians.

A little more than three hundred years ago, this whole country, from Hudson's Bay to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was occupied by petty tribes, resembling each other in their general features, but separated into independent communities, existing probably always in a state of alarm and generally in a state of open hostility. They existed in the rudest condition of society, without science, without the arts, without metallic instruments.



ELIOT AND THE INDIAN SACHEM.

But where are they now? Think of the millions that roamed over this land of broad rivers and streams. They are reduced to a few broken remnants, which are either living in an unsettled and precarious condition near their original location, or are compelled to find their home beyond the farthest inhabited territory of the west. Every thing relating to these Indian tribes possesses the interest almost of romance. And it is believed that a portion of two or three numbers of the Dayspring may be very usefully filled with details respecting them.

GENERAL CLASSIFICATION.

The Indian tribes within the limits of the United States, may very conveniently be divided into three classes, according to their location.

The first class will embrace those which still exist in New England and New York.

The second class comprises all those tribes out of New England and New York which still remain east of the Mississippi River.

The third class comprises all on the west of the Mississippi River. These last may be subdivided into three classes;

1. Those which are indigenous, i. e. natives of those regions.
2. Those which are emigrant tribes, having been transported to the west of the Mississippi from other parts of the country; and
3. Those within the limits of the United States but west of the Rocky Mountains.

FIRST CLASS.

INDIANS IN NEW ENGLAND. These are remnants of several tribes, such as the Passamaquodies, the Penobscots and the Norridgewocks in Maine; the Mohegans and a remnant of king Phillip's Indians in Massachusetts, located at Marshpee in Barnstable county, and at Gay-head on the island of Martha's Vineyard. There are also a few Mohegans near Norwich, in the State of Connecticut, and a few others, probably Mohegans, not far distant from these in the State of Rhode Island.

Penobscots in Maine.—Of all the Indians in New England, the Penobscot tribe are probably the most degraded. Their intercourse with the whites for nearly a century has left them, in civilization scarcely a step in advance of their original condition, and in morals it is to be feared, more corrupt. They were converted to Romanism during the old French war. They have a church on the island of Old Town, in the Penobscot River. A popish priest visits them during a portion of the year. They have been sadly neglected, and present a miserable specimen of humanity. Quite recently a graduate from "Moore's school," New Hampshire, himself a Mohegan, has collected a Sabbath school among them and feels encouraged that something may be done for their spiritual good.

INDIANS IN MASSACHUSETTS AND CONNECTICUT.—These have been better cared for. Those at Marshpee have a church and pastor and schools. In their houses, manners and customs and domestic relations they now generally imitate their white neighbors. They are estimated at about 300.

The few families of Indians in Connecticut have been from time to time the subjects of benevolent effort. Some interesting details of this kind are given in the memoirs of Mrs. Smith, wife of Rev. Eli Smith.

Martha's Vineyard was one of the places of Mayhew's labors and success. Almost from the first settlement of the State, the original inhabitants have been the subject of christian solicitude and benevolent effort. The labors of Eliot are well known. An interesting little volume containing a memoir of "this apostle to the Indians" has just been published in Boston. The cut at the head of this article is from this volume. And the following facts taken from the same volume show that the Indians within the limits of the earliest New England colonies, have not all wasted away without the knowledge of God and the hopes of the gospel.

Past efforts.—Before king Philip's war Eliot had succeeded in forming 14 praying towns within the limits of Massachusetts and Connecticut. These settlements contained 1,100 Indians. At one period it was estimated that there were 3,000 belonging to the praying towns.

The first Indian church was gathered at Natick, which place still retains its original name. In 1670 this church contained between 40 and 50 members. At one time six teachers went from it to be ministers in other new praying towns. At this town there was an Indian justice appointed, by the name of Waban, who was accustomed to issue his warrants in a very laconic style. The form addressed to a constable ran thus; "Quick you catch 'em, fast you hold 'em, and bring 'em afore me." When he became old a young justice was appointed in his place, and went to Waban for advice. "What shall I do?" he inquired "when Indians drink and fight and act like Satan?" "In that case" said Waban, "Whip 'em plaintiff, whip 'em defendant, whip 'em witness." Waban was a good man and died in the triumphs of faith. In addition to the labors of Eliot, John Cotton of Plymouth preached to five assemblies of Indians in his neighborhood. And there were six assemblies upon Cape Cod, supplied by six Indian preachers.

THE IRON AGE.

FROM THE RAILWAY EXPRESS.

The Golden Age—the Age of Gold! Poets have sung, and historians told Of the metal, which cast into mortal mould Singular patterns produces. But alas! for that very auriferous time, No more is it subject for story or rhyme; For by "Rail" up Fame's temple-crowned gradient we climb, And Iron's the theme of the Muses.

Parnassus is tunnelled, and Castaly's fount Is bridged. Even Helicon's turned to account; All the Muses have sheres, and they glide (but not mount) On a prosy detestable level. Their lines are worth nothing at all; for 'tis seen, That Chalybeate water's their false Hippocrene, And Robert Montgomery shows us, I ween, That Epics are gone to the devil.

Iron—Iron, and nothing beside! We sit on it—live on it—walk on it—ride; Pen treaties of peace with—or by our side We wear it for purpose of fighting; Old England had "Ironsides" once for a king, Napoleon was crowned with Milan's Iron ring; And sulphate of Iron's the principal thing In the fluid with which I am writing.

'Tis Iron that binds with its terrible chain; O'er Iron, in freedom we skim the broad plain; And if love should afflict with an ache or pain, A remedy Iron discovers. For a wild Iron horse gets a poke in his sides, And with raging hot ribs off to Gretna he glides, And distance uniteth, instead of divides, A couple of runaway lovers.

Iron, they say, may be found in the blood, And Iron, we know, often spills life's red flood, And cold Iron will top off a man in his bud; Even "into the soul" it enters. Words are iron-ic, and were one to ask Where 'tis not?—to reply were as difficult task As to find out the man in the strange Iron mask, And who were his mystic tormentors.

Iron newspapers to chronicle crime— Books made of Iron—rare "Tracts for the Times;" Iron to sound out the gay birthday chimes; And, when we're Mortality dozing, Death's Iron hand to an Iron couch sends us, Ferruginous mixtures are made up to mend us, And when cold as Iron—still Iron attends us In the shape of a safe Iron coffin.

Iron, and Iron wherever we go! 'Tis before us—behind us—above and below; Plutus' tears were of Iron—but rhymes cannot show The varieties or the amount of it; Dr. Isms should hunt for that book underground, Iron clasped, (vide Scott,) and by iron, too, bound, That of this Iron age, ages hence may be found On its pages some written account of it.

Fifty factory girls recently went sleighing in North Adams, Massachusetts. Only think of fifty emancipated working girls on a spree!

COMICALITIES.

The Picayune says, one great reason why "it" is stranger than fiction, is, because there is not so much of it in the world.

A friend says he saw a fence made of such crooked rails, that every time a pig attempted to crawl through it he came out on the same side.

POETRY WITH A PRESENT.

I send a thimble for fingers nimble Which I hope will fit when you try it: It will last you long, if it's half as strong As the hint which you gave me to buy it.



Mission Seminary—Ceylon.

Genesee County—Forty Years Ago.

PRINTING.—Nothing could more strongly indicate the progress of men and things, in this country, than *the Press*, or printing business, from the time when one newspaper only was published, and the population less than 1500 souls, to the present time, when—but the 700,000 who now swarm in this same region, must be left to contemplate the present, while a faint picture of the past is adopted.

In 1803, the 'Western Repository and Genesee Advertiser,' was the only vehicle of news, politics, literature and the arts, published west of Utica. It was the medium through which general and local subjects, and business matters, found circulation;—while the wooden press and home-made ink, and worn types, did the job work for all the land offices, and the legal and business advertising, from Onondaga to Niagara, and some of the Canadians.—The circulation of the paper was about 1000, and this was not diminished, but rather increased, up to the war of 1812, when 1500 were issued, although a number of other papers had been established in the meantime.

Not the least important part of the Repository establishment, was the post-riding, or mode of distribution, which affords an amusing contrast to the present lightning way of doing things. The most important route, was the Western, and him who supplied it was, in those days of as great consequence as is now the superintendent of a Railroad. Imagine a small, hump back, cross-eyed, deaf old man—and you may see honest Ezra Metcalf, who was as trustworthy as he was ugly—mounted on a skunk horse, and you have the post-rider. And now for his business. In an old fashioned pair of saddle-bags, were stowed from 150 to 200 papers. On the top of this was a small portmanteau, containing the United States Mail, with a padlock; but whether the key was entrusted to the rider, as it might safely have been, is not remembered. Thus mounted, with tin horn in hand, which he blew when he got in the saddle, he set off,

'The herald of a noisy world,
News from all quarters lumbering at his back.'

The arrival and departure of 'old uncle Ezra,' was an event, and caused a gathering of divers citizens, who felt as much anxiety about it, and what he carried and fetched, as do our citizens for the movements of railroad cars.—Errands were sent by him, and he had always had some word from our neighbors who lived thirty or a hundred miles off. Once in three months he would bring from the Postmasters at Fort Niagara, Lewiston, Buffalo, Batavia and other settlements, lists of letters to be published. His route from Canandaigua and back, was as follows: First, via, Boughton

Hill and Mann's Mills to Northfield and Genesee river, which he forded. This was a point where a tavern, saw-mill, and a few other 'improvements,' were found. Thence north to Hanford's landing, perhaps to Charlotte, at the river's mouth, where was a store house, and a few other buildings; then back to the Ridge Road, which led by Oak Orchard to Lewiston, then down to Youngstown and Fort Niagara. Returning to Lewiston, he went up the river to the Falls, and to New Amsterdam, on Buffalo Creek, an Indian trading place where the whites had a few stores. This was his western terminus. Homeward he came by Four Mile Creek, and Vandeventer's to Batavia, the seat of the Holland land company, and a place of some note; thence to Ganson's settlement, the Genesee river, thro' Hartford, Charleston and Bloomfield, to Canandaigua, where he was waited for every Saturday, having been five days in performing his circuit.

Such was printing, and post-riding and mail carrying forty years ago. But who shall draw the picture of the changes which have taken place in this same Genesee county? Who that has lived in it, and seen them going, can paint the reality? Let us take a look merely over Ezra Metcalf's route. Leaving Canandaigua, then the centre of all Genesee affairs, we find near Boughton Hill the nestling village of Victor. You don't find Mann's Mills for they are hid by the Canal embankment.—Passing on through handsome farms, (worth \$50 per acre, and made of land that for years could not have been sold for three) you come to the wholesome town of Pittsford, which has risen and blotted out the intemperate spot, formerly known as Northfield, or Boyle. We approach the river through highly cultivated farms, and what do we behold! The old fording place to the 'Mill yard,' is not to be found—canals, bridges and railroads, have obliterated the old landmarks, and the city of Rochester, with its 25,000 busy inhabitants rises to view! We might stay here, and employ a week in wondering at what the enterprise of a few years had accomplished. But to go westward and see what art has done. A little south of the Ridge Road, the Erie Canal has created a town, where it rises to the table land where Lockport stands. In Lewiston, and on the river, the change is not so marked, altho' the country around about is much improved, until the eye rests on the falls, near which, on both sides of the river large improvements have been made for the accommodation of travellers.

The next point of wonder, lies 20 miles up the beautiful Niagara, on the spoken of as the western end of our old post-rider's route.—And what do we find here? Another beautiful city, with its 30,000 bustling people, engaged in the various callings of life, giving ac-

ADVICE TO A BACHELOR.

Oh, it is necessary quite,
That you should have a wife,
So much secluded from the world,
You'll weary of your life,
Unless with some kind friend you share.
Life's pleasures and its pains,
Its disappointments and its cares,
Its losses and its gains.

Oh, it is necessary quite,
That you a wife should have;
You want one that will do your work,
And thus your pennies save;
And Mary will be good to work,
But must not drudge or slave,
Oh it is necessary quite,
That you a wife should have.

'Tis my advice that you should seek
Some fair and pretty maid,
To her the words of kindness speak,
And, mind—don't be afraid;
And soon your life will wear a charm,
You ne'er before have known,
And deep affection pure and warm,
Around your path be thrown. [ELLA.]

tive employ to canals, railroads, steamboats, and to all classes. It is growing too, like Rochester, in every way that builds up large towns. Returning—we find a good M^d Adam road to Williamsville, (11 Mile Creek) with smiling residences of farmers on either side.—A dozen miles east, we come to Clarence, a Vandeventer's old tavern is no longer inquired for—and you reach Batavia, now grown into a handsome town, and its business not quite spoiled in being traversed by a railroad. Instead of Ganson's settlement, we find near it the pleasant village of LeRoy, and in place of the Hartford ferry, we cross a neat bridge into Avon, now celebrated as a watering place—not for teams of horses as formerly, but for such bipeds of the world as are afflicted with 'ills which flesh is heir to,' or by fashionable life. Two miles east of the village is another, still larger, East Avon. And next on our way, we find the villages of Lima, (formerly Charleston,) West and East Bloomfield, on the south road from which to Canandaigua, the little village of Centrefield rises on one of the numerous hills which beautify the side east of the river. Throughout the whole, the eye is greeted with highly cultivated farms, elegant dwellings, with houses of public worship and for education, manifesting in their style and number, the liveliest interest felt by an intelligent people, in every thing calculated to promote their own welfare, or promise happiness to those who may come after them.

In giving a sketch of this whole country, the portion laying east of Canandaigua should not be omitted. It would mar the picture to omit the village of Geneva, which exceeds in numbers and business our county town; and Vienna, lying in the beautiful town of Phelps, Lyons, Palmyra, on the north, and Naples, Bath, and other villages on the south, to say nothing of many at the west enough to fill a gazetteer. The object of the writer was, to give a *sample* of the country, and how the people got on, in its earlier days. It would be pleasant to extend these quaint observations to other features in the character of this section of the state, and to speak of its natural advantages, and how these have been improved. But it is a field worthy to be filled. To form any idea of what has taken place, go back and consider that where only one small printing office existed forty years ago, there are now near *one hundred*, many of them large and most of them flourishing.—*Ontario Repository.*

A gentleman fifty years ago gave his daughter at her birth a diamond ring costing \$1500, which she has still in her possession, and which will remain in the family. A gentleman at the same time gave his daughter \$1500, which was invested for her use at 7 per cent, compound interest, and as no part of the amount was used, the sum at this day has accumulated to \$44,185 50! while the lady's diamond ring remains at its original value.

Post! This interjection has been extensively used for the last 300 years until quite recently, when a popular orator made use of it with such vehemence, that he blew out the chandelier, since which time it has gradually gone into disuse.

in which the disaster experienced by her is directly charged to the intemperate habits of her officers. It is due to them, however, that such a heinous charge should not be implicitly credited until after due examination has been made into the facts of the case—which examination it is probable has been already instituted by the British Government.

THE GREAT BRITAIN.

This unfortunate vessel is said to have cost \$650,000; her insurance was only \$370,000. The New York Observer and the Christian Advocate and Journal of last week, each contains a letter from different clergymen (one of them Rev. Mr. Ashmead)

THE GIFT.

BY REV. CHARLES RICH.

"A few days after the destruction of the steamer Ben Sherrod by fire, the body of a female richly dressed was washed ashore. Upon one of her fingers was a diamond ring, having engraved on it the motto 'Remember the giver.'—[Baton Rouge Gazette.]

It was a lovely morn. The early sun
Came up rejoicing, and with lavish hand
Pour'd forth a summer's light o'er land and sea,
Nature with pencil dipp'd in loveliness
Had thrown a dash of beauty on her brow,
And smiled and wanton'd in her coquetry.
The air was wrapt in sleep, the sunbeams cradling
On its bosom, while the melody of birds
And hum of insects was the lullaby.

Far from its western, forest, mountain spring,
Onward roll'd the noble Mississippi;
And onward still it roll'd, nor stay'd its course
For night or day, for sunshine or for storm;

Time's truest emblem! Onward yet it press'd,
A creative architect of nature,
To the ocean's shore its atoms bearing
To lay them there and form another land,
One day to mark the page of history.

Man's noblest work was on that proud stream floating;
In crowds upon her decks were old and young,
The maid and grey-hair'd sire, both friend and foe,
The hated and the lov'd. And beauty too
Was there,—and love, and joy, and laughing lip,
And witching smile, and hearts that never dream'd
Of aught save pleasure. Curiosity
And Hope and Selfishness were in the crowd.
There too were eyes of flashing light, and cheeks
Where play'd the bloom of beauty; lips which seem'd
A treasure in themselves. It was an hour
Of thrilling interest, for homes and friends
And early scenes, where clings the heart of age,
Were left behind. On sped the noble bark,
While songs of mirth across that river swell'd,
A thousand echoes flinging back the strain.

'Tis night upon the stream. The song of mirth
Is hush'd, while from on high the moon's young beams
Come down with gentle step—serenely—still.
A fearful, horrid change comes suddenly.
A flash of glaring light is on the sky,
While shrieks and prayers and curses fill the air.
A scorching robe of fire is wrapt around
The unhappy boat, and death's destroying arrow,
More swift than were it tip'd by burning feathers
Strip'd from the lightning's wing, has sped to slay.

There was a sound of woe! and cheeks
And lips and brows were pale,—hot tears fell fast,
And bosoms swell'd with anguish,—homes were sad,
While mourning robes were hurried on, and hearts
Grew faint with agony. Friend mourn'd for friend,
And husbands wept for wives, and brothers groan'd
And children's lips were quivering with sorrow.
But there was one of lovely form, and eye
That dimm'd the lightning's flashes. She had gazed
Upon the future, till a dreamy crowd
Of love and bliss was gather'd there. She went
To meet that crowd, and perish'd by the way.

Days pass'd. Upon the river's brink was seen
That youthful form a lifeless corpse. Yet still
The smile was on her lip, and death had strove
In vain to tear the beauty from her brow.
He coveted the flashes of that eye,
And midnight saw him steal them. One sweet string
Alas, was broken in the family harp.
A voice was hush'd that warbled like the air
When summer morn glides up from stormless sea,
And whispering zephyrs chant their orisons.
Nor friend nor relative was there to weep,
Nor mark nor line to tell her tale, except
A rich and jewell'd ring upon her hand.
That diamond ring of love! who gave? to whom?
A voice seem'd hovering round it.

"Remember the giver," in youth's sunny morning,
When life pours around thee its tide of delight,
And the signet of beauty thy cheek is adorning;
Remember me, dearest, tho' far from thy sight.
"Remember the giver," when friends are around thee,
And twine their affections about thy fond heart;
When flattery's chaplet of roses has crown'd thee,
Remember me, dearest, tho' far from thy sight.

"Remember the giver," when danger assailing
With menacing brow is uplifting its arm;
When 'neath its fierce glances thy bosom is quailing
Remember me, dearest, I'll save thee from harm.
"Remember the giver," in moments of sadness;
Bid memory picture the scenes of the past; [ness
And chase back the night with the sunlight of glad
Remember me, dearest, while mem'ry shall last.
"Remember the giver," when prayer is ascending
At eve's fading twilight to our Maker above;
With thine, my petition shall always be blending;
Remember him, dearest, who lives in thy love.
And I will remember, and nought shall discover
The bonds of affection which bind me to thee;
Eashin'd as my idol, this heart shall forever
Remember thee, dearest—oh, think then of me.

HOME.

"No! believe me, though a stranger
In a distant land I roam,
'Tis not pleasure, 'tis not danger,
That can wean my heart from home."

commencement of 1844

HEART-RENDING OCCURRENCE—THE ASYLUM FOR THE POOR BURNED TO THE GROUND!—TEN OF THE INMATES CONSUMED IN THE FLAMES!

It is our painful duty to record one of the most distressing occurrences that ever took place upon the Island of Nantucket, and we sincerely pray that we may never be called upon again to note one attended with like consequences.

About 2 o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the Asylum for the Poor, some five miles from town, and in the course of two hours, the building was burned to the ground. So rapidly did the fire spread, that those in the house were unable to save any of their effects—and, awful to relate, ten of the inmates were burned to death! One of those burnt (Lydia Bowen) had carried her child to a place of safety, and returned to try to save something, but did not herself again escape the devouring flames. There were 59 persons in the house, besides the family of Capt. Timothy Bunker, the Keeper. Capt. B. lost all his effects and \$40 in money. There were 13 of the paupers bed-ridden—one of them, we are told, had not walked for about twenty years.

The names of those burned are, Paul Jenkins, aged 66; Thomas Hull, 67; Jonathan Calhoun, 79; William Holmes, 51; William Hutchins; Sophia Beebe, aged 57; Phebe Jones, 80; Abigail Davis, 87; Lydia Bowen, 33; Wealthy Davis, 53—five men and five women.

This forenoon we visited the scene of destruction, and it was a scene that would have moved a heart of stone. There was a heap of ruins to mark the spot where the late spacious house stood, and everything denoted ruin and destruction. Many of the paupers were making the best of their way to the house formerly used as an Asylum, which served as a shelter for many of them. Some of them looked bewildered, as though they could scarcely realize their narrow escape.—Old and infirm as many of them were, it seems a miracle that so many escaped with their lives. One lad jumped from the third story window, and escaped without injury.—Another jumped from the second story window, also without being injured. One man lowered himself to the ground by means of a sheet, which he tore in strips and tied together.

HEAVEN.

We speak of the realms of the blest;
Of that country so bright and so fair;
And oft are its glories confest—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold;
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love;
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born above—
But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.—*Evang. M.*

Old Ironsides. Letters from this good ship, dated August 29th, from Canton, state that she was to leave that place immediately for Manila, and thence to the Sandwich Islands expecting to be home on the 1st of June. We hear of a noble instance of benevolence having its rise with the officers of the ship. As soon as they heard of the fire at Pittsburg, they got up a subscription for the sufferers which amounted to \$1729. They purchased a bill of exchange on Boston for \$1950 by which a pretty increase to the amount was made, and transmitted the same to His Honor Judge Shaw, to be forwarded to the committee for the relief of the aforesaid sufferers.

The roads being very bad, and it being apparent that by the time an engine could get there, the house would be consumed, the attempt to drag one thither was not made.—Great numbers of our citizens instantly repaired to the scene of action, to render such assistance as was possible. Good service was rendered by those living on the adjacent farms; Mr. Charles A. Burgess, in particular, we heard named, as having been the means of saving several lives; straining himself severely in so doing. One of the pauper inmates—a woman, named Phebe Loveliss, also personally rescued two or three persons, at the imminent risk of her own life. Mr. Burgess by means of a ladder, stove in a window of the third story, and here found an old man and his wife in bed. He informed them of their danger, and the man got out; but the woman refused to move. Mr. B. took her out of bed, got her on the ladder, and conveyed her in safety to the ground, she struggling all the while to prevent him from accomplishing his benevolent purpose—this deed of daring.

We saw what remained of the body of Lydia Bowen, burnt to a cinder. Parts of some of the other persons consumed, had also been collected and placed under a shed, previous to interment; forcibly admonishing the beholder of the uncertainty of the time and the manner in which he may be called upon to yield up life. Such a sad and sickening sight we never before beheld, and God grant that we may never see another such sight. The fire is supposed to have originated in the Cook Room, and was not discovered until the inmates were nearly suffocated.

A meeting of the citizens was called this morning at 8 o'clock, to adopt such measures as the exigency of the case might require.—The Selectmen and Capt. Job Coleman, the Acting-Overseer of the Poor, last year, were joined with the Overseers of the Poor, to use such measures as they thought proper for the present comfort of the paupers, and also, to report at the adjournment of the meeting on Saturday next, a plan for their future disposition. A Committee of Inquiry respecting the origin of the fire, was also appointed.

The old Asylum is being fitted up and put in comfortable order, for the accommodation of the poor, until some different arrangement is made, if it should be thought expedient to make any other provision for them.

PRACTICAL ANIMATION—At Athol, last Tuesday evening, Rev. J. N. Mars, a colored gentleman, and preacher of the Wesleyan order, was united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Town, of Salem, to Miss Elizabeth Holt, of Salem, whose skin of blushing whiteness contrasts most strangely with the ebony color of the bridegroom. Mr. Mars formerly preached at Salem, and was succeeded by Mr. Town, who was sent for, to tie the variegated knot. Mars, we understand, has buried two wives, and is about fifty years of age, and the new bride about thirty five.—*Exchange paper.*

A Singular Circumstance.

It is a singular fact, deserving of notice, that the inventor of the guillotine was its first victim—the discoverer of gun powder, before he knew its terrible effects, lost his life in the attempt to apply it to the purposes for which it was intended; and in the recent glorious battle on the Rio Grande, the gallant Major Ringold, who had been assiduously engaged for the last twenty years bringing to perfection his corps of Flying Artillery, was also the first that fell in testing its qualities with the enemies of our country.—*Philad. Keystone.*

Great Speed.

The Mobile Herald says, "a friend of ours in Mobile, recently wrote to Geneva to make a purchase. Within twenty-five days from the time the letter was mailed in this city, it was received by the person to whom it was written. In round numbers, the distance is as follows:—To Boston, 2,000 miles; to Liverpool, 3,000; and thence to Geneva, 1,000—making 6,000 miles. Of this distance, 3,000 miles were travelled by land. The average speed was 240 miles a day."

A Mail Bag of 1775.

The old leather mail bag used for Hartford Middletown and New Haven, is still in existence here, having been kept in the family of the old postmaster, the late Mr. Hobby. Length 12 in., width 6 3/4. It had a string to close it, and is not larger than a good breeches pocket. Small as it is, it would have held the letter mail which came to this place until the new postage went into operation in July, 845.—*Middletown Constitution.*

OLD LETTERS.

Old letters; oh then spare them—they are priceless for their age!

I love—oh how I love to see each yellow time-stained page!

They tell of joys that are no more, of hopes that long have fled:

Old letters! oh then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times, of happy times in years long, long gone by.

Of dear ones who have ceased to live but in the memory:

They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of yore.

Old letters! oh, then spare them, for they are a priceless store!

Old am I too, and gray-haired now—deserted and alone,

And all of those I once could call my friends, alas! are gone;

Yet oft at midnight's stillly hour, in solitude's retreat,

With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face;

Ah! that was from a brother young in some far foreign place;

A sailor-boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave—

Cold, cold and lonesome in his rest beneath the Atlantic wave.

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clasped by bloody hands,

Was found beneath a father's corse on dread Corunna's sands:

A stranger hand with kindly care conveyed the relic dear.

Old letters! ye are priceless! ye have cost a widow's tear!

Another—know I not that hand? Oh! she was bright and fair;

Too pure, too gentle, and too good, for angels long to spare

Her to this earth of grief and woe: well Death thou might'st be vain:

Thou hast not such another flower in all thy dark domain.

Oh! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past:

Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy for to last;

The tear-drop fills again the eye which tears had almost fled.

Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead.

RIDDLE.

In every hedge my second is,

As well as every tree;

And when poor school-boys act amiss,

It often is their fee.

My first, most strange! is always wicked,

Yet ne'er committed sin;

My total for my first is fitted,

Compos'd of brass or tin.

CANDLESTICK.



A young lady, newly married, who was obliged to show all her letters to her husband, availed herself of this mode of secret communication—and wrote, as follows, to an intimate friend, who had been previously apprised that the first line being read, every alternate line only was to be read afterwards:

"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men.

I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a partner and bosom friend, and not as a plaything, or menial slave; the woman and companion of his choice. Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly; but each yield to the other by turns.

An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighbors round,

generous and charitable to the poor.

I am convinced my husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication,

(for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in a few words, and to crown the whole climax, my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! May you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy!"

ELMIRA B.

A musician, some time ago, in giving a concert at Cleveland, Ohio, informed the public that a variety of songs might be expected, too tedious to mention.

TO ROSALIE.

We are indebted to a subscriber for the following little piece of poetry upon a little subject. He says it is not his own, but he thinks it is original. We doubt the originality of it, but as it is tolerably good, we have concluded to publish it.

If wives are evil, as 'tis known,
And woefully confessed,
The man who's wise will surely own
A little one is best!
The God of Love's a little wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou too art little, fair and bright,
And every thing in short.

When anything abounds, we find
That nobody will have it;
But when there's little of the kind,
Don't everybody crave it?

Oh happy girl, I think thee so,
For mark the Poet's Song,
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!"

DANCING ON NOTHING.



One of the most astonishing wonders that is exhibited by the jugglers of Hindostan, is the feat of dancing in the air without any apparent support. The performer first appears standing on a square box about two feet high, holding in one hand a cane, the end of which rests on the stump of a tree selected for the purpose. The audience being admitted within the curtains, the performer, after bowing &c. commences dancing very dextrously on the box, to the music of a pipe or other instrument; and when the audience have sufficiently admired his dancing in that manner the box is, apparently from motives of sheer mischief, suddenly withdrawn from under him by one of the spectators. Then appears the wonder of the performance; for the dancer without being in the least discommoded, nor even appearing to notice the abstraction of the box, continues dancing as before. This having continued a short time, he stops, bows, thanks, and dismisses the audience, who leave him standing without any other connection with the earth, than that by way of the cane and the stump.

The mystery is soon explained. The cane is of iron, but painted in imitation of a rude stick with bark on, one end of the stick passes down the centre of the stump, while the other end passes up the sleeve of the performer, and round his body just below the arms. From this a branch passes down his back to a girdle which is drawn tight round his waist or hips. The part that passes down the stump, is made in some measure elastic, so as to allow him a slight vertical motion during the performance, which adds to the mystery of the scene.

There is a period in a young man's life, in which he is determined never to take an office, and in a girl's when she is determined never to marry. The duration of both is about equal.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY J. H. BOWERS.

"Will no one go off for her?—will no one go off for my child, my only child?" shrieked the miser, wringing his hands and running too and fro in the crowd. But all turned away. There was scarcely a soul present who, at one time or another, had not suffered in the hands of the hard-hearted money lender.

"Oh! for the love of God—you who are fathers, think of me. My daughter will perish—will you not go off for her, Townsend? I'll give you anything—I mean in reason."

"Go off for her!—not I," said the man, with a mocking laugh, shaking off the old man, "all your gold would not tempt me out on that boiling sea.—Besides, ain't I a father, too—and think you I'll sacrifice my life for another?—No, no, old hulk, you must take your gold to some other market."

"Oh she will die—my child for whom I have saved all. Peter Jones, will you go off if I will give you a thousand dollars?"

"Not for ten thousand," gruffly said the person addressed, "a boat could'n't live in the breakers a minute."

"I will give ten thousand to any one," eagerly said the old miser—"ten thousand dollars. I know you will go for ten thousand dollars, Simon," and he seized one of the spectators by the button of his shaggy jacket, "oh! go, and the blessings of a broken-hearted father will go with you."

"I can't think of it, for I'd never return to enjoy your money. No, old man," he said in a more feeling tone than the others had used, "your daughter must die."

"Must die! Oh! no—she shan't die."

"Take all I am worth, good sirs," he said, lifting up his hands imploringly, "but restore me my daughter, only, only I hope you'll spare a little for us to live on, if it's no more than a beggar enjoys."

"It's no use, old man," said the last speaker, "the whole world would not tempt us to put out to sea in a storm like this. It's a hard lot you've got to bear, and I pity your daughter for she was a sweet angel. But the packet will go to pieces in half an hour, and so you see there is no hope."

The father heard the speaker in stony silence—then he turned and looked out at sea, where, a few minutes before, the outline of the stranded packet, might have been seen through the approaching twilight, almost buried in the whirling foam that howled over the bar on which she lay; but now the darkness had shut her in from view; and the only knowledge of her position was derived from the sound of her minute guns booming solemnly across the sea. The old man groaned, and sinking down on a bolder, buried his face in his hands, and rocked his body to and fro, occasionally pausing to listen to the guns or to gaze seaward, and then resume his position, moaning continually. Five minutes might have thus passed when a young man burst through the crowd, and shaking the old man by the shoulder, said,

"Mr Snelling, they say your daughter is on board the packet—is it so?"

"Yes, good youth, and you have come to rescue her," he exclaimed, starting up with eager joy; but when he recognized the speaker, he said in a tone of disappointment, "it's Harry Martin. Oh! surely, young man, you have not come here to triumph over my distress."

"God forbid," was the fervent reply, "I come to aid you if indeed mortal can render aid in an extremity like this. Let bygones be bygones. Only answer me one question, for no time is to be lost—will you give me your daughter if I succeed in rescuing her?"

There was a momentary pause, and the muscles of the old man's face worked convulsively. All pressed forward to hear his answer, for the fury with which the old miser had cursed his daughter's lover, and his declaration that he would sooner see her dead than married to the young man, were known to every listener. At length he gasped,

"Yes, yes, but go at once. Only save her, and she shall be yours."

The youth paused no longer, but dashed through the crowd. In a minute his boat was afloat, and accompanied by a solitary individual—for but one fisherman, and he under great obligations to the young man, could be persuaded to risk his life with the lover—he set forth. The boat rose gallantly on the waves, shaking like a duck the spray from her sides, and for a few minutes was seen, momentarily cutting the outline of the gloomy sky as she attained the summit of the billow; then she gradually passed into the darkness and was seen no more.

For more than an hour the crowd remained on the beach, almost incredulous of the lover's success, and yet lingering in the faint hope that he might return with his precious freight. That he had the good wishes of all, was evident from the eagerness with which they strained their eyes into the gloom to see if he was returning, and from the audible prayers for his success, which were breathed by more than one of the women. Apart from the general crowd stood the fisherman whom the miser had last appealed to, surrounded by a few kindred spirits who were discussing with him the chances of the young man's return.

"It was madness to attempt it," said the fisherman, "but when I found he would go, I insisted that he should make his conditions with the old man before he ventured, for, you see, if his daughter was once restored to the usurer's hands, mighty little gratitude would he have for her preserver, and Harry would stand as poor a chance as ever. Between us, I believe she thought as much of the young man as he did of her, and if her father sent her away, as I more than suspect, to drive Harry Martin from her thoughts, her present danger looks something like the retribution of a higher power as a punishment for his conduct. But hark! was not that a hallo?"

Every eye was turned seaward, in which direction the fisherman indicated that he heard the hail; but nothing could be seen except the white foam of the breakers in the foreground, and the lowering clouds behind, forming a chaotic mass of darkness. Nor was any sound save that of the roaring tempest borne to the ear.

"Hark!" at length said one, "there it is again."

Every one listened, and now a hallo was heard faintly from the thick gloom seaward. One of the fishermen shouted and a reply was distinctly caught in the lull of the tempest.

A few moments of breathless suspense followed, during which every eye was strained to the utmost.

"There it is," at length cried one, see—just rising on yonder wave!"

"I see it," shouted one.

"Here they come, huzza!—a miracle, a miracle—ah! how gallantly she breasts the surge," were the exclamations that followed from the crowd.

All rushed to the edge of the surf.

But now the fear arose that the boat would be swamped in the breakers, and many a heart trembled as she rose and fell frightfully on the surge, showers of spray flying over her, and the water continually pouring into her sides. The crowd watched her struggles with silent awe.

A few minutes removed all doubt, and saw the hardy crew and their lovely freight safely landed on the beach. The miser had started from his seat at the first intimation of the approaching boat, and stood trembling, gazing at her as she buffeted the waves; and no sooner did she touch the ground, than he rushed into the retiring surf, and clasping his daughter frantically, hung around her so that the fishermen were forced to carry both together to the dry land. There they would have separated the two for a moment, but when they spoke to the old man they found that he was lifeless. The emotions of the last two hours had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had died in the revulsion from despair to joy.

The good folks of that seaboard village can yet tell you how, after the accustomed period of mourning had passed, the miser's daughter gave her hand to Harry Martin, who received with her a fortune, whose extent even the most sanguine confessed to be beyond their expectation.

THE WATER LILY.

Burthened with a cureless sorrow,
Came I to the river deep;
Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
Seeking but a place to weep;
Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
Till I sickened at the view.
Then I left the sunshine golden
For the gloomy willow-shade,
Desolate and unbeholden,
There my fainting limbs I laid.

And I saw a water lily
Resting in its trembling bed,
On the drifting waters chilly;
With its petals white outspread.
Pillowed there it lay securely,
Moving with the moving wave,
Up to Heaven gazing purely,
From the river's gloomy grave.
As I looked, a burst of glory
Fell upon the snowy flower,
And the lessoned allegory
Learned I in that blessed hour:—

Thus does Faith, divine, indwelling,
Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling,
Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus aye looking up to Heaven
Should the white and calm soul be,
Gladden in the sunshine given,
Nor from the clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turned, my weak heart strengthened,
Patiently to bear my woe;
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart beseeching
Charmed away the sense of pain;
So the lily's silent teaching
Was not given to me in vain.

Printing by Water.—A Rochester paper is printed by water-power, obtained from the Genesee, and the proprietor of the press is of opinion that it is the first and only one thus propelled in the world.

A son of the late Col. Cross, (who was one of the first victims of the rancheros on the Rio Grande,) has proceeded thither to superintend the removal of the remains of his father to New York, where they will be interred with military honors.

A Laborer's Acre.—The New York Mercury tells of an acquaintance who asked another how old he thought Miss R. was. "I don't know her age exactly," he replied; "she varies from seventeen to twenty-five."

Keen.—A person threw the head of a goose upon the stage of the Belleville theatre. Cotnam, advancing to the front, said: "Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it on the conclusion of the performance."

[A corre-
spondent, giv-
ing names, says:
A Sec-
retary, who
maintains ca-
sualties, has
mean popu-
lar Burns
was in-
vited to call
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excuse, t

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

[A correspondent at Edinburg of the New York Tribune, gives the following characteristic anecdote of Burns:—]

A Scottish gentleman told me the following story, which would afford the finest subject for a painter capable of representing the glowing eye and natural kindness of Burns, in contrast to the poor, mean puppets he reproved!

Burns, still only in the dawn of his celebrity, was invited to dine with one of the neighboring so-called gentry, (unhappily quite void of true gentle blood.) On arriving, he found his plate set in the servants' room!! After dinner he was invited into a room where guests were assembled, and a chair being placed for him at the lower end of the board, a glass of wine was offered, and he was requested to sing one of his songs for the entertainment of the company. He drank off the wine and thundered forth in reply his grand song, "For a' that, and a' that," with which it will do no harm to refresh the memories of our readers, for we doubt there may be, even in Republican America, those who need the reproof as much, and with far less excuse, than had that Scottish company.

"Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

"You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith of sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

And, having finished this prophesy and prayer, Nature's nobleman left his churlish entertainers to hide their diminished heads in the home they had disgraced.

ILLUSTRIOUS DESCENT.—Among the manuscripts shown at Hatfield House was an illuminated pedigree of Queen Elizabeth tracing her descent directly up to Adam. We know a baby in humble life who can boast of an equally respectable pedigree, for its descent can be traced to New Year's Eve.

ing," during the courts



MR. S. K. G. NELLIS

The Boston and Worcester Rail Road pays on the 1st proximo, a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. on \$3,500,000. The receipts of this road within the last twelve months, for the transport of passengers and freight, amounted to \$540,000. The Boston and Lowell, Boston and Providence, and Eastern Rail Roads will also pay semi-annual dividends of 4 per cent.

Private letters from Germany announce that the number of Austrian troops, collected on the frontier of Switzerland, amounts to more than 20,000 men.

Dr. Mounsey, by way of ridiculing family pride, used to confess that the first of his ancestors of any note, was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him, with some difficulty to support his family. To procure a present sum, this ancestor had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied their deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became more scarce, and of course enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops which, in a plentiful season were of no value; and thus, the Doctor used to add, 'our family hopped from obscurity.'

HOME.

BY ABRAHAM MESSLER.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
How slow the lingering moments roll!
Nature with every charm is rife,
And Autumn casts her solemn skole
O'er glen and mountain, wood and plain.
But home has charms of stronger spell,
And voices which I feel more dear
Than all these charms and sounds which tell
The closing of 'the rolling year';
To those my heart returns again.

Away from home my love, my wife!
I hear no more our prattlers' mirth,
Buoyant with health, and joy and life:
For mark at eve, around the hearth,
Those smiles and voices which we love.
At noon I pause to hear them rush
Tumultuous from the distant school,
With sparkling eye and rosy blush;
And when returns the evening cool,
Their prayer to Him who rules above!

Away from home my love, my wife!
The morning dawns in splendor bright,
And busy Nature wakes to life;
But all is strange—no sounds delight
My saddened heart—no happy home
Invites me to repose and peace,
I linger on the distant hill
And muse—and ask, why do not cease
These yearnings strong? but deeper still
They come, where'er I rest or roam.

Away from home my love, my wife!
In dreams the midnight watch is spent;
I saw thee bright and full of life,
Like some good angel kindly sent,
To calm affection's troubled strife,
Standing beside my couch—and felt
Thy gentle hand upon my heart,
Thy breath upon my glowing cheek;
I thought we were not far apart,
I almost thought I heard thee speak,
While kneeling where so oft we've knelt.

Away from home my love, my wife!
I meet no greetings like to thine—
No hand so warm, instinct with life:
No smile that answers back to mine,
The world is all too cold for me;
Friendship is a deceitful sound—
I would not leave my home nor thee,
For all those pleasures which abound
In mirth, in song, in revelry;
They'd keep my heart, my love from thee.

REVENGE.

A wrong avenged is doubly perpetrated;
A wrong forgiven is blotted out. The thirst
Of men of hate is never, never sated.
They feed upon an aliment accursed;
And love and mercy and their gentle train
Appeal to their hard-heartedness in vain.
Mercy and love, in holiest incarnation,
Once dwelt upon the earth; but hate arose
And fired the fury of their bitter foes,
And smote them in the Prince of our salvation.
Yet He who felt the deepest stroke of malice,
And, spite its wrath, for man redemption wrought,
E'en He takes from our hands revenge's chalice,
And bids us hold a cup with loving-kindness fraught.

'TIS FINISHED.

'Tis finished! the mysterious plan,
The mighty destiny of man:
Angels had gazed with baffled skill,
And time but travelled to fulfil.

'Tis finished! all the visions high
That wrought of old the prophecy;
Angels had gazed with baffled skill,
And time but travelled to fulfil.

'Tis finished! see the victor rise,
Shake off the grave, and claim the skies
Ye heavens, your doors wide open fling;
Ye angel choirs, receive your King.

'Tis finished! but what mortal dare
In that triumphant hope to share?
My Saviour, to thy Cross I flee;
Oh, say, 'Tis finished! and for me.

Then will I sing—The Cross! the Cross
And count all other gain but loss:
I'll sing the Cross, and to thy tree
Cling evermore, bless'd Calvary,
pville, Mass., Feb. 2d, 1846.

Formation of Hail.—Some persons are puzzled to account for the formation of hail stones, in the atmosphere, when the temperature of the earth's surface is above ninety. Mr. Espy, in his meteorological lectures, gives a beautiful description of the formation of a cloud and after the cloud is formed, he says, rain drops are generated—but sometimes these cannot reach the earth on account of the violence of the upward current, but are, on the contrary, carried to the region of perpetual congelation, there frozen, and thrown off at the sides of the hail cloud.

—Boston Journal.

To a group of Children.

Play on, play on—ye children fair,
And laugh with childlike glee,
And build your mimic houses there,
Beneath the maple tree,
Where its broad branches overspread
The gently sloping green,
And bring from out the streamlet's bed,
Pebbles to deck its sheen.

Play on, play on—I love to gaze
Upon your guileless mirth,
It brings me back to other days,
Calls other feelings forth,
It seems I were a child again,
And played beneath that tree.
Nor had one thought of care or pain—
Was joyous, e'en as ye.

Play on, play on—ye little dream
Of care ye soon may know,
The future's all one sunny dream
Without a shade of woe.
Ye reckon not of the world's dark strife,
Temptation and deep wile,
And when ye're told they throng this life,
Ye answer with a smile.

Play on, play on—its ne'er been yours
Earth's bitterness to know,
Ne'er have its doubts and boding fears
Shaded thy fair young brow.
Thy gleesome spirits have not drooped
Beneath its withering blight,
Nor the bright glowing star of hope
E'er lost one ray of light.

Play on, play on—then while ye may,
Aye! shout ring,
Nor chearful shout ring,
That ye may shout ring,
As now ye shout ring,
And early ye shout ring,
Is my wish for ye.



—the countenance—the features
and imitations thereof in particular—

is world has at least one termination—two: the human mouth has three and a third in prospect. But the primary termination—vulgarly termed the human mouth, and the effects, and consequences thereof, are what we speak of particularly, when we commenced The introduction of this subject at the occasioned by seeing a 'pair of sisters'—beautiful and fifteen—precisely alike in countenance and features with the exception of terminations of the mouth, an illustration is given in the sketch above. This slight difference is evidently affecting the fortunes of

these excellent young ladies—for excellent they are—in a manner, and a degree more serious, than could be supposed by any but close observers of human nature. While one is complimented and flattered on the sweetness of her temper and uniform cheerfulness of disposition, the other has the general reputation of being morose and gloomy, and her company is regarded with indifference. The effects of these consequences are likely to be still more important: for while the mind of the former is becoming vain and arrogant, that of the latter is improving by rational reflection, and is verging to sensibility, meekness, and gentleness surpassing what nature seems to have designed. What the future destiny of these sisters may be, is not yet revealed; but we think the most sensible people would prefer without hesitation, the prospects of her with the depressed terminations of the mouth.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Fifty years ago, and cities now full of thousands of souls, were the hunting ground of the Indian, and covered only by the forest or swamp. Fifty years ago, and the city of New York contained but about 33,000 inhabitants; it has now 312,000. Boston then about 18,000; now 93,000. Philadelphia then about 40,000; now 260,000. Baltimore, which then had but about 13,000, has now 100,000.

Fifty years ago, and we had nothing of the gigantic wonders of steam. Fifty years ago, the worthy fathers and mothers of the present generation were willing to dress in their own homespun; the busy wheel was whirring by the kitchen fireside, the knitting needles were plied, and the wool woven in the house, and the finer fabrics dressed at the fulling-mill, which has given way to the spacious factory. The waterfall and steam engine, the improved spindles and other machines, manufacture now millions of yards, where fifty years since only hundreds were made, and that by the industrious and thrifty hands of those mothers and daughters of the hardy farmers of those days.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD NEWS.

The word explains itself without the muse,
And the four letters speak whence comes the news.
From north, east, west, and south; the solution's
made,
Each part gives tidings of our war and trade.

BY WILLIAM LERGETT.

The tear which thou upbraidest,
Thy falsehood taught to flow;
The misery which thou madest,
My cheek hath lighted so;
The charms, alas! that won me,
I never can forget,
Although thou hast undone me,
I own I love thee yet.

Go, seek thy happier maiden,
Who lured thy love from me;
My heart with sorrow laden,
Is no more prized by thee;
Repeat the vows you made me,
Say, swear thy vows are true;
Thy faithless vows betrayed me,
They may betray her too.

But no! may she ne'er languish
Like me in shame and woe;
Ne'er feel the throbbing anguish
That I am doomed to know!
The eye that once was beaming
A tale of love for thee,
Is now with sorrow streaming,
For thou art false to me.

THE PLAYTHINGS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O! mother, here's the very top
That brother used to spin;
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop,
To call our robin in;
The line that held his pretty kite;
The line that held his cup and ball;
The slate on which he learned to write;
His feather, cap and all!

"My dear, I'd put the things away,
Just where they were before:
Go, Anna, take him out to play,
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent—he little thinks
The slightest thought expressed
Of him that's lost, how deep it sinks
Within a mother's breast!"

A SHREWD GUESS.—A skipper who sailed a fishing schooner from Nantucket, boasted that he could tell precisely in what part of the world he was, by the appearance of his 'lead,' whenever he could get soundings. Being one day confined to his cabin by sickness, he directed that the lead should be brought to him for inspection. The mate being rather waggish, having greased the bottom of the lead, instead of sounding as usual, dropped the lead in some sand which had been taken as ballast from a hill side in Nantucket, and then showed it to the skipper, who instantly enquired 'did you get this sand by sounding?' 'Yes Sir,' was the reply. 'Then by heavens sir,' continued the skipper, 'Nantucket is sunk, and we're now right over Tupper's hill!'

RAILROADS.—The first railroad in America was constructed for the purpose of conveying granite from the Quincy quarry. The latest railroad finished, is that for transporting ice from the fresh pond in Cambridge. Granite and ice are said to be the staple commodities of New England, and are among the few articles which require no legislative protection.

the world.

A circumstance was told us the other day, of so extraordinary a nature, that we should not be disposed to credit it, were it not too well vouched to admit of being called in question. Some years ago, a son of Dea. Bradley of this town, was fishing a little distance up Sugar River, when having a bite, pulled a two quart jug out of the water. Supposing his hook had some how or other found its way into the mouth of the jug, he went to work to get it out without breaking; but being unable to do so, he broke the jug against a stone, when a large dace was discovered within, holding fast his hook! As might be supposed, he saw the fish with a good deal of surprise. How it came in a two quart jug—how his hook happened to get near his mouth, were matters which puzzled him not a little. But there was the jug, there was the dace—and there his hook and line. The old deacon, who was rather illiterate, on being asked for a solution of the mystery, replied, "Why, the fish was converted to the jug." The fact is as stated. A jug probably got lost in the stream, and a small dace made his way into its mouth. The current then no doubt threw the jug bottom upwards, the fish in the meantime growing in size, and by the time the jug keeled over again, he was too large to effect an egress. The bait on the hook, by one of those lucky hits that will sometimes occur, probably dangled near the mouth of the jug, and so near the mouth of the fish and swallowing it, he was drawn out of the water, with his house over his head. Perhaps he was able to thrust his head out of the mouth of his earthen vessel, and by paddling with his fins within to move about a little, like a man with irons on his arms, and nibble at a few little delicacies. The circumstance, however much it may smell like a fish story, is recorded, whatever speculations, in regard to it may be indulged. It is one of the most singular things we ever heard.—*Claremont N. H. Eagle.*

Severe Retort.—A man who marries a rich wife must expect to have it occasionally flung in his teeth. We have heard of a retort however, which, we should think, must have forever silenced such thrusts. A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. 'My horse, if you please,' said his wife; 'my money bought that horse.' 'Yes, madam,' replied the husband, bowing; 'and your money bought me too.'—*Barre Gaz.*

NATURAL HISTORY.



The prominent figure in the engraving is the Giraffe, and a capital likeness of the animal it is. Of all the variety of animals that have ever been exhibited in this country, no one has excited so much curiosity and admiration as the Giraffe. It can feed itself from the branches of trees to the height of 23 feet:—is mild and docile, in its manners, its natural disposition being a medium between those of the camel and the horse. A more full description of the various animals shown in this engraving, will appear in our next number.

Perilous Situation.—Dr. Judd, of Honolulu, who accompanied the Scientific Corps of the Exploring Squadron in their excursions on Hawan, had a most wonderful escape from an awful death. He had descended into the crater of Kilauea, to obtain some specimens of the liquid lava. Not succeeding in procuring any at the Great Lake, (as it is called) he approached one of the smaller ones, or chinnneys, and descended a few feet into it. While gathering specimens, the lake suddenly became active and discharged a jet of lava into the air far above his head, but which most fortunately fell in the opposite direction from him. He then commenced making his way out, before another should follow, but the ascent was far more difficult than the descent. He became alarmed and called on five natives who had accompanied him to the spot for assistance. The heat had become so great that they were frightened and retreated with the exception of one man, who threw himself flat upon the bank, and reaching over his right hand enabled the Doctor to reach the top. But before he reached the brink his clothes were burnt by the hot air, and he would have been scalded had he not been protected by woollen garments. The native in stooping over, had his face and hands blistered. They both had barely time to leave the spot, when the lake filled up and poured out a stream of liquid lava.—*Polynesian.*

MARRIED, in Bellows Falls, N. H., Joseph Trotting to Susan Trotting, all of said place. Ephraim says this is decidedly the greatest Trotting match that ever came off in this blessed and tolerably happy land.—*Streeter.*

Tiberius begs leave to enquire whether both parties actually "Trotting," during the courtship?

THE BLIND BOY.

A Virginian, on his way to Missouri, was recently passing through Ohio with two women and their children, held by him as slaves. The elder of the women had been torn away from several of her children, who were left behind in Virginia, in slavery. One of them, a helpless blind boy, her brutal master sold from her for the paltry sum of one dollar!

Come back to me, mother! why linger away,
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day!
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother should leave me alone.

There are voices of sorrow and voices of glee,
But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me;
For each hath of pleasure and trouble his share,
And none for the poor little blind boy will care.

My mother, come back to me! close to thy breast,
Once more let thy poor little blind one be press'd;
Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak.

O, mother! I've no one to love me—no heart
Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part;
No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,
Oh! none like a mother can cherish the blind.

Come back to me mother! why linger away,
From thy poor little blind boy the long weary day?
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother hath left me alone.

Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can hear,
No mother can hasten to banish thy fear;
For the slave-owner drives her o'er mountain and wild,
And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee poor child.

Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal
The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod
On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God!

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
She hears in her anguish his piteous moan;
As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,
To catch the lov'd tones of his mother again.

The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,
And his gain like a mildew shall blight and destroy,
Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy.

JUDICIOUS INVESTMENT.—In our efforts to benefit our families, we frequently go the wrong way to work. A case in point is cited in the Charleston News. A gentleman, fifty years ago, gave his daughter at her birth a diamond ring, costing \$1,500, which she has still in her possession, and which will remain in the family. A gentleman at the same time gave his daughter \$1,500, which was invested for her at seven per cent. compound interest, and as no part of the amount was used, the sum at this day has accumulated to \$44,185 50! while the lady's diamond ring remains at its original value.

To Miss Catharine J., of Utica.

I wish I was in U T K

As once I used 2 B,

For there resides Miss K T J

And her I long 2 C.

For I do love sweet K T J,

I believe she loves me 2,

And if her love should e'er D K

I'll never love N U.

My K T is discreet and Y Y,

So she is 2 some 2,

The 22 might envy her her I I,

When she looks up 2 view,

Another maid like my dear K S

I ne'er X pect 2 C,

O how it will my heart L 8

When mine she deigns 2 B.

I've wandered far o'er land & C

A fortune 2 cre 8,

I've X'd O I O and P D

Far from my native St S.

Still K T J is far B 4

All other maids 1 C,

Her X L N C I adore

As a lovely N T T.

Lo here's a health to K T J,

There's 0 2 me more D R,

And soon I'll be in U T K,

Where I do hope to C R.

K T, perhaps you wonder Y

So long I trouble thee?

But N E time this ineets U R I,

Pray think of your

An Exchange paper says that on a recent occasion, when a marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in a neighboring town, and the clergymen desired the parties wishing to be married to stand up, a large number of ladies immediately arose.

DIRECTIONS ON A LETTER THAT PASSED THROUGH THE OFFICE.

"Hallo! Uncle Sam, let me ride in your mail,
For that's more polite than to ride on a rail.
At Warwick, (R. I.) I soon must be found
At Lippit Post Office, for Harriet S. Brown."

The Mechanic.

BY B. HALLECK.

Mechanics! whose toil is the wealth of a nation,
Whose breasts are its bulwarks when danger is nigh—
Though humble your lot, and dispised your vocation,
You have honor and worth that the world cannot buy.
The minions of wealth may affect to dispise you,
Pronouncing you ignorant, sordid, and base,
But the moment will come, that shall teach them to prize you,
The scorn they have written, themselves shall erase.

Not theirs is the hand that can turn back the billow
That threatens to sweep o'er our altars and homes;
They may live in the breeze that but plays with the willow,
But woe unto them, when the hurricane comes.
They must call upon you in the moment of danger,
When the war-banner spreads its red folds to the air.
When our homes are assailed by the hands of a stranger,
And valleys re-echo with cries of despair.

Where of Rome's faded grandeur her ruins are telling,
Where Athens' proud temples reflect back the sun,
In Palmyra's streets—now the jackal's tone dwelling—
Are recorded the triumphs by industry won.
There is not a nation where science has flourished,
There is not a land that the arts have adorned,
But your valor has guarded—your industry nourished—
Through glory and shame—though degraded and scorned.

Your labor in peace, like a bright living fountain,
Sends rivers of wealth to replenish the earth,
And in war, like the storm-beaten rock of the mountain,
You ward off the blast from the land of your birth,
But when peace, like the sun, o'er your country is shining,
For the wealth you bestow they repay you with sneers,
And the wounds you have borne in her cause unrepining,
In gratitude bathes with adversity's tears.

When the herald of fame, in the annals of story,
The deeds of a hero proclaims through the land,
The monuments raised to emblazon his glory,
And the deeds they record—are the works of your hand.
But what your reward when the conflict is ended?
Or where is your niche in the temple of fame?
The laurels you won, with another's are blended,
And darkness still rests on the artisan's name.

Yet bow not your hearts to the proud man's reviling,
More noble in sorrow, than he in his pride:
At each mark of disdain with true dignity smiling,
Your acts will rebuke when your lot they deride.
Let hope cheer your path, the despised and neglected,
Be virtue your shield when temptation is nigh;
By honor's bright code, be your actions directed,
Deserve and demand the respect they deny.

For ages you languished in darkness and sorrow,
Toiling on—for the wealth that another must reap;
Each day of regret but the type of to-morrow,
As wave reflects wave, in their race o'er the deep.
But one after one, your chains have been riven,
And the day-star of Hope from the horizon rose;
When the star-spangled flag to Columbia given,
Called the children of toil 'neath its shade to repose.

Then high be your aim, for the portals of glory,
By freedom unbarr'd, now disclose to the view
A tablet, whereon to emblazon your story,
An urn for the tears to your memory due.
When your country's proud star, thro' futurity shining,
Beams bright with the deeds that her children have done,
May the loveliest wreath 'round her diadem twining,
Be that which her toil-worn mechanics have won.

Nothing Perfect.

How beautiful the rose!

And yet

Sharp thorns its stem infest;

How bright the diamond glows!

But it

Has specks upon its breast.

Think not in man to find

A throne

Of truth and sinless grace:

The best are oft unkind,

And prone

To life's turbid ways.

SIAMESE



TWINS.

Summers' Gone.

The summer days have passed away,
How short a time they deigned to stay!
Autumnal winds now pensive moan,
Seeming to say, 'sweet summer's gone.'

The flowers, but lately in their bloom
Have passed away; and one by one
The warbling birds have ceased their strains,
Or flown to fairer, milder climes.

The fading leaves, in silence tell
The same sad tale,—farewell, farewell,
'Tis thus our brightest hopes decay,
And dearest joys soon flee away.

Summer's gone and Autumn's here,
—Next comes Winter, cold and drear;
But onward, like the rest he speeds,
And lovely Spring in turn succeeds.

And thus, each season as it rolls,
New beauties to the mind unfolds:
Its charms too beauteous long to stay,
But meet the eye, then fade away.

Fix not thy heart on pleasure here
As false and fleeting oft, as fair;
But look beyond th'etherial sky
Where pleasures bloom and never die!

EXPRESS FOR PROVIDENCE!!



LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY LEVI F. LUTHER.

Jackson is dead, that good old man
We ne'er shall see him more;
On earth he's measured out his span
And sought a heavenly shore.

He was a patriot firm and true,
Unto the glorious cause
Of Freedom and of Justice too—
The friend of equal laws.

He ever sought his country's good,
Her safety and her fame;
Whether in council hall he stood
Or on the battle plain.

When from the field of Waterloo
Old England's veteran's came,
Boasting that they'd our land subdue
And blast our glorious name—

When Orleans saw our foes draw near
And her fair daughters wept,
Jackson went forth without a fear
Their course to intercept.

He drove the Britons from our shore
With half their number slain;
They dared invade our land no more,
And peace returned again.

And when with tomahawk and knife
The frontier Indians rose,
He led his men into the strife
And vanquished these dread foes.

But now his glorious cause is run,
His battles all are o'er;
In peaceful glory set his sun
To rise on earth no more.

Though he is dead he liveth yet
In every freeman's heart,
And many a manly cheek is wet
With unbidden tears that start.

Sleep hero sleep, in calm repose
Within thy silent grave,
Beneath the soil that once you rose
From Britain's grasp to save.

A Brighter World than This.

BY MRS. ABBY.

Oh! when I trod life's early ways,
Hope winged my fleeting hours,
I saw no shadow in her rays,
No serpent in her flowers;
I thought on days or present joy,
And years of future bliss,
Nor deemed that sorrow could alloy
So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wove,
Soon from my fancy fled,
The friends who owned my tender love,
Were numbered with the dead;
Upon their pallid lips I pressed
Affection's parting kiss;
They left me for a world of rest,
A brighter world than this.

I WANT TO GET MARRIED

Young ladies! come listen, I pray,
A moment or so, to my song;
'Tis alarming, quite shocking, I say,
That we should be slighted so long.
You know that I now address those
Who've been disappointed like me;
'Tis a secret which nobody knows—
If we could, why married we'd be.
I want to get married, heigho!

I want to get married, but how
Shall I get me a husband to suit?
Nice men are a scarcity now,
With fops in abundance to boot!
And when the last census was taken,
Ah! there 'tis alarming again!
I fear we shall all be foretaken!
By thousands we're more than the men
I want to get married, heigho!

I want to get married—don't you?
Yet always pretend the reverse;
'Tis lone to live single, 'tis true,
To die an old maid is much worse!
But what's to be done on the score?
I'm not getting aged just yet,
I'm twenty-four, no matter what more—
Yet somehow or other I fret.
I want to get married, heigho!

I want to get married, heigho!
Yet lovers I really get not none:
Some smile and look slyly, but no—
They never propose, no! not one—
'Tis true, I've had offers, but now
I repent the refusals I made—
I dread the idea—Oh how
Can I live—to die an old maid?
I want to get married, heigho!

'Don't want you any longer,' said an employer to a tall clerk. 'I am very sorry for it sir, I thought I gave you perfect satisfaction.' 'So you do—but we don't want you any longer.' 'What have I done sir?' 'Done! why you hav'nt done growing; and if you keep on you will be as long as a May pole!'

'George what is patrimony?'
'Patrimony is something left by a father.'
'And what would it be if left by a mother?'
'Then sir, I suppose it would be matrimony!'

The hat of a lawyer got on to the head of a loafer in one of the courts in Philadelphia, a few days since, whereupon the said loafer did *ther*, and therefrom, forthwith make tracks.



(du eids 3noh W)

The appearance of many things and circumstances, like the above cut, depends much on the view we take of them; and be it remembered that when a man's head is inverted, to him all things appear *wrong side up*. Hence arises most of the complaints, grumblings and murmurings about the times, the weather, the government, the people &c. To one who possesses, or is possessed of a malignant, peevish disposition himself, most of the conduct of others, and the times and circumstances in general, will to him appear *wrong side up*, and he will not unfrequently find his own calculations *up side down*. Could we at once, view each circumstance in all its different bearings, we should generally see some things that would palliate others, and thus render the whole at least tolerable; and most of the jarring and clashing in the world would thus be avoided. But by far the better way is to take of each and every thing a view the most favorable. This course is evidently practicable, else politicians and sectarians could not so uniformly applaud every act of their favorite sect or party, and as uniformly oppose and deprecate those of their opponents. Every man who habituates himself to viewing things in the most favorable light, will find this course the most conducive to his own happiness, while it contributes much to that of his neighbors and associates. Look at the bright side of every thing, and hold every picture *right side up*.

MR. CANNING'S ENIGMA.—The Philadelphia Gazette, publishes an enigma, said to have been written by Mr. Canning, which for a long time puzzled the wits of England:—

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber.
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding *s*, you plural make;
But if you add an *s* to this,
How strange the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet, what bitter was before!

A correspondent has furnished the following, which unravels the riddle:—

Cares are a foe to peace and slumber—
A word, 'tis plain, of plural number!
By adding *s* to cares, you see,
The plural will the sing'lar be:
The *iter*, then, is turned to sweet—
Cares the riddle solves complete.

A Child Lost in the Wood.

A daughter of Mr. David W. Boobar of Linneu in Aroostook county, on the morning of the 4th inst., was sent by her mother to a neighbor's house, half a mile distant, to borrow a little flour for breakfast. The girl is only nine years of age, and in going through the woods lost her way. The next morning about 40 of the neighbors collected and went in pursuit, but returned without any tidings of the child. The next day the company was increased to sixty persons and searched the woods all day, with no better success. On the following day, between two and three hundred of the settlers assembled early in the morning, their hearts swelling with sympathy, and all eager to restore the little wanderer to the arms of its despairing parents.

The company set out for a thorough and last search. The child had been in the woods three days and three nights, and many hearts were sunk in despondency at the utter hopelessness of finding it alive. But to learn its fate or restore it, was the indomitable purpose of each. Half the day had been expended in entering the forest. It was time to think of returning, but who could think of doing so while an innocent child might be wandering but a few rods in advance? On the company pushed still deeper into the dense wilds. The sun had reached the meridian and was dipping towards the West. It seemed vain to look farther and slowly and heavily those stout hearted men brushed a tear from their cheeks, gave all up as lost, and as their hearts seemed to dictate within them, commenced their return. The line was stretched to include a survey of the greatest possible ground—not a bush or a tree, was passed without diligent search. Those at the extremities of the line tasked themselves to the utmost in examining the woods beyond the lines. They had travelled for some time when, at the arthrest point of vision the man on one flank thought

he saw a bush bend. He ran with a swelling heart. He hesitated. Was it his imagination? He gazed a moment. The bush bent again, and the head of the little wanderer was seen. He rushed forward, and found the little girl seated on a log and breaking the twigs she had plucked from the bush which so fortunately lead to her discovery. She did not appear to be frightened: said she had lain in the woods three nights, and had not seen or heard any wild beasts, and that she hoped to get to Mr. Howard's for the flour before night! At first she did not appear hungry or weak, but after eating a piece of bread her cries for more were very piteous. She was found about three miles from where she entered the woods. Her clothing was very thin, and the large shawl she had on when she left home she had carefully folded and placed in the pillow case, not even putting it over her during the night, as she innocently said, 'to keep from dirtying it, or her mother would whip her.' Our informant states that she is now as well and happy as the other children.—Bangor Whio.

PATENT NOMINATIONS.

The Patent Democrats now say
That on the twenty-ninth of May,
After a dreadful stormy day,
They've no doubt vetoed HENRY CLAY.

They wanted little MARTIN VAN—
But BUTLER said, "he's not the man,
To stand in honest locos way,
To fight that sinner, HARRY CLAY."

He tried it nine times—then resigned—
Saying, "MARTIN had made up his mind,
Rather than now, at this late day,
To let the naughty Whigs have CLAY."

To stand aside for other folk,
And try the Strength of Jimmy polk."
For counting ballots seemed to say—
"Martin— you never can beat CLAY,"

Now, Locos, give us all you know;
We're ready to the Polls to go—
And on our next Election day
We'll, "clean you out" with HENRY CLAY.

That same old coon, we've tried before,
But now, in eighteen forty-four,
We'll Poke him at you, till you say,
We're tired of fighting HENRY CLAY."



VARIETY.

Senator Woodbury made his last trip from Boston to Washington in thirty-six hours; making at least \$150,—at the rate of \$100 per day—on his allowance of mileage.

A schoolmaster in Varmount in writing the word usually usually spells it "youzyoually." He is said to be the same man who spells *kaughphy* so bewchifully.

It is considered a gross impropriety for a man to snore so loud in church, as to awaken the rest of the congregation.—Will somebody take the hint.

The weather has been remarkably mild at San Augustine: and the present prospect is exceedingly favorable for the orange crop: so says the San Augustine News.

It is supposed that our troops in Florida would find a great many more Indians, if they only knew where the *critters* were. Where's the blood-hounds.

Among the curiosities with which the London Museums are filled, is a representation of the Royal Babies, lying in their "unique cot!"

Rev. Samuel Cheever, the first Congregational Minister at Marblehead, has preached fifty consecutive years, without omitting a single Sabbath.

Locomotive vs. Old Dobbin.—A man in New Hampshire, about fifty miles from Boston began talking to his son for not coming in to dinner sooner, as the table had been waiting for him nearly an hour, and wished to know where he had been so long: to which the youth replied, I've been to Boston father.

'Been to Boston? Why, the boy is crazy! It takes two days to go to Boston and back again; and so don't tell your poor old father such whappers, for they're no go.'

'But, father, you must consider that Old Dobbin can't take you along quite as fast as they go on Rail Roads.'

'On Rail Roads! You haven't been riding on Rail Roads, have ye?'

'Yes, father.'

'Well, that's pretty well I think, for a boy like you to ride on the Rail Road. I wonder what motive took you to Boston?'

'Why, a Loco-motive, to be sure, that's the way folks are generally taken on Railroads.—PANALIS.—

Hole in the Stocking.

How queerly does a fellow feel
A walking in the street,
When he's aware his stocking heel
Makes visible his feet.

He knows the females as they walk
Before him and behind,
Of his deficiency will talk—
For they are never blind.

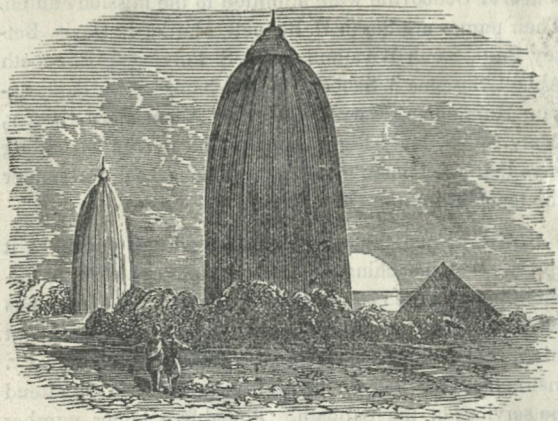
He fancies he can hear them say,
"That is a curious chap,
To curl his hair and dress so gay,
With such a stocking gap."

He lifts his foot up awkwardly,
And puts it down again,
And tries to pass, that none may see,
But labors all in vain.

He fancies too a thousand girls
To see his heel are flocking;
O, who can tell the horrors of
A single holy stocking!

The Tower of Juggernaut.

Juggernaut—which means lord of the world—is the name of the most celebrated idol of India. It is a misshapen, hideous looking object; its face is painted black, with a red mouth, and red and white circles for eyes. The building in which it is kept, is a lofty stone tower, nearly two hundred feet high, which is said to have been erected about six hundred years ago, at an expense of more than \$2,000,000. In the immediate vicinity, there are fifty or sixty smaller temples, devoted to the various gods of India. The general appearance of the tower of Juggernaut may be learned from the accompanying cut.



The land within ten miles of this place is holy; death within this distance is considered a certain passport to eternal bliss. Hence many go there to die, and the country for miles around is whitened with their bones. The great festival of Juggernaut is in the summer, when some 200,000 worshippers of this shapeless idol assemble from different parts of India. Men, denominated pundas, are sent out in all directions to invite and urge persons of both sexes, and of every age and condition, to swell the throng. The inducements which they hold out are such as these:

Come, accompany me to my country. There god is revealed. There the goddesses Lukshmee, Saruswuttee, Bimblee, and ten thousand others constantly serve him: moreover, the gods of heaven, earth, and hell, all the three hundred and thirty millions of gods worship him. His glory is immense. All castes before him eat out of one vessel. In the month of Asar is the Goondicha Jatra. He himself comes out of the temple and sits on his car. He himself causes the car to move. In one day, he eats seventy poata, (about a thousand pounds weight;) but all that he eats of different kinds who can declare. Listen, however, to a truly wonderful fact. In the cook-house, they place seven cooking-pots, one above the other, over one fire. The bottom pots are not cooked, but the

A True Fast.

FROM HERRICK'S NOBLE NUMBERS.

Is this a fast to keep The larder lean, And cleave, From fat of veales and sheep?	No: 'tis a fast to dole Thy sheafe of wheat, And meat Unto the hungry soule.
Is it to quit the dish Of flesh, yet still? To fill The platter high with fish?	It is a fast from strife, From old debate, And hate, To circumscribe thy life.
Is it to fast, an hour, Or ragged to go, Or show A downcast look and sour?	To show a heart griefrent, To starve thy sin, Not bin; And that's to keep thy Lent.

Worship.

Holy be this, as was the place
To him, of Padan-aram known,
When Abram's God revealed his face
And caught the pilgrim to the throne.
O, how transporting was the glow
That thrilled his bosom, mixed with fear,
Lo! the eternal walks below—
The Highest tabernacles here!

Be ours, when faith and hope grow dim,
The glories that the Patriarch saw;
And when we faint, may we like him,
Fresh vigor from the vision draw.
Heaven's lightning hovered o'er his head,
And flashed new splendors on his view,
Break forth, thou SUN! and freely shed
Glad rays upon our Bethel too.

'Tis ours to sojourn in a waste
Barren and cold as Shinar's ground;
No fruits of Eschol charm the taste,
No streams of Meribah are found;—
But Thou canst bid the desert bud
With more than Sharon's rich display,
And Thou canst bid the cooling flood
Gush from the rock and cheer the way.

We tread the path thy people trod,
Alternate sunshine, bitter tears;
Go Thou before, and with thy rod
Divide the Jordan of our fears.
Be ours the song of triumph given,
Angelic themes to lips of clay,—
And ours the holy harp of heaven,
Whose strain dissolves the soul away.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Though I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what will befall me,
I'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them,
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing?
Since I best revenge my wrongs,
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon get out of hearing.

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

Is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace?
Does not a phiz that scowls at sin
Oft veil hypocrisy within?

Religion shuns an ill report,
And scorns with human woes to sport—
Of other deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good, or else keeps still.

OLD AGE.—A life of active industry does not perceive the gradual advance of old age, and it is incredible how much labor a uniformly industrious and temperate old man will perform. The Massachusetts Ploughman says that Mr. James Capen of Stoughton, now in his eighty-ninth year, mowed an acre of grass in three hours, stopping about one hour only after commencing. Mr. Capen and his wife of the same age, have lived together man and wife, for sixty-seven years. She now takes care of her dairy.

Mohammedan Fakeer.

From the ancient Santons—Mohammedan priests who devote their lives to the practice of religious austerities—have sprung up in India a race of enthusiasts unparalleled in the annals of superstition. These impostors are far more notorious for their licentiousness than for their devotion. They not only extort alms by demanding them in the name of their prophet, but frequently obtain them by force. They may be constantly seen on their way to perform some religious ceremony, at which times they reap a rich harvest from the charities of the pious, mounted upon an ox and clad in the costume of their vocation. This consists of undressed sheepskin, with the wool, or rather hair, outside. Round the neck are several rows of large beads, and the head is covered with a profusion of hair never, according to the custom of the Nazarites among the ancient Jews, having been clipped from the hour of their birth.



Though they profess humility to the very extent of its acceptance among all religious enthusiasts, nevertheless, conceiving it far more dignified to ride than to walk, they generally contrive to obtain from some pious follower a bullock, which they adorn with certain ornaments that procure for the sacred beasts a sort of religious veneration from all devout Mohammedans, as well as for him by whom it is bestrode. A bell is always hung round the ox's neck, which, like that of the bell-wether of our own country, keeps up a monotonous tinkling as the animal proceeds; its hocks are likewise adorned with rings of brass.

When these fakeers are met singly, they more generally resort to importunity than to force in obtaining alms; but should their importunities be disregarded, the bitterest curses invariably follow.—*Oriental Annual.*

Minot's Rock.—A Committee of the Boston Marine Society and several other gentlemen, yesterday visited Minot's Rock—the outer of Cohasset Rocks in the bay, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the surface presents a suitable site for a light-house. They landed on the rock at low water. At this state of tide, the rock is several feet above the surface of the water, exhibiting an area of a hundred or hundred and twenty feet in circumference, and surrounded with a depth of nine feet of water—thus enabling lighters to come directly alongside at all times of tide. The rock is composed of extremely hard and compact green-stone trap—and there can be no doubt of the feasibility of erecting a light house on this rock, after the style of the edystone light house. Minot's Rock is about eighteen miles from Boston Long Wharf.—Many vessels have been wrecked on this, and others of the Cohasset rocks—and thus caused the loss of much property and many valuable lives.—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

LINES TO A DECEASED BROTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WM. SILVER, JR.

I often think of thee, my brother dear,
And to thy memory give a silent tear,
For everything seems strangely changed here,
Since thou didst die.

I miss thee from us, and my heart is sad,
For well I call to mind the looks thou had,
Whose sunny brightness made the saddest glad
When thou wert nigh.

I hear no more thy voice so sweet; no more
I tread with thee the scenes we trod of yore—
Those joyful times with thee, alas! are o'er
When night was come,

And thou and I, together oft did play,
While our young hearts with joyful glee, were gay,
And sport and gambol kept sad care at bay,
In our old home.

No more, no more shall I behold thy face,
So finely marked with every manly grace,
Yet though thou'rt gone, old Time can ne'er efface
From out my mind
Thy image—no, it never can depart;
It is indelible upon my heart;
Round every feeling of my soul, thou art
Too close entwined.

I do not wish thee back, my brother, no—
I would not have thee feel life's care and woe,
Which e'en the best and brightest sometimes know
While pilgrims here.

No, thou art happy now, thy soul's at rest
Midst scenes of love, where everything is blest,
And not a wave rolls o'er thy peaceful breast
Of grief or care.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY SOPHIA WEBSTER.

A fair haired boy was standing
Beside his mother's knee,
Repeating in a sweet low tone,
The prayer of infancy.
But coldly fell the 'customed words,
His heart was far away,
Amid the schoolboy troubles which
Had crossed his path that day.

Softly the mother laid her hand
On his rich clustering hair;
Kindly she listened to his griefs,
And soothed each little care;
Gently she led his heart away,
To the sweet thoughts of Heaven;
Gently the good-night blessing, and
The good-night kiss were given.

Under an influence such as this,
The fair boy's childhood passed;
A mother placed within his heart
The principles that last.
A mother's gentle hand restrained
The waywardness of youth;
And brought his wandering footsteps back
To rectitude and truth.

Time passed away, and manhood came
On that young brow to bind
The wreath of noble intellect,
The stamp of god-like mind.
Yet still he cherished, bright and fair,
The lessons of his youth;
His high and holy principles,
His deep strong love of truth.

Select Sentences.—To be ever active in laudible pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristics of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence as well as an heroic courage.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which conquers envy, by doing good.



Rev. Samuel Thidey.
Cambridge.

The History of Life.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping;
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms,
In sorrow weeping.

Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languish;
Years brought me back—yet through her tears she smiled
In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished; I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother—
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus met a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part
'To meet—oh, never!
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever.

Liberty.

O LIBERTY, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train:
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

The Wildwood Home.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Oh! show a place like the wildwood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody,
As she lifts the soft fringes from her dark blue eye,
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that over her bosom lie,
Are bright as the gems above.

Where noon lies down in the breeze's shade,
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds from the sunny glade,
Sit nodding amongst the flowers.
While the holy child of the mountain spring,
Steals past with a murmur'd song,
And the wild bee sleeps in the bells that swing
Its garlanded banks along.

And spotted fawns, where the vines are twin'd,
Are dancing away the hours,
With feet as light as the summer wind
That hardly bends the flowers.
Where day steals away with a young bird's blush,
To the soft, green couch of night,
And the moon throws o'er with a holy hush,
Her curtains of gossamer light.

The seraph that hides in the hemlock dell,
Oh! sweetest of birds is she,
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.
Where Nature still gambols in maiden pride—
By valley and pine-plumed hill,
Hangs glorious wreaths on each mountain side,
And dances in every rill.

There are glittering mansions with marble walls,
Surmounted by mighty towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls,
Amongst exotic flowers,
They are flitting homes for the haughty minds,
Yet a wildwood home for me,
Where the pure, bright waters, the mountain winds,
And the bounding hearts are free.

THE STUDENT.

S. J. H. SNYDER.

Rous'd by those Intellectual fires,
Implanted in the human breast;
The youth with glowing zeal aspires,
To claim a seat at Wisdom's feast.

He leaves that home so loved of yore—
Home of his childhood's happy hours,
To seek in lands of "classic lore,"
The noblest of Ambition's flowers!

Then toiling with a soul of flame,
A stranger in a stranger land;
He looks upon the heights of Fame,
On which the feet of Genius stand.

"Resolved,"—and up the rugged steep,
O'er crag and cliff we see him rise,
Nor heeds he tho' the tempests sweep;
He burns to scale the bending skies!

"Onward" is still his destiny;
Up Science peaks piled bleak on high;
Until the world's philosophy
Lies stretch'd below his kindling eye!

And "onward" still in noble might
He tempts the misty, giddy way;
Above him hang the lamps of light,
Beneath him clouds and lightnings play!

Still up the daring tott'ring height
He casts his anxious piercing eye;
And far beyond the bounds of night
He contemplates the worlds on high!

Yet "on"—as urg'd by fire divine;
Conjecture's doubtful peak he tries
And e'en beyond the bounds of Time
Threatens the "hidden mystery"

Broad Run, Tuscarawas co., Ohio.

TROUBLES OF A Physician's Wife.

[Transcribed for the Saturday Evening Post from the
Journal of the wife of a Western Physician.]

AUGUST 14, 18—.

Well, I have had my patience tried this day! I thought this morning that I would get a large washing done to-day, and as I have only one small help, I generally take a pretty active part myself. My husband started off early on a long ride, so now thinks I, what a fine day I shall have to get along with my work—no dinner to prepare, nothing to interrupt me; so to work I went in good earnest, collected my clothes, heated a kettle of water, put on my very worst old wrapper, and had just got my hands in the suds, when Dolly (who is always looking every where but at her work) came running to me with her eyes as big as saucers, saying,

"Oh, Mrs. Boggs, there's the finest carriage at the gate, and greatest lady in it, and the nicest gentleman a knocking at the door."

Pity me, ye housekeepers! what was I to do? I must receive them just as I was. Dolly invited them in, while I looked through the window to see if I could make out who they were. The lady stepped very slowly out of the carriage holding the tiniest baby close in her arms as if afraid to trust it for a moment even to her husband. They came in and introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. S— from a neighboring town. They had heard Doctor Boggs well spoken of, and had brought their baby (the first of course) to have him look at its tongue—they feared it was slightly tongue-tied, "poor little darling." I told them the Doctor would probably be gone all day.

"Well," said the lady, deliberately taking off her things, "I guess we will wait until he comes, as I would rather ride home after night than miss having him see the baby."

What a prospect for me! What should I get for dinner was my first thought, and, my poor washing, was my next,—it must all be put by for the day. So I excused myself for a moment, ran into the kitchen, lifted off my large kettle of boiling water, set away my tubs, started Dolly off to buy, beg, or borrow some butter, mixed up some biscuit, washed my hands and brushed my hair, changed my dress, walked into the parlor with a smiling face, and commenced talking baby-talk to the little darling. Oh, what a long, long day it was to me. That young mother was certainly the most insipid, uninteresting creature I ever met with, and I was obliged to keep up a conversation with her for hours. Her husband sat reading, and never spoke except to the baby. It was near night when the Doctor returned, and on examining the child's tongue he found there was nothing the matter with it. So after eating their supper with us they left, without even so much as thanking us for our trouble. I am worse tired than if I had done my large washing.

AUGUST 17th.

I have just returned from a long ride with my husband, and have been much amused with the various patients we have visited. The first place we called at was a new little cabin built in the middle of a large prairie with no other house in sight, and no improvements around it except a small field of corn and pumpkins. As we drove up to the door a whole troop of half naked, white-headed children ran out to look at us. A pale *agueish* looking woman was sitting at the door churning, she seemed much pleased to see the Doctor, invited me in, handed us each a rough wooden stool to sit down upon, and said,

"Why, Doctor, is this Mrs. Boggs? I thought you didn't mean to fetch your old woman out to see us. You see, ma'am," turning to me, "the Doctor often comes to see us, and I axed him to fetch you 'long, but I reckoned you was too proud to visit poor folks."

"How is Andrew?" said the Doctor.

"Oh, he's right smart."

"Does his hand begin to heal?"

"Oh yes, a heap."

"Where is he?"

"Well, I reckon the little serpent has gone and hid hisself. I'll call him."

So running out to the fence with her apron thrown over her head, she set up such a scream of "Andrew, Andrew Jackson, I say, come right straight here and let the Doctor fix your hand."

But the General had no notion of it, until he was dragged in by two of the larger boys, and then what a looking object he was. His arms were covered with mud up to the elbows, and his head was much lighter colored than his face.

"Mighty sakes!" said his mother, "you're the dirtiest brat. Fetch me that cloth off the churn, Maliny-Ann, till I wash off his hand."

After some struggling the hand was cleaned, so that the Doctor could dress the wound, and while he was engaged with it, the woman endeavored to entertain me.

"Won't you take off your things and stay and take some tea with us," said she.

"No, I thank you; the Doctor has not time to wait, he has several patients to visit yet."

"Well, won't you eat a piece of pie? Doctor Boggs said you was mighty fond of *squash pie*."

I dared not refuse after that.

"I have got some first rate. Betsy Jane hand me a knife; why it haint clean, go 'long and wipe it."

And Betsy Jane did wipe it—on the same towel that had already done more than its duty—the same that had been round the churn, and was used to wash off Andrew's sore hand. The pie was cut and handed to me, and there I sat holding it, wondering how I could get clear of it. I put it near my lips two or three times, but the very thoughts of biting it made me shudder. I really thought the Doctor would never get done with that hand. However all things must have an end and we bid good-bye to the really kind woman, and I sprang into the buggy still holding the horrible piece of pie in my hand. I carried it until we were out of sight of the cabin, and then it became "food for Gophers."

We next called on an old woman who said she had an "awfull *agercake*," and wanted to know if it would not help it to grease it over night with new hog's lard. The Doctor left her some ointment, and while he was putting up some medicine for her, I trembled lest she too should offer me some pie! I wish my husband would not tell people that I am fond of pie. SEPTEMBER 3d.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" Yes, anywhere or anything, that the complaints of these poor shivering *ague* patients "might never reach me more!" I am but half recovered from a *spell* (as they call it here) of it myself, and I can sympathize with any poor soul that ever had a shake. No one, who has not lived on one of our Western rivers, can form an idea of the distress occasioned by this disease. Whole families are stricken down at once, and although not often fatal in its effects, still it destroys all energy both of body and mind, and one feels at the time as if all comfort and happiness had left them forever. And then one meets with so little sympathy from the old settlers. If you utter the least complaint in their presence, they will laugh, and say, "Why didn't you expect to have the *ager* when you came here?" or, "Oh you will soon get used to it." Used to it, indeed.

SEPTEMBER 4th.

What a horrible night I have passed—I do believe people like best to come for the Doctor during the night, it has been nothing but rap, rap, at our door, every night for a week past, there is no chance for sleep in this house; and last night in particular—I really had my nerves tried. The Doctor was called out into the country just after dark, and did not expect to return until near morning. I felt lonely, sick, and nervous—several persons called before ten o'clock, for medicine and advice. At length all seemed quiet, and I was about to retire, when Dolly, who had brought her bed into my room that I might not be alone, began to groan with a chill. Then I was obliged to go out into the kitchen, build up a fire, make some tea, and heat some irons, to try and get her warmed up. I was just in that weak state that I know many have been in, the veriest trifle startled me. I was nearly frightened at my own shadow, or the sound of my own foot-step. I dared not look behind me as I hurried from the kitchen to my chamber. When, hark! another knock—I went trembling to the door, and found a neighbor's boy standing there in tears. His father had taken a congestive chill, and they thought he could not possibly live till morning. I promised to send the Doctor as soon as he returned, and once more entered my bed-room. Dolly seemed quite comfortable and inclined to sleep; so after locking all the doors and fastening all the windows, I tried to compose myself to slumber, but the room was so close, and the heat so oppressive I could not rest. I arose and opened the window—the moon was shining bright—the mosquitoes came around me in swarms; still I sat there for some time hoping to hear my husband's buggy; but not a sound was to be heard in the village. The longer I sat there the more lonely I felt—so leaving the window open, I again lay down on the bed, and was just sinking into a doze, when the most piercing scream caused me to spring to my feet; and there, at that open window, leaning half over the sill, stood a female figure dressed "all in white," uttering scream after scream. Shall I ever forget my feelings at that moment? Dolly was clinging to me, groaning most pitifully—the lamp had gone out, and there stood that white spirit like figure in the bright moonlight, wringing its hands and still screaming! At length I caught the words,

"Oh, Mrs. Boggs, has the Doctor got home? my husband is dying, dying! and nobody can save him. Oh, tell me where I can find a Doctor."

Pity now took the place of fear—I recognised her voice, it was Mrs. T—, the wife of the man who had been taken that night with a congestive chill.

"Why, Mrs. T—, what brought you here alone, at this time of night?"

"Oh, my husband, my poor husband—he will surely die."

"But why did not some one else come for the Doctor?" said I.

"Oh, they said he was not at home—but I was determined to know for certain—no one knows I am here, they think me in bed, but how could I sleep? Oh, Mrs. Boggs, he is dying—they are rubbing him to keep him alive—he is cold, cold."

And the poor woman shivered as she spoke—she had slipped out in her night clothes, and with nothing around her; a heavy dew had fallen, and her bare feet were perfectly wet. I handed her a shawl and a pair of over-shoes, and coaxed the half-frantic creature to go home. I told her the Doctor would certainly be home soon, which proved true—and I did not even ask him to stay with us until daylight, but hurried him off to the sick man. By good

fortune he was not too late—the man's life was saved, and his poor wife was happy; but the Doctor says there was great reason for the fears of my white-robed visitor.

SEPTEMBER 8th.

Worse, and worse—there is now scarcely a well person in town. The Doctor is completely worn out—and if we feel ever so badly, it is no use to complain, for the Doctor has no time to attend to his own family! I was startled last night about midnight by the stroke of a riding-whip against my window. I listened a moment without answering, when the window was thrown up, and the rough head of a man was thrust in without ceremony.

"I say, hellow, air you all asleep?"

"What's wanting?" said I.

"The Doctor; is he to home?"

"No, sir."

"Thunder and stars! he never is to home when I want him."

"I am sorry, sir—but he will be here by sunrise!"

"Sunrise!" why my woman will be dead before that time—she's got the cramp most awfully."

"Perhaps I can give you something that will relieve her, until the Doctor can visit her."

"Yes," said my rough visitor, "and how would I know but it was *pison*? No, no, you don't catch this child a taken none of your stuff to hum."

"Shall I tell the Doctor you wish to see him, when he comes?"

"No sir—e—I'll have a Doctor to-night, if I ride to Philadelfy for him."

And away he went, leaving the window wide open. Surely I am getting "used to it"—for the next moment I was sleeping soundly, only to be again disturbed. Who, who would be the wife of a country Doctor!

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 14, 6, 3, 8, 9, 15, is a County of Mississippi.

My 2, 5, is a River of Asiatic Russia.

My 3, 14, 10, 2, 5, is a Mountain of Arabia.

My 4, 9, 2, 6, 15, 4, 9, is a River of China.

My 5, 9, 15, 14, 2, 10, is a Sea adjoining the Mediterranean.

My 6, 9, 12, 8, 4, is a Sea of Europe.

My 7, 4, 5, 12, is a River of Barbary.

My 8, 9, 10, 16, 2, is an Island of Polynesia.

My 9, 4, 14, 9, is one of the Western States.

My 10, 6, 8, 2, 12, 5, 9, is one of the largest of the American Lakes.

My 11, 8, 9, 15, 2, is a River of Brazil.

My 12, 2, 8, is a River of Oregon Territory.

My 13, 5, 12, 16, 14, 6, 11, 2, is one of the Southern States.

My 14, 15, 15, is a River of Austria.

My 15, 2, 5, 15, is a Town of Persia.

My 16, 2, 14, 4, is a Town of Beloochistan.

My whole is the name of one of the most eminent authors that America ever produced. WASHINGTON IRVING

Why is the man that wins the prize Piano like a man asking his wife for a dessert after dinner?

Because he says I'll take that Pie, Anna.

Why is an act of homicide like Great Britain? Because it is known over the world as *assassination*—(a sassy-nation.)

Why is the beauty of the Prize Piano like Charles Dickens?

Because it lies in its "Notes."

There were a thousand and more which did not obtain publication.

CONUNDRUMS.

Every body knows that a piano worth \$250 was recently put up at a Concert in this city as the reward for the best conundrum; and so, to shew the state of the wits in this respect, we subjoin the prize conundrum, with others said to be the best sent in.

The one that took the prize was as follows:

Why is the character of the prize piano estimated like the character of a great and good man?

Because we judge its grandeur by its action—its goodness by its tone.

Those now appended came in as second best:

Why does an individual who gets "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" enact the part of a religious hypocrite?

Because he wears "the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in!"

Why is Santa Anna, in asserting that the U. S. Army and people were cowards and barbarians, like a *harp struck by lightning*?

Because he is a *blasted tyre*!

Why is a sharp nosed woman like the great wall of China?

Because, if crossed, you're apt to find a Tartar. Why was Jonah reckoned among the "upper ten thousand?"

Because he was the bosom companion of a *big fish*.

When is woman like bread, man's staff of life?

When she is more *needed* (kneaded) at home than *toasted* abroad.

Why should a man with one cent export a large quantity of bread stuff?

Because he is the owner of *ten mills*.

Why should Prince Albert feel jealous of one of our American Generals?

Because Taylor has his arms around Victoria.

Why is the river Schuylkill like a prisoner in the hands of a surly jailor?

Because it is *dam'd* and locked up.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of nine letters.

My 1st, 8th, 9th, is food for animals.

4th, 5th, 2d, is a kind of grain.

1st, 2d, 3d, is the name of a fowl.

6th, 8th, 3d, 8th, 4th, 9th, is a group of Islands in the Atlantic Ocean.

7th, 8th, 6th, 2d, is an article much used by the ladies.

6th, 8th, 4th, is the name of a vehicle.

6th, 4th, 9th, is to make a noise.

9th, 8th, 4th, 3d, is an article of domestic manufacture.

6th, 1st, 2d, 4th, 4th, 5th, is a kind of fruit.

My whole is the name of one of the most distinguished men in the United States.

Made by a boy 10 years old.

THE GIRL I LOVE.

Purer than snow,

Is the girl I know,

Purer than snow is she;

Her heart is light,

And her cheek is bright,

Ah! who do you think she can be?

I knew her well,

But I never shall tell,

'Twould spoil all the fun, you see.

Her eye is blue,

And her lip like dew,

And red as a mulberry.

Mild as a dove,

Is the girl I love,

Mild as a dove is she:

And dearer, too,

Than ten like you!

Ah! who do you think she can be?

An Excuse for Zeal in the Temperance Cause.

A young lady who was told that she was almost a monomaniac in her hatred to alcoholic drinks, wrote the following touching and sensible verses, which were first published in the Christian Advocate and Journal:—

Go, feel what I have felt,

Go, bear what I have borne;

Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,

And the cold, proud world's scorn.

Thus struggle on from year to year,

Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,

O'er a loved father's fall;

See every cherished promise swept—

Youth's sweetness turned to gull;

Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way

That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;

Implore, beseech, and pray:

Strive the besotted heart to melt,

The downward course to stay—

Be cast with bitter curse aside—

Thy prayers burlesqued—thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,

And see the strong man bow;

With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,

And cold and livid brow;

Catch his wandering glance and see

There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—

The sobs of sad despair—

As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,

And its revealings there

Have told him what he might have been,

Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,

And her crushed spirit cheer—

Thine own deep anguish hide—

Wipe from her cheek the tear,

Mark her dimmed eye—her furrowed brow;

The gray that streaks her dark hair now—

Her toil worn frame—her trembling limb—

And trace the ruin back to him

Whose plighted faith, in early youth,

Promised eternal love and truth:

But who, forsworn, hath yielded up

This promise to the deadly cup;

And led her down, from love and light

From all that made her pathway bright,

And chain'd her there, 'mid want and strife,

That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!

And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,

That with'ring blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel and know,

All that my soul hath felt and known,

Then look within the wine cup's glow—

See if its brightness can atone;

Think, if its flavor you would try,

If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die.

Tell me I hate the bowl—

Hate is a feeble word—

I loathe, abhor—my very soul

By strong disgust is stirred

Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,

Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

Knowledge.

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;

And knowledge is the measure of the mind:

And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,

Contains more worlds than all the world can find,

So knowledge doth itself far more extend

Than all the minds of men can comprehend.

A climbing height it is, without a head,

Depth without bottom, way without an end;

A circle with no line environed.

Not comprehended, it all comprehends:

Worth infinite, yet satisfied no mind,

Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &C., &C.

[Our readers will perceive by our "Terms of Subscription," that we have made an arrangement with the proprietors of "The Fountain," a splendid Annual for 1847, by which we can furnish it to any of our subscribers who may wish an elegant gift book for the coming New Year. As a sample of the excellence of its contents, we quote, by permission, the following admirable story.]

CHAPTER I.

"Walter wishes to be married in church," said Cora Selwyn, addressing her mother and sisters, as they were holding a family council over the arrangements necessary for her marriage.

"In church!" exclaimed Annie, "what an idea! What on earth put that in his head?"

"No matter what put it in," said Augusta, laughing; "he must put it out, for weddings in church are detestable. Sue Hargrave's was as solemn as a funeral."

"Oh, yes," echoed Annie, "and besides, full dress is so unbecoming in the morning. If you change the hour and alter the arrangements, we must have other dresses, for as to wearing those we have ordered, in a damp, cold church, I won't for one."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Augusta, pettishly, "tell Walter to leave us to arrange matters. Men always spoil things when they undertake to meddle."

"I think, my love," said Mrs. Selwyn, "it had better take place in the evening, according to the original plan."

"To be sure it had," chimed in Annie, "decidedly. This is a most absurd whim of Walter's. After you have spoken to your bridesmaids, too. So that he is married on the first, I don't see what difference it makes to him the when or the how the ceremony takes place. For my part, this is the first time I ever heard of the gentleman's dictating the arrangements."

"He did not mean to dictate at all, Annie," said Cora, coloring; "he merely expressed the wish; but I do not know that it is a thing he cares about, and since you all dislike the idea so much, I will tell him so, and of course he will leave us to settle it as we please."

The cloud cleared from the brows of the young ladies, who had been not a little shocked by having all their visions of gaiety dashed by the sober and quiet proposition of their brother-in-law elect, and so the consultation was resumed, and wedding guests counted, and the supper planned, with as much animation and spirit as if their prospects had received no check from the open and avowed wishes of one of the persons most interested in the event, viz, the groom himself.

When he called, according to custom, in the evening, the Misses Selwyn were busily occupied at a round table, writing invitations. He glanced at one of them, and as he turned away, said, a little gravely,

"It is to be in the evening, then?"

"Oh, yes," replied Cora, "the girls would not hear of any thing else, and as I did not suppose you cared much about it, I yielded."

Now Walter Stanley *did* care about it, for he was a modest, quiet young man, and the idea of being married in a crowd, made him decidedly nervous. He could not, however, contend the point with his bride and her family, so he had only to wish most

devoutly that the day was over, and pass to another matter that interested him much.

"My old friend Robert Randale has just arrived. I did not think he would have been here these two months, and I was really glad to see him to-day. He is just in time, for I have not yet asked Rutledge to be my groomsman. I called upon him yesterday, for that purpose, but fortunately as it turns out, he was not at home, and now I wish to ask Robert in his place, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not," answered Cora; "any one that you are so much attached to, I shall be happy to see. Annie, though, will be a little disappointed not to have Rutledge—and—" not finishing her sentence, she left her lover and crossed over to the table where her sisters were busily writing, folding, and sealing, and said something in a low tone to Annie, to which she replied, coldly,

"And who is he to stand up with? Not with me, for one. Walter can ask who he chooses for groomsman—only you don't have me for bridesmaid. I shall not stand up with Robert Randale, I can tell him."

"And pray, is Tom Rutledge not to be asked at all?" exclaimed Augusta, looking up aghast at the idea, for Tom Rutledge was one of the most elegant and fashionable young men about town, and decidedly a favorite with the sisters. In fact, the chief end and object of the wedding, in their minds, was the having him as Annie's groomsman; and even Mrs. Selwyn looked a little grave and disappointed at this change, for Rutledge, beside being to the daughter's taste, suited the mother's views. He was a good match, as well as a captivating fellow, and she had been very well pleased with the prospect of the increasing intimacy between the young people that the wedding festivities promised.

"Let him stand up with Miss Cranstown," said Mrs. Selwyn, looking up, as if that was a bright idea that obviated all difficulties.

"Oh, no," said Annie, impatiently, "that will never do. She is such a spiteful thing, that if she is put off with Robert Randale, and I stand with Rutledge, she will be sure to have something disagreeable to say."

Why such an amiable young lady, or one at least who was held in such a pleasing light by her young friends, should be asked to perform an office generally supposed to be filled by those nearest or dearest to the bride, may perhaps puzzle those not well acquainted with the details of a fashionable marriage. For the benefit of those so unenlightened, we will merely hint, that Miss Cranstown's family being not only rich, but one of the gayest of the gay clique to which they belonged, a party for the bride followed, as a matter of course, wherever she officiated as bridesmaid.

"I don't know what we can do," said Augusta, "for between you and I, Cora, Robert Randale is a horror. We need not tell Walter so, but he is; and besides, he knows nobody. How we shall manage with him, when you see company, is more than I can imagine."

"We cannot," said Annie, decidedly. "I don't see why Walter should think of him at this last minute. He never said anything about him before. Why can't he let matters go on as they have been all arranged before?"

"Randale has just arrived," said Cora, "or I suppose he would have proposed him before. In fact, had he come a day later he could not have thought of him at all, for he just missed Rutledge, upon whom he called this morning."

"How unfortunate!" ejaculated Augusta.

"I wish to heavens he had," said Annie.

"Walter seemed so pleased to have seen Randale," continued Cora; "he says he is such an excellent, warm-hearted—"

"I dare say," interrupted Annie, "but you know all that is not the point just now. He is the most awkward person imaginable, and so embarrassed, and confused. Oh, invite him to the wedding, and that will do. You can ask him to dinner, too, if Walter makes much fuss about it; but really, as to his taking Rutledge's place, Walter must not think of it."

"Well," said Cora, reluctantly, half-persuaded by her sister, and yet unwilling to disappoint her lover, "tell Walter so yourself, Annie; I leave the matter in your hands."

"Very well," said Annie, stoutly, "I am not afraid. Here, Mr. Walter Stanley," she called out playfully, "your presence is wanted;" and Walter quitted Mr. Selwyn, with whom he had been talking during this discussion, and crossing the room, joined the coterie at the table.

"Have you any idea, hope, or expectation," she continued, in the same gay tone, "of being married on the first?"

"I have not only such an idea and hope, but the strongest expectation of it," he replied, smiling.

"Then," pursued Annie, "don't put another straw in our path, for we have so much to do, and are so hurried, that we have not time to pick them up."

"What have I been doing?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Twice to day," she continued, with mock gravity, "you have upset all our plans with your innovations and changes; and twice in one day is most too much for the patience of any set of ladies. You should have thought of your friend, Mr. Randale, before; but now that Cora has invited her bridesmaids, and told them who the groomsman are to be, it is too late to settle matters differently. Ask him to the wedding, by all means, or shall I write him a note in mamma's name?"

Stanley looked disconcerted, and answered slowly, "I am sorry you think it too late, for I fear Robert will be hurt—"

"Tell him you are sorry he did not arrive before, and promise to have him next time," said Annie, laughing.

But Walter could not laugh. He was mortified and disappointed, and showed his chagrin so decidedly, that Annie exclaimed,

"Pon my word, Walter, one would not think you were discussing your marriage, to look at you. Really, Cora, if my lover looks so grave when I am talking of my wedding, I don't think I shall take it quite as coolly as you do."

Whereupon every body looked up at poor Stanley, who, conscious that he was vexed, and more vexed still at showing it, colored to the roots of his hair, as he tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but Annie, perceiving her advantage, followed it up with some more bantering in the same style, until he withdrew, saying,

"Do as you please, Annie, so you don't change the groom, or postpone the day, I yield the rest in your hands."

"Well, keep yourself quiet, and don't interfere any more," said Annie, laughing, "or I may be tempted to commit one or the other, or may be, both of the above named atrocities."

"So that is settled," she continued, in an undertone, to Augusta and her mother. "He is not pleased, but I don't care for that; I am not to be married to him, thank heaven, and his being pleased or not is not my affair."

Stanley, on his side, looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be his own master again, and there was as much temper as love in the earnestness of his desire to have the happy day over. Fortunately the time was approaching very near, for had a week more elapsed before the mar-

riage took place, he and Annie would have hated each other; as it was, a seed was sown that only wanted time and opportunity to spring up and bear fruit of not a very agreeable flavor.

And yet they were neither of them unamiable persons; but the Selwyns being a large, gay family, and all thinking and feeling very much alike, were fond of their own ways, and not at all accustomed to yielding to others. In fact, they thought that every body who did not think as they did, thought wrong, and those who felt differently, so very unreasonable as scarcely to deserve any consideration at all. Moreover, they had quick powers of ridicule, and were pretty unsparing in their use of them; and the unlucky mortal who happened to displease one of the family, was very apt to encounter a full battery from the whole of them. Now Walter Stanley was rather a slow and very modest young man, and somewhat obstinate withal—just the person to dread wit, shrink from ridicule, and resent opposition. He had fallen in love with Cora because she was pretty and playful; and she had been gratified by the gravity of his admiration and the earnestness of his devotions. Good principles, good temper and good prospects, seemed to promise them as much, if not more happiness than falls to the lot of most mortals.

The wedding day arrived without any more jars or clouds to disturb the harmony of the event. Annie looked her prettiest, and Tom Rutledge looked as if he thought so. The fair bride was very lovely, and the veil faultless. The groom looked as conscious and uncomfortable, and his white vest as conspicuous, as they generally appear upon such occasions, and the rest of the company as wedding guests always do. That is, there was the usual sprinkling of very old ladies whom one never sees on any other occasions, and an odd relation or two, who seemed dragged from their obscurity to amuse their more fashionable relatives, and the young cousins, who seem to feel as if it is a great bore to be dressed up only for each other.

The real enjoyment of the scene seems principally confined to the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and the cutting the cake the only event that at all breaks in on the monotony of the evening, until the supper-room is thrown open. With all its drawbacks of dullness and ennui, however, a wedding is ever accounted a joyous affair, and that of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley was neither less dull nor less happy than occasions of the kind are apt to be.

CHAPTER II.

Cora was soon settled in a small but very pretty establishment, and surrounded by all the little consequences and occupations that young housekeepers make for themselves, was very happy. Her intercourse with her own family was only just sufficiently interrupted, to make daily meetings a matter of great interest and eagerness to both sides. Cora lived in the lower part of the city and her family above, it was most natural that they, in the course of their shopping and visiting, should be frequently drawn in her vicinity, and to stop and see Cora, and half the time to stay and dine with her, soon became quite a matter of course. Stanley was not inhospitable, and the kindly feelings entertained by every well disposed man who loves his wife towards that wife's relations, led him always to receive them with cordiality. But notwithstanding this proper frame of mind, he could not help soon beginning to feel that he should like sometimes to find his wife alone. He had no natural sympathy of either disposition or tastes with the Selwyns, and frequently when he came home fatigued with the duties of the counting-house, and his spirits fagged and jaded with the many cares of a commercial

life, wanting rest and repose for both body and mind, his patience was not a little taxed by the high spirits and incessant gossip of his sisters-in-law, and his good manners tried to their uttermost in his efforts to do the cordial, respectful and proper to Mr. or Mrs. Selwyn. He began indeed to suspect that instead of withdrawing Cora from the family, he had only drawn the whole family after her; and that the quiet and happy home he had promised himself, was in fact but a smaller branch of the Selwyn establishment.

To Cora, who of course was compelled to pass many of her hours in the solitude that falls to the lot of young married women, and which, transplanted as she had been from a large and gay family, she felt sensibly, the arrival of her brothers and sisters, father and mother, was always so welcome, that she never suspected that they could be *de trop* to her husband.

Thus had passed the first two months of her marriage, when one morning as she was sitting at her mother's in the full tide of chat and gossip, the clock striking three, she rose hastily to go, when Annie exclaimed,

"Why where are you going, Cora; I have not half done yet, pray set down."

"It is time for me to be going home," replied Cora, "we dine at four."

"Surely, my dear child," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you are going to dine with us. Take off your hat."

"No, thank you mother," replied Cora, "Walter will be at home and I must return."

"Well," replied Mrs. Selwyn with a twinge of maternal jealousy, "and if Walter is at home, cannot he dine for once without you. You have not spent a day here since Christmas."

"If I had only left word that I was coming up here," said Cora, hesitatingly, "he might have followed me, but as it is—"

"Why of course Cora," said Augusta, "he will know you are here. Where else could you be? He will be in before dinner, depend upon it. Come take off your hat, and make your mind easy."

But Cora could not resolve so readily upon doing either of these things, nor yet upon going at once, as she should have done, for Annie had a world of fun and news to tell her, and her mother looked a little hurt too at her evident reluctance to staying, and then the whole family chimed in with the assurance of Walter's joining her before dinner was on table as a matter of course, and so by the time it was too late to go, she made up her mind to remain.

When dinner was announced, however, and no Walter had made his appearance, Cora was really annoyed. Her sisters neither understanding nor sympathising in her feelings, were both vexed and amused by them.

"Why really Cora, it is too absurd. One would think Walter could not cut up his own meat, or mash his own potatoes, to hear you worry so. Do you suppose the man never ate a dinner by himself before?"

"Ten to one now," said the other, "that he is dining out somewhere, while Cora here is moaning over his solitary dinner."

Cora colored and said,

"If I had only left word that I was coming up here, I should not care about it—but I am afraid, not knowing where I am, he may be uneasy about me."

"Nonsense, Cora, of course he knows you are here. You are not afraid he will suspect you of dining at Delmonico's, are you?"

Cora laughed and said, "No," and Mrs. Selwyn supposed he must probably have thought he was too late for their dinner hour, but of course he

would join them before tea. Lights now made their appearance, and the whole family now gathered in the drawing-room, and Cora, dismissing her anxieties, gave herself up to the cheerfulness of the time. The Selwyns were a gay spirited family, full of intelligence and talk, and always had a world of news and gossip to enliven the social circle, as they met together at that pleasantest of hours that elapses between dinner and tea; and this afternoon they were more than usually animated, and to Cora, who had been confined so much of the time to her own little quiet home, the wit and fun of the merry group was really exciting. So the evening wore on cheerfully, till she was roused from the enjoyment of a full tide of cozy pleasant talk with her mother, by the clock's striking nine. She started and exclaimed,

"Oh! how strange it is that Walter does not come."

"Don't make yourself uneasy, my love," said Mrs. Selwyn, "one of your brothers will see you home."

This was said a little stiffly, as if she thought Walter *ought* to have come, and then Cora began to feel for the first time as if Walter *might* have come after her.

Charles told her he was ready to accompany her home, whenever she wished to go, but Annie laughed and told her "she need not hurry on her husband's account, as he seemed to take her absence very coolly," and Augusta had some very apropos remarks to make, pretty much in the same spirit; so that between their banter and her own resentment, she let another hour pass on, and then she felt she *must* go, and nobody any longer opposed her. She took her brother's arm, and started for her own house. The street door had scarcely closed upon her, when Mrs. Selwyn said with some spirit, not to say temper,

"I do think Walter might have put himself to the trouble of coming for her."

"I think so, indeed!" exclaimed Annie indignant-ly, "it is abominable."

"I expect my gentleman is vexed at her staying," said Augusta.

"It is rather hard, I must say," continued Mrs. Selwyn, in the same tone of excitement in which she had first spoken, "if a daughter is not to be allowed to dine with her mother now and then."

"I wonder if he would hesitate to dine out if he wanted to," said Annie. "But so it is, these men are always ready to follow out their own fancies, and have no idea of a poor woman's having the least freedom."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Selwyn, now beginning to mix pity for her daughter, with anger against her son-in-law, "she has not been accustomed to be held to such strict account."

"I was determined she should not go home early, when I found he was not coming for her," said Augusta, "and I don't care whether he is angry or not."

"Nor should I, my dear," replied her mother, "if it did not re-act upon poor Cora; but if a man is out of temper, depend upon it, there is no comfort for the wife;" and thus they continued their spirited critique upon the delinquencies of their brother and son-in-law, suspected or actual, till they wound up with the emphatic, though not elegant declaration, "that they feared he was *ugly* tempered."

The fact had been that Stanley had come home rather later than usual, and much fatigued. Somewhat surprised at finding his wife had not yet returned from her morning's walk, he waited dinner for her some time, and then, having more than a usual press of business, had hurriedly eaten his solitary meal, and immediately returned to his counting-house.

MOTHER!

Dear Editor:

Though life be lengthen'd till the silver hair
Is thinly sprinkled on his wrinkled face,
There is no man with soul so scant of grace
That he forgets a loving mother's care.
The stern, strong griefs of sturdy manhood's years
Efface not from his memory the joy
Or sorrow of his youth—the hopes or fears
That thrill'd his bosom when he was a boy.
And wander as he may, his heart will yearn
For his old homestead. Thoughts he cannot tell,
Will cause the fount of filial love to swell,
And bid the scenes of early days return.
And some, perchance, whose feet have gone astray,
Beside a mother's grave may pour a saddening lay.

Mother! again I stand
Thy grave beside:
It had been good for me
Thou hadst not died!

Mother! I did not weep
When thy last breath
Departed: then, oh! then
I knew not death.

Mother! I could not feel
That thou wert dead;
I saw thee still, and so
Was comforted.

Mother! they hid thy form
Beneath the ground:
Then first my bosom felt
A grief profound.

Mother! I wander'd far
Around the earth—
My thoughts still dwelt upon
Our ancient hearth.

Mother! upon my heart
Has fallen a blight:
The pathway of my life
Grew dark as night.

Mother! I rescued one
Of silken hair
And deep-blue eye, from death—
And love we aware.

Mother! a drowning man
Sank in the wave:
No human hand but mine
Was there to save.

Mother! I saved the wretch
When hope was dead,
And waken'd him to life
On mine own bed.

Mother! he stole the heart
Of her for whom
My earnest love had dared
Man's fiercest doom.

Mother! may we within
My heart I hush'd,
And to his native dust
The serpent crush'd.

Mother! my wandering feet
Have now return'd;
The fires are dead that once
In fury burn'd.

Mother! my hope is set
Alone in God;
I seek the holy path
Thy feet have trod.

Mother! beside thy grave
I come to weep;
I wait the time when I
With thee shall sleep.

Feb. 2, 1847.

TAM.

PRETTY FAIR.—A distinguished counsellor at Nantucket found a ball of yarn in the street, and winding up the thread, he followed it until he overtook the lady who dropped the ball and had the other end of the thread in her pocket. The counsellor made his politest bow, put on his blandest smile, and returning her the ball, said, "Madam, I have often heard of ladies spinning street yarn, but I never caught one at it before."—*New Bedford Register.*

ADMIRAL COFFIN.—In our last paper we could only announce the arrival of Admiral Coffin at this place; now we are enabled to give some interesting particulars that have transpired since his arrival.

A large concourse of people assembled on the wharf to welcome their distinguished friend and benefactor with cheers and other demonstrations of joy, and the display of flags on the shipping—where Jared Coffin, Esq. one of the Trustees of the Admiral's school, was ready with his carriage to receive his noble relative, and convey him to his hospitable mansion. It was about noon when he arrived; and at three in the afternoon, the Preceptor and Preceptress of his school, Mr. Coffin and Miss Meech, accompanied by their pupils, marched in procession to his lodging, and escorted him to the commodious house in which the scholars of his seminary are instructed. The pupils appeared to fine advantage, and the spectacle would justly rank among the most interesting the world exhibits. The two following Addresses, the first written and delivered by Master Andrew M. Macy, son of Mr. John Macy, and a pupil of the school, aged 14—and the latter, written by Miss Sarah C. Bunker, daughter of Mr. William Bunker, also a pupil of the school, aged 15 years, spoken in concert by all the pupils belonging to the institution, were calculated in a high degree to touch the feelings in an affecting manner.

ADDRESS

To Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, in behalf of the scholars of the Coffin School; written and spoken by Andrew M. Macy, July 30, 1829.

SIR,—If we should approach you with the language of praise, or attempt to recount the numerous benefits you have bestowed on us, words would be wanting to express our gratitude; and we would rather fall short in thanks, than seem to address you in the words of adulation. We esteem it a great privilege, and one greatly to be prized, that we are allowed to meet face to face, and to join hands with our benefactor. When an individual, from the mere goodness and benevolence of his heart, bestows the blessing of education on a whole community, he merits the warmest gratitude from every class of people. Of such benevolence you have given an illustrious example, in the foundation of this institution.—We feel ourselves extremely happy, that we are among the first to enjoy the fruits of your kindness; and the remembrance of having seen our benefactor, will remain imprinted on our minds while we live, and our latest breath shall tell to another generation the scene now and here present. We feel thankful for the portion of health Providence has been pleased to grant you, and rest assured, Sir, of our fervent prayers for its continuance. We welcome you back to our country, to this Island, the dwelling place of our common ancestors, and to these halls to which you first welcomed us. We consider it a token of continued kindness, that at your advanced age of life, you should be willing to brave the storms and waves of the Atlantic, that you might once more behold your native land, and receive the hearty welcome of your friends and relatives. We thank you for this kind visit to us, for the benevolent institution you have founded; and we would once more repeat our ardent wishes that you may long live to enjoy the happy reflections that must attend a life of usefulness and benevolence.

Spoken in concert.

Again thy safe return we greet,
Our hearts with joy and rapture beat,
Our benefactor thus to meet,
A welcome guest;
While gratitude with transport sweet
Inspires each breast.

Encircled with a wreath of Fame,
Perpetual honours crown thy name,
Thy generous bounty we'll proclaim,
With hearts sincere;
And while we may thy kindred claim,
Thy name revere.

Should Fortune smile on future years,
Or prove adverse, and shroud with tears
The prospect, which so bright appears,
Like morning rays—
Midst all our pleasures, hopes, or fears,
Thy name we'll praise.

May Heaven in mercy grant to thee
Protracted life, that thou may'st see
Thy children (for we claim to be
Consanguine,) here
Unite thy name with Liberty,
A name so dear.

And may each blessing Heaven can send,
The evening of thy life attend,—
In glory may thy sun descend,
No cloud to lower,—
Thy noble deeds a solace lend,
To latest hour.

The emotions of the Admiral were of that mixed and indescribable nature, which fill the bosom of the philanthropist while beholding the happy consequences of his beneficence.—When he addressed the school, the organs of speech were inadequate to give utterance to the feelings of his heart—the tears that trickled down his venerable cheeks were the purest that benevolence could give, and the most undeceiving token of the sublime satisfaction which dilated his glowing breast, when witnessing a scene so delightful as that of several hundred scholars, happy in the pursuit of science under his munificence. On this occasion, the gallant spirit of the brave Admiral was softened into tears, but they were tears of gladness. They flowed from the purest fountains of a philanthropic heart; and will embalm rather than sully the laurels won in more heroic scenes.

On Monday the Admiral visited the female department of his school, and witnessed the regular routine of exercises; and on Tuesday he spent the afternoon in the boys' department. On these occasions the performances of the scholars were equally creditable to themselves and to the skill and assiduity of their teachers. The Admiral addressed them in a pertinent and appropriate manner, expressive of his entire satisfaction with the progress of improvement in the various branches of learning taught in the school. He adverted to the advantages that result from a good education; and in an impressive manner directed the attention of the pupils to the future walks and vocations of life, in which he confidently hoped they would move as useful intelligent citizens, and as ornaments to our happy country. The scene was peculiarly interesting, and no one could refrain from wishing health and happiness to the distinguished founder of this excellent seminary.



STRIVE ON.

Strive on—the ocean ne'er was crossed,
Repining on the shore;
A nation's freedom ne'er was won
When Sloth the banner bore.

Strive on—'tis cowardly to shrink
When dangers rise around;
'Tis sweeter far, though linked with pain,
To gain the vantage ground.

Bright names are on the roll of Fame,
Like stars they shine on high;
They may be hid with brighter rays,
But never, never die!

And these were lighted 'mid the gloom
Of low obscurity;
Struggling through years of pain and toil,
And joyless poverty.

But strive—this world's not all a waste,
A wilderness of care;
Green spots are on the field of life,
And flowerets blooming fair.

Then strive—but, oh! let Virtue be
The guardian of your aim!
Let pure, unclouded love illumine
The path that leads to fame!

We re-publish the following, by request. It was written several years ago, by Rev. Stephen Lovell, while a resident of this place.

NANTUCKET.

WRITTEN WHILE RESIDING ON THE ISLAND.

'Round Cape Horn'.

Ask any question in this town,
Of any one, by night or morn,
The answer will be always found,

'Round Cape Horn.'

I ask the ladies where I call,
'Your husbands, are they here or gone?'
And get this answer from them all—

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a child I chanced to meet,
'Where is your pa, my dear this morn?'
She answered with a smile most sweet,—

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a boy as on he skipped,
'Where now, my lad, at early dawn?'
He answered, (for he then had shipped)

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked an aged man one day,
How time had passed since he was born,
'My years,' said he, 'have passed away,'

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a sailor bound away,
Where I should write when he was gone?
He said without the least delay,

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a merchant for a fee;
He turned and answered me with scorn—
'My property is all at sea,

'Round Cape Horn.'

I then to a mechanic went,
And he likewise bad me begone;
For all he had, and more was sent,

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a sister whom I saw,
Quite finely dressed in silks and lawn,
'Where's your brother?' She answered, 'La!

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a maiden by my side,
Who sighed and looked to me forlorn,
'Where is your heart?' She quick replied—

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a widow why she cried,
As she sat lonely taking on;
She said her husband lately died,

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a mother of the dead
From whom support she long had drawn;
'Where did he die?' She merely said,

'Round Cape Horn.'

I said, 'I'll let you fathers' know,'
To boys in mischief on the lawn;
They all replied, 'Then you must go

'Round Cape Horn.'

I asked a loafer idling round,
If he would work; when, with a yawn,
He answered, 'No! till I am bound

'Round Cape Horn.'

In fact, I asked a little boy,
If he could tell where he was born;
He answered with a mark of joy,

'Round Cape Horn.'

There's scarce a thing I chance to see
Brought here, the Island to adorn,
But either was, or soon will be,

'Round Cape Horn.'

Thus merchants, sailors, women, men,
The old, or children lately born,
To all you ask, reply again—

'Round Cape Horn.'

Now you who know, an answer give,
Do I stay here, or am I gone?
Tell me if I do surely live

'Round Cape Horn.'

* A fact [S. L.]

Several years ago the Oeno left Nantucket for a cruise in the Pacific. They had been out a long time, and no tidings were heard from the ship. The owners and the friends of the crew had been very anxious. At length rumors began to reach the island, various and contradictory, that she had foundered at sea; that she was wrecked upon a coral reef; that she was cut off by the natives, and every one of the crew killed. After the lapse of many years, a ship brought home one of the sailors of the Oeno, whom the captain had taken from one of the Fejee islands. His history was, that the Oeno ran upon a reef among the Fejee islands, and became a total wreck. The crew landed on shore in their boats, with such articles as they could save from the wreck. For a time the natives treated them with kindness; and they began to prepare to escape in their boats to some civilized port, from whence they could obtain a passage to their homes. But at last the natives began to manifest a hostile spirit. The seamen saw the evidences of an approaching attack, and made all the arrangements in their power to meet it. The anxiously expected hour arrived, when the natives, in armed bands, surrounded them, and enveloped them in a shower of spears and arrows. The battle was long and bloody. The crew fought with the determination of despair, and continued the conflict until they were all slain, excepting this young man, then a lad, and another little boy, whose arm was broken, and whose name was Barzillai Swain. These two lads, on account of their youth, the natives spared. They were, however, soon separated, Barzillai being carried off to another island, by a party of the natives. The young man who returned with these tidings, said, that whenever a ship appeared in sight, the natives carried the boys back into the mountains, that they might not escape.

He, however, succeeded eventually in getting on board an American whale ship, and returning to his island, where he now resides. And he bro't the awful news to the father and the mother, the brothers and the sisters of Barzillai, that their son and brother, but fifteen years of age, was a living captive among the savages of the Fejee islands. Now this is trouble. In comparison with such a trial, how do the light afflictions of most families dwindle into nothingness! Not long after this, the captain of a Nantucket ship brought home a quadrant which belonged to the Oeno, and had the name of one of the officers of that ship either cut or painted upon it. The brother of the former owner instantly recognized it, as belonging to his brother who sailed in the Oeno. This captain obtained it from a Russian ship which he visited on the ocean. The master of this ship said, that he was sailing among the islands of the Fejee group, when he encountered a cluster of the fishing canoes of the natives, and purchased the quadrant of them. He said that the natives had with them a white boy, who was very anxious to come on board, but the natives would not let him, and this Russian sea captain did not feel sufficient interest in his fate to make any effort for his rescue. This white boy was unquestionably Barzillai Swain. The mother of that boy is still living; his brothers and sister are upon the island. Not long ago the father died, mourning even in the hour of death, over the dreadful fate of his poor child. Since then, many efforts have been made by the Nantucket whale ships to learn some tidings of this lost son, but all in vain. The islands of this group are numerous, large, and densely populated with a very fierce and savage race. Whether Barzillai is now living, or whether by disease or the dagger of the native, he has gone down to the grave, no one can tell. His afflicted mother, however, still clings to the hopeless hope that she may yet see her lost son return.

EXPENSIVE HEAD-DRESS. Some of our readers may be curious to know the composition and estimated value of the crown of Victoria, Queen of England. The crown itself weighs about three pounds, and is composed of hoops of silver, enclosing a cap of blue velvet. These hoops are studded with precious stones; and upon the crown is a ball set also with precious stones, and surmounted with brilliants in the form of a Maltese cross. The rim is flowered with Maltese crosses and the fleurs de lis. In the centre of the large Maltese cross, is a splendid sapphire, and in the front is the immense ruby once worn by Edward the Black Prince. Numerous other precious stones, rubies, pearls, and emeralds, are intermingled with these gems down to the rim, which is formed of ermine. The following is its estimate value:

20 diamonds around the circle,	£1500 at each,	£30,000
2 large centre diamonds	£2000 each,	4,000
54 smaller diamonds, at the angle of the former,		100
4 crosses, each composed of 25 diamonds,		12,000
4 large diamonds on the tops of the crosses,		40,000
17 diamonds contained in the fleurs de lis,		10,000
18 do smaller do do,		2,000
Pearls, diamonds, &c, on the arches and crosses,		10,000
141 diamonds on the mound,		500
26 do on the upper cross,		3,000
2 circles of pearls about the rim,		800
		£112,400

Or half a million of dollars in round numbers. We take the above from an instructive article on the commercial value of gems, in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

His surprise took a tinge almost of displeasure, when, on entering the drawing-room again, at seven, he found Cora still absent. He rang the bell as decidedly as if it might some way be in fault, and when the servant appeared, asked with unusual precision,

"Are you sure Mrs. Stanley left no message for me when she went out?"

"Mrs. Stanley did not leave any word at all, sir," replied the man.

"At what time did she leave home?"

"Somewhere between twelve and two, sir."

"Strange!" muttered Stanley to himself. "If she had only left word where I was to find her. However she must be in presently."

"Shall I bring in tea?" inquired the servant.

"No, wait till Mrs. Stanley returns;" and taking a book, Mr. Stanley tried to forget his vexation in reading. It would not do, however. As the hours rolled on, his eye glanced occasionally at the clock, and, disappointed in his constant expectation of hearing his wife's ring, he began to grow uneasy, and consequently angry. Once or twice he had risen to his feet, intending to go in search of her, but being extremely fatigued, which added somewhat to his temper, he had again resumed his seat, saying,

"If she had only left word where she was going."

In this pleasant frame of mind Cora found him, as she returned from her father's, where all she had left had been so gay and good-humored.

If she had felt a little ill-used and inclined to complain before she entered the house, her tone quickly changed when she found how much more her husband felt himself aggrieved, and instead of the pretty reproaches she was ready to address him, she found herself making all sorts of apologies and excuses.

"We expected you to dinner, certainly, Walter; mother waited half an hour for you."

"She was very good," he replied, dryly; "but I really do not see what reason you had for expecting me."

"You knew I was there," she replied, reproachfully.

"I presumed you were," he answered, "but even then I should scarcely think of presenting myself at your father's at so late an hour, when I had no reason to suppose myself expected."

"Oh, Walter!" exclaimed Cora, "why should you say so? I am sure they do not use such ceremony with us."

No. Walter knew they did not. He only wished they did. However, he merely said,

"Well, well—I am very glad to see you safely home again. Suppose you give me a cup of tea now, will you?"

"Tea!" repeated Cora, with surprise; "have you not had tea?"

"No," he replied, "I have been expecting you in every minute, and so did not order it." In fact he had been too angry to give himself any comfort within his reach, and so, because he could not have his wife, had gone without his tea.

The sight, however, of her pretty face, and the refreshing influence of a couple of cups of good bohea, soon restored him to his usual temper; but Cora could not so readily recover the tone of her feelings. Her gaiety had received a sudden check, any thing but agreeable, and the evening soon after closing, she retired to her room with a gloom upon her spirits she had seldom experienced before, and doubting, for the first time, whether, after all, there was any such great happiness in being married.

CHAPTER III.

We very often see a grave, steady young man, domestic and quiet in all his tastes, falling in love with a gay and lively girl, because she is gay and lively, and then, after he has married her, expecting her all at once to become as quiet and domestic as himself. This was something the case with Walter Stanley. He had been captivated by the animated manners and playful conversation of Cora Selwyn, and having caught his singing bird, had very little mercy in caging it in his small and quiet domestic, where every thing was in as strong contrast with the joyous and spirited home she had left as could be imagined.

The same cheerful disposition, however, that had led Cora to enjoy society with so keen a zest, made her happy in the new mode of life which seemed so decidedly her husband's taste, and for his sake she would have entered upon it with willing acquiescence had her family left her to herself. But it was constantly

"Oh, Cora, you must not refuse Mrs. Gore. I want you to matronize me. Mamma says she can't go. Besides, what new whim is this, of your not going out?"

"Walter did not seem inclined to go, so I thought perhaps I had better refuse."

"Nonsense! Walter will make an old woman of you before your time. You are quite too young and pretty to give up society in this way. Walter had better go out a little more himself, and learn to live as others do. Nothing makes people so crotchety and peculiar as living by themselves. They learn to think that they are the only right-minded, sensible persons in the world, whereas they are growing dull and conceited by the minute. However, Charles, will go with us, if Walter had rather not."

To have replied that her husband not only would much prefer staying at home, but that he would be almost equally unwilling to have her go without him, Cora knew would be to stamp him at once in Annie's mind as having reached that climax of dullness and conceit she seemed so much to despise. Moreover, her own disposition leaning decidedly to gaiety, and the hint of her youth and beauty not being thrown away, she remembered "she was only nineteen, and that it was unreasonable to expect her to give up all pleasure so soon," and that perhaps, after all it would do Walter good to force him out in the world occasionally, made her reverse her decision as to its being "better to refuse Mrs. Gore's invitation," and so she ended by promising Ann's to go.

"Poor Cora is moped to death," her sisters would say pathetically. "Then last evening Walter must begin to read aloud. Stupid fellow, why can't he read to himself, instead of boring Cora, as he does?"

"Yes," replied Augusta, "that is just what he dearly loves; to have Cora sewing, and let him read aloud. If the man was only a good reader, the thing would do very well; but nothing could be more tame and common-place than his manner is. I really pity Cora for the way in which she is compelled to pass half her evenings. If it was not for us she would be bored to death."

Now, here her sisters were mistaken. Cora dearly loved her husband, and the tones of his voice were pleasant to her, whether he chose to read or talk, but perhaps she would have preferred the latter, and she never felt that she was bored except when they were present. Then, indeed, her ear took a quicker sense, and with something of that mesmeric influence we are all

conscious of in hearing through the organs of another, she felt that her husband's was not that spirited and elegant reading for which alone her family had any respect.

"Annie," said Cora, one pleasant spring day, "do you and Augusta feel inclined to go with Walter and myself up the river a little way, to see a place we think of taking for the Summer?"

"Oh, pray don't take a country place, Cora," exclaimed both the girls. "What put that in your head?"

"It's Walter's idea, not mine. He says the place is in the market, and can be bought cheap; but first we should try it for the summer before he decided upon purchasing it. It is so near the city that he might come home every evening."

"Of all things, I detest a country seat," said Annie, "for there one is tied down, and there is no getting away from it. Oh no, go to Newport with us, Cora."

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Selwyn, "that that is the better plan. It appears to me that the chief benefit one derives from going out of town, is the perfect relaxation from all cares; and you have no idea how troublesome you will find housekeeping in the country."

"What is that, Cora?" inquired her father. "Does your husband think of buying on the river?"

"He talks a little of it, sir," she answered, somewhat doubtfully, for she was beginning already to take the infection of discontent.

"He will find it a more expensive plan than he anticipates, I can tell him," continued Mr. Selwyn. "A country seat runs away with a vast deal of money, particularly to one who knows as little about it as Stanley."

"Oh, it is but a small place," replied Cora, now almost ashamed of the proposition.

"Then he had better leave it alone altogether," said Mr. Selwyn, "for there is no comfort in a small place. Nothing can be pleasanter than a residence in the country, but then you must have a large house and fine grounds. Your little boxes are nasty things. The houses are low and hot, and you have all the inconveniences without any of the pleasures of the country; and even then it will cost you more than you have any idea of," continued Mr. Selwyn, who once having made a very expensive experiment of the kind himself, imagined that every body must go to work as blindly, and come out as unprofitably as he had done, from such schemes.

"Oh, Cora, let us all go to Newport together, and then if you will go, we can be off by June. Mamma does not wish to go so soon on account of the children's school, but Augusta and I are wild to be off early. The southerners come on about that time, and it is delightful, and besides, you are so much more comfortable if you take possession early."

"I should like nothing better for myself," replied Cora, "but on Walter's account, I wished to be somewhere near the city. I cannot leave him, you know, all summer."

"Oh, of course not; but he can come down every Saturday, and spend all Sunday with you," said Annie, as if this wonderful concession of one day out of the seven was as much as any man could require.

"This is the way all the married men do, and you have no idea how much they enjoy it. You and Walter can walk on that beautiful beach, and sit on those delightful cliffs, on such delicious moonlights as they have no where else but at Newport, and be as romantic as you please. You will quite fall in love with each other again."

Cora laughed, and said she hoped it was not "necessary to go to Newport for that;" but still the idea pleased her, and upon the whole she thought it would be about the best plan they could hit on, and she would speak to Walter about it.

Cora, who had gone up to her mother's quite full of the country place, returned home feeling very differently with regard to it, and began with great animation to detail the objections that had been raised to his plan to her husband, talking at the same time of Newport.

He, however, was not as easily to be dissuaded from one project, nor induced as readily to accept another, as she had been, and after some discussion the matter ended with

"Well, well, wait till we see this place. Perhaps you may like it better than you think you will. In the mean time we need not decide upon any thing; there is no hurry about it."

In compliance with her husband's wish, she accompanied him a few days after to look at the place already so much discussed. Had she not gone with a mind already stored with objections, she really would have been very much pleased with it. The situation was beautiful, the grounds pretty, and the house not "low, hot, or uncomfortable." There were some few inconveniences, of which she made the most, but as she did not like to be unreasonable, and she saw her husband's heart very much set upon it, she said,

"Do, however, as you wish about it, Walter. It is not a thing I like, but still if you really prefer it so much, of course I will make myself happy wherever you choose to go."

This was said so amiably, so sincerely, showing at the same time her reluctance to going, but her desire to please him, that the obstinate look that was gathering about his mouth cleared off at once. He loved his wife passionately, and to insist upon her doing anything she frankly said she disliked, was quite out of the question, particularly when she yielded the point so prettily as she had just done this.

"Not at all," he answered. "If now that you have seen the place, you do not like it, that settles the matter."

To go to Newport early in June, according to the wishes of her sisters, followed, as a thing of course; and thus Walter found himself surrounded and thwarted by the Selwyns, at home or abroad, do what he would.

The summer glided rapidly away, and Cora, released from the petty cares of city life, and encircled by her own family, and that gaiety so congenial to her spirit, looked so bright and blooming, and received her husband with such rapture when he came down to visit her, that he had not the heart to tell her at what a sacrifice of comfort and happiness on his part her present enjoyment was procured. In fact, when he gazed in her lovely face, radiant with joy at seeing him, he felt such fulness of content in the one day he was permitted to enjoy her society in the fresh breezes and bright air of the sea-shore, that he almost forgot the discomforts of his week-day life, and returned without a murmur back to the busy work-day world, in which it was his lot to toil. Very glad was he, however, when the season was over, and his wife and home were restored to him again, in the quiet routine that suited his taste.

A short time after her return, he one morning received a note, which he read with evident complacency, and turning to Cora, said,

"Mr. — writes me word that he will take his beef steak with us to-day, if we are disengaged."

"Mr. —!" exclaimed Cora, in amazement. "What, the traveller and author?"

"Yes, I met him as I was returning the last time from Newport. We had a great deal of conversation together, particularly about this Indian question, in which it seems he is much interested, and of which, from the nature of my business, I happened to know a good deal. I have some papers that he wishes to see, and I asked him to dine with us. He said he could not then, but should be glad to on his return from Washington. I shall not ask any one to meet him, as he comes chiefly with a view of finishing up our conversation of last summer, and just have our usual family dinner. I imagine he is tired of fine parties, and will be glad of a quiet meal."

Cora assented, not however without a certain female mental reservation, as to ordering some oysters and a pair of partridges, as a remove, and getting out the best china and all her silver.

Walter, returning home a little earlier than common, found, with unpleasant surprise, that the table and side tables were set out with a display very different from their quiet every day style, and moreover an additional leaf drawn out.

"Why, Cora," said he, with considerable vexation, "what does all this mean? You know I told you I wished everything just as usual, and why have you enlarged the table? I have not invited any one but Mr. —"

"I know it," she replied, "but I expect Annie and perhaps my father. Annie certainly, for she is wild to see Mr. —. She heard so much of him this summer, that I knew she would hardly forgive us if she found he had been here, without our letting her know it. I thought perhaps papa too might like to meet him, so I wrote a note, asking him, and said in case he was engaged, that any of the rest of them who chose to come in his place, might."

Walter was now thoroughly discomposed, but he felt that it was ungracious to show it, though Cora could not but feel rather than see that he was dissatisfied.

She was sorry, but she could not help it; she said to herself she knew her sisters would have been not only disappointed, but vexed; and thought it very "selfish, (their favorite epithet of displeasure) in Walter, to keep his great man to himself," and that he should encounter their blame, was what she could not bear.

So they came, and the real object of the stranger's visit was obliged to be deferred until after their withdrawal from table, and two or three hours of time that was really valuable to him, was spent in civilities to ladies whom he heartily wished at home.

Annie and Augusta, however, were charmed with their dinner, and as they sat in the drawing-room discussing matters and things, one of them happened to say something about "next summer when we are all at Newport, Cora, we will do so and so," to which Cora answered,

"I shall not go again to Newport."

"Why not?" they both asked almost in the same breath, "I am sure you enjoyed it very much this summer."

"Yes, I did," replied Cora, "but I find it is too far away from home for Walter. He was not comfortable during my absence. That little place up the river is still for sale, and he is so anxious to purchase it, that I shall not object to it any more."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Annie, "how Walter does hang on to an idea, when he once gets one in his head."

Cora colored very much as she replied,

"You do not know how uncomfortable and lonely—"

"Oh!" interrupted Augusta, "Walter likes the country, and what men like they will have," she added with considerable vexation, "However I suppose you may as well yield first as last, for I observe that what Walter makes up his mind to do in the beginning, he does in the end," and so they passed rapidly on to other things, scarcely knowing the thorn that she had planted in her sister's heart.

That they should think Walter obstinate and selfish, hurt her deeply, and moreover being brought up in the family faith of their infallibility, the painful suspicion that Walter might not be as perfect as she was inclined to think him when left to herself, disturbed her much. Why a man should be deemed obstinate and selfish in carrying out his own views and feelings, in preference to theirs, when they in no way concerned them, never occurred to her, or she might have found that the question bore, as most questions do, two faces. But she sighed and felt as she frequently did, after being with her own family, uncomfortable and dispirited.

She loved Walter, and she loved them. She wished they could think more alike. She could not bear to blame him, and yet she had never been accustomed to think them in the wrong. She was too young, and still too much under the influence of her first education, to know where the real root of the evil lay.

Had Stanley been a man of brilliant abilities, the Selwyns in their admiration of his talents, and respect for his position, would have recognized his rights with prompt acquiescence. But Walter was nothing uncommon, and he felt and thought differently from themselves; consequently he was often voted stupid and selfish, when in fact they were unreasonable and exacting.

The young wife who is thus situated, has much to bear, of which she scarcely knows the origin; and the brother-in-law has more, which, struggle against as he will, he hardly knows how to shake off.

Years passed on in prosperity and what should have been peace, peace almost undimmed, for the clouds that frequently disturbed her serenity, and the vexations that ruffled his temper, were as unnecessary as they were painful. And years did elapse, before an enlarged knowledge of the world, with the marriages of her sisters, and other domestic changes, gave her a fuller and freer insight into the relative claims and duties of a woman's nearest and dearest connections, and then she recognised in all its bearings, the influence that had clouded so many of her best years, in that commonest of domestic night-mares, Family Interference.

SHE DIED IN BEAUTY.

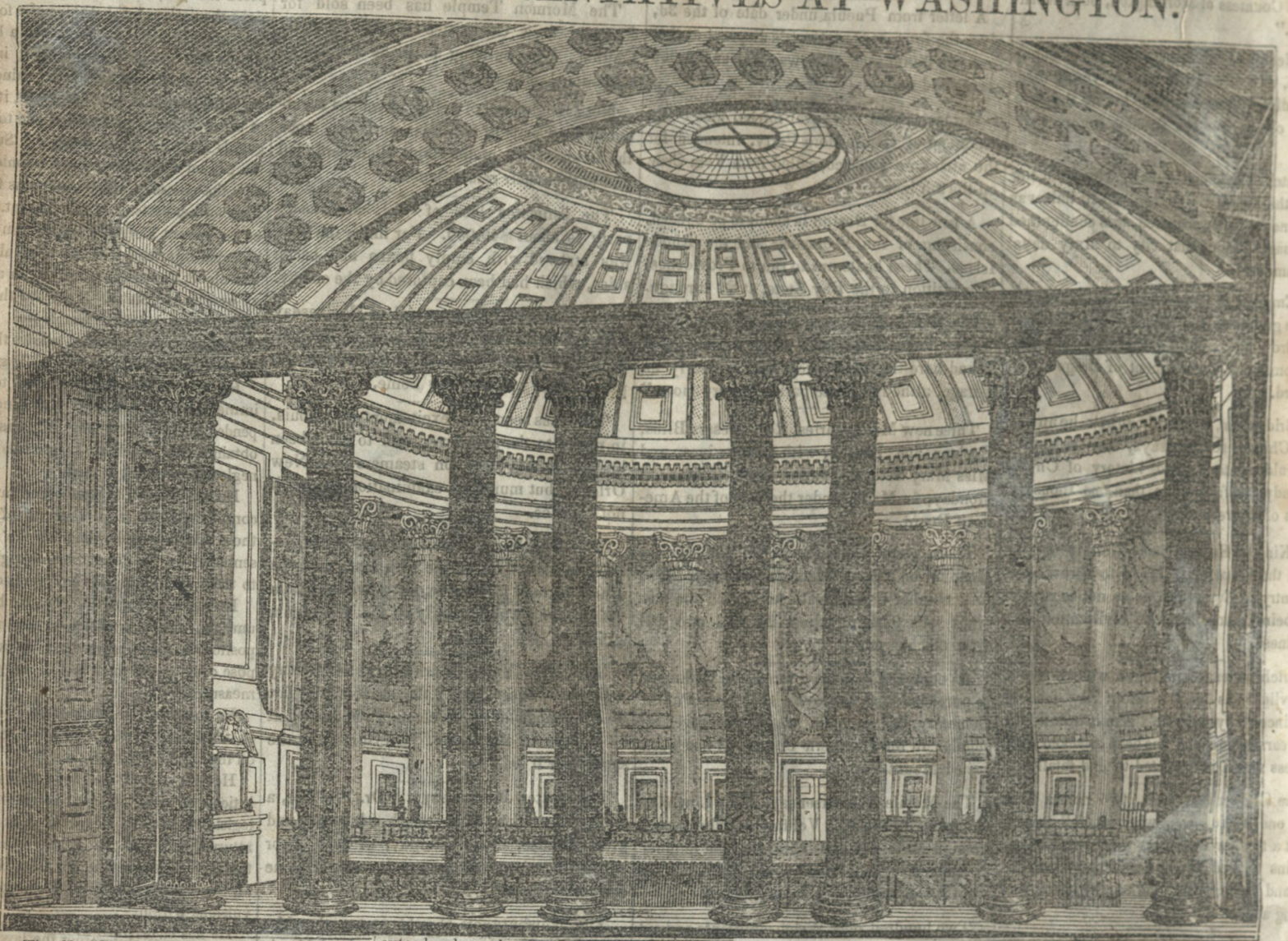
She died in beauty! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty! like a pearl
Dropt from some diadem.

She died in beauty! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty like the song
Of birds among the brake.

She died in beauty! like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty! like a star
Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory! like night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory! like the sun
Amid the blue of June.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON.



The Chamber of Representatives shown in our engraving occupies the south wing of the Capitol, the Senate Chamber the north wing. The Capitol is situated upon elevated ground, is built of free stone, and in the Corinthian style of architecture. The length of the whole is 350 feet, the depth of the wings 121 feet, and the height to the top of the central dome 120 feet. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and cost three millions of dollars. A Corinthian portico extends the length of the centre, which is occupied by the rotunda, which is 26 feet in diameter and height. This rotunda is entirely of marble, except the doors and the frame of the skylight. It is ornamented with figures in relief, and contains paintings by Colonel Trumbull, each representing some point of striking interest in the early history of some of the states.

The Chamber of Representatives is a splendid semicircular hall, in the form of an amphitheatre ninety feet across and forty feet in height. It is surrounded by twenty-six columns, composed of breccia found in the neighborhood, with a highly decorated entablature of white marble, and standing on bases of freestone, giving support to the fine dome of the chamber. The gallery for the members, which is raised about twenty feet above the floor,

extends along the whole circuit behind these columns. In the centre of the chord below sits the Speaker, from whose chair seven passages radiate to the circumference, while the members sit in concentric rows facing the speaker; the whole arrangement being in form not unlike that of half the web of a spider. Each member has a fixed place,—a comfortable stuffed arm-chair; and before him a writing-desk, with a drawer underneath, of which he keeps the key.

It is easy to procure at the door a copy of an engraved plan of the house, which points out the name of each member, so that a reference to it is sufficient to make every member known to a stranger.

A wide passage skirts the base of the columns, between each of which there stands a sofa, on which the members, or such strangers as have the entire granted them by the Speaker, may lounge at their ease. Ladies are not admitted to come upon the floor of the house, but only into the gallery. Foreigners are usually accommodated in an excellent place at the back of the Speaker's chair; a place with comfortable seats for the reporters of newspapers is also provided in the same quarter of the house.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.



TO MAKE CHRISTMAS PIES.

'Tis now the busy, bustling time of year,
When vario signs proclaim blithe Christmas near;
When smiling wretches trodging through the street,
Stop at each well-filled window that they meet.
But what the most attracts their admiring eyes,
Are piles of nice, delightful, Christmas pies,
Whose well puffed crust conceals the luscious meat,
And but excites their great desire to eat.—
Be mine the task, with reverence, to suggest
The mode by which are made the very best;
Yet well 'tis known that every cook preserves
Her own receipt, from which she never swerves.

Let the utensils be the cook's first care—
Have sharp the knife, and yell the board prepare.
The board on which she minces all the meat
Should free from splinters be, and clean, and sweet,—
Have clean each plate and every knife in use,
And have the table cleared from all refuse.
Two pounds (short weight) of good boiled tongue she
brings,

And two of suet, white and free from strings;
Of clean dried currants, then full two pounds more,
And one of stoned bloom raisins well culled o'er;
One pound of apples, nicely cored and pared,
Nor can a pound of sugar well be spared;
The peel of two large lemons shred around;
Of cloves and mace a half an ounce, well ground;
Of nutmeg and of salt a full ounce each;
A little citron, or the candied peach.
Of fourth proof brandy, of the genuine sort,
A half a pint—the same of good old port.
The tongue, the suet, apples, raisins, all,
She minces separately,—and minces small—
And pours the juice from one whole lemon pressed,
Into the mass and mingles with the rest;
Then adds the brandy and the generous wine,
And stirs the whole to make the parts combine.
The meat now finished, in a jar she packs,
(But let the jar be sound, and free from cracks,)
Then places on the top an earthen plate,
And presses down the whole with heavy weight.
For future wants she sets the jar away,
In cellar cool—'twill keep for many a day.
When pies are needed, with a rich puff paste
She lines the various plates—then to her taste
Heaps full or sparingly the luscious meat,
And covers o'er to make the pie complete;
But yet before the cover's firmly fixed,
Let shredded citron with the meat be mixed.

Hail, Christmas pies! how oft in childhood's days
Have our glad voices shouted out thy praise;
How oft, when seeing the decreasing store,
Have we, like Oliver, demanded "more;"
And even when to manhood's height we rise,
We ne'er decline those luscious Christmas pies.

RECEIPTS.

SPONGE CAKE.—One pound of sugar; half a pound of flour; eight eggs; one teaspoonful of essence of lemon or rose water, and half a nutmeg grated.

Beat the yolks of the eggs, flour, and sugar together; then add the whites beaten to a high froth, when just ready for the oven.

Butter some square tin pans and put in the cake mixture rather more than an inch deep.

Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes; when cold, cut it in squares.

SMALL SPONGE CAKES.—Five eggs, half a pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of flour; mix as above directed. Butter small tins and bake in a quick oven.

MARLBOROUGH CAKES.—Eight eggs and a pound of powdered sugar; beat them well together, then by degrees mix it into twelve ounces of flour, and two ounces of caraway seeds, and bake in a quick oven.

DIET BREAD.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, and nine eggs; finish as directed for sponge cake.

NEW-YEAR'S CAKE.—Seven pounds of flour, two pounds and a half of sugar, two pounds of butter, and a pint of water, with a teaspoonful of volatile salts dissolved in it. Work the paste well; roll it thin and cut it in small cakes, with a tin cutter; lay them on tin plates in a quick oven, for fifteen minutes.

Economy in Cooking Cranberries.

Owing to the scarcity of apples, pears, peaches, &c., prevailing throughout the State, as well as to the great abundance and excellent properties of cranberries, the latter are much used for sauce. In preparing them for the table, hundreds of dollars may, no doubt, annually be saved by the people of Michigan by observing the following directions, and that, too, without causing the sauce to be any the less palatable.

To each quart of berries, very shortly after the cooking of them is commenced, add a tea-spoonful of saleratus. This will so much neutralize the acidiferous juice, which they contain, as to make it necessary to use only *one-fourth part* as much sugar as would have been requisite, had they been cooked without using saleratus.—*Michigan*

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Strain some of their own liquor, and make a thin batter with two eggs, and some salt and flour, stir the oysters in, make some butter and lard h t, in a thick bottomed frying-pan and pour in the fritters; let it fry a nice brown on one side, then carefully turn it whole, and brown the other.

Or put in the pan, with a large spoon, allowing an oyster for each spoonful of batter; the oysters for these last must be large, the former may be small.

FRICASEED OYSTERS.—Wash them in their own liquor, strain some of it to them, add a good bit of butter, with a table-spoonful of flour worked into it, pepper to taste, put them in a covered stew-pan, and when nearly done, stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, let it simmer for a few minutes and serve.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Have large fine oysters, dip each one singly in flour, have some butter and lard hot, in a thick-bottomed frying-pan; lay the oysters in, turn each as soon as it is brown; when both sides are done, take them up, and serve. Grated hore-radish wet with vinegar, or pickles, should be served with them.

Curious Art.

Thousands have admired the perfection of the figures produced by the looking glass and picture frame manufacturers, on the corners and other parts of their elegant gilt frames; but the art has been kept so close a secret among the craft, that not even the apprentices of the trade have been allowed to know the secret of this peculiar art, till near the expiration of their term of apprenticeship. We shall here describe the whole process as practiced by the best burnish-gilder at the present time. The composition becomes nearly as hard as stone, and the art will furnish an agreeable amusement to many, who are not connected with that branch of business.

PROCESS.—Dissolve one lb. of glue in one gallon of water: in another kettle boil together two lbs. of rosin, one gill of venice turpentine and one pint of linseed oil. Mix all together in one kettle, and continue the boiling, stirring them together till the water has evaporated with the other ingredients: then add finely pulverized whiting till the mass is brought to the consistence of soft putty. This composition will be hard when cold; but being warmed it may be moulded to any shape by curved stamps or prints; and the moulded figures will soon become dry and hard, and will retain their shape and form more permanently than carvings of wood. They may be fastened with common glue on either plain surfaces or mouldings.

CEMENT FOR STOVES.—When a crack is discovered in a stove, through which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be readily closed in a moment, with a composition consisting of wood and ashes and common salt, made into paste with a little water, plastered over the crack. The good effect is equally certain, whether the stove be cold or hot.

To Wash Black Silk.—To a sufficient quantity of ox-gall add enough of boiling water to make it warm. Spread out the silk on a large kitchen table, and dipping a clean sponge in the gall, go over the whole of the article with it, on both sides. Then squeeze it well out, and repeat the application of the sponge, having added more boiling water to the gall so as to heat it again. Rinse the silk in clear cold water, and repeat the rinsing (changing the water each time) till the last water appears perfectly clean. Then stretch it, and dry it quickly in the air, and afterwards pin it out on a table.

To give it the consistence of new silk, dissolve in boiling water a little glue or gum arabic; mix it with sufficient cold water, and sponge the dress all over with it. This must be done on the wrong side. Then dry it, sprinkle it slightly, and roll it up tightly in a towel: let it lie a few hours, and then iron it, taking care that the iron is not too hot, as silk scorches very easily.

You may perfume the last application of ox-gall by mixing with it a little musk.

Unless the silk is of very good quality, it will not be worth while to take the trouble of washing it.

Previous to washing a black silk dress, rip the skirt from the body, and the sleeves from the arm holes.

A bombazine dress may be washed in the same manner, but after washing, it must not be stiffened.

ART OF GIVING MEDICINE. This is an art which is not practised to such an extent in many families as is desirable—for there are few medicines that are pleasant to the taste, and many of the simplest medicines are exceedingly nauseous to children; and it is not strange that they should be reluctant to go through the process of swallowing such unpleasant stuff. This objection may be generally avoided, for nauseous medicines have little or no taste when mixed with some materials, provided they are taken immediately after they are mixed. For instance, we are told that the taste of Peruvian bark and that of rhubarb, when either is mixed in milk, is completely covered, if the mixture be taken directly; the nauseous taste of castor oil is covered by warm milk, or by coffee; the disagreeable taste of senna is considerably less when the infusion is made with cold water, although it does not lessen the activity of the drug; the taste of the ordinary senna tea is covered by the addition of a few grains of cream of tartar, or by the admixture of common bohea tea; aloes is rendered more palatable by a little of the extract of liquorice added to its solution.

By paying a little attention to these things, much trouble, and sometimes suffering, may be prevented.

NOTE. It should be remembered that there are some admixtures which neutralize the effects of medicine, as well as destroys its unpleasant taste.—*Ed.*

MILDEW ON GOOSEBERRIES.—It is said that sprinkling fine salt around the bushes will have the effect of preventing the Mildew, which is the greatest difficulty with which Gooseberry growers have to contend. The bushes should however be trained high to one stem, and kept well hoed and manured.

The juice of onions applied to the part stung by a bee, is said to afford immediate relief in extracting the poison.

The just Judge; or, Villainy exposed.

A gentleman who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest being of a rambling disposition went abroad. After several years his father died; when the younger son destroyed the will, and seized upon the estate. He gave out that his eldest brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest to the truth of it. In the course of time his elder brother returned, but came home in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him he was an imposter and cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago, and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow having neither money or friends was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and at last to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, he replied you have nothing to give me; if I undertake your cause and loose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence is on your brother's side. But, however, I will undertake your cause on his condition; you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I loose it, I know the consequences, and I venture with my eyes open. Accordingly he entered into an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the young man and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last he hit upon this happy thought that he would consult the first Judge of his age, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause and all the circumstances. The Judge who was a great lover of justice, heard it attentively; and promised him all the assistance in his power. The lawyer having taken leave, the Judge contrived his matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place he dismissed his horse, and sought for a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the Judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

Accordingly the Judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat and shoes and stick, away he marched to Chelmsford, where he had procured good lodging suitable for the assizes that should come on the next day.

When the trials came on he walked, like an ignorant country fellow, backwards and forwards along the country hall. He had a thousand eyes within him, and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

As soon as he came into the hall the miller drew up to him, 'honest friend,' said he, 'how is your cause like to go to-day?'

'Why,' replied the plaintiff, 'my cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I loose it I am ruined for life.'

'Well honest friend,' replied the miller, 'will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has a right and privilege to except any one jurymen through the whole twelve;—now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and if possible get me chosen in his room; and I will do you all the service in my power.'

Accordingly when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended with this liberty.

'What do you mean,' says he, 'by accepting against that gentleman?'

'I mean my lord to assert my privilege as an Englishman without giving reason why.'

The judge who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said,—

'Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?'

After a short time taken in consideration—

'My lord,' says he, 'I wish to have an honest man chosen in; and looking round the court—'My lord, there is that miller in the court, we will have him if you please.' Accordingly the miller was chosen.

As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten Car-luses into the hands of eleven jurymen and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, how much have you got? Ten pieces, said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.—The younger brother was provided with a greater number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed as well as the Judge. The evidence deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon accumulated evidence;—and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation; 'And now, gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'lay your heads together, and bring in a verdict as you shall deem most just.'

They waited for a few minutes before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The Judge said,—

'Gentlemen are you agreed and who shall speak for you?'

'We are all agreed, my lord,' replied one, 'our foreman shall speak for us.'

'Hold my lord,' replied the miller, 'we are not all agreed.'

'Why,' said the Judge in a surly manner, 'what is the matter with you? what reason have you for disagreeing?'

'I have several reasons my lord,' replied the miller; 'the first is, they have given all the gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold and me but five; which is not fair. Besides I have many objections to make to the false reasoning of the pleaders and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses.' Upon this the miller began a discourse that discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and expressed with such energetic and manly eloquence that astonished the judge and the whole court.

As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the Judge in a surprise of soul, stopped him.

'Where did you come from, and who are you?'

'I come from Westminster Hall,' replied the miller; 'my name is Matthew Hale, I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore come down from a seat which you are no way worthy to hold.—You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the whole over again.'

Accordingly Sir Matthew went up with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from the very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the eldest brother's title to the estate from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry to the bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

Indian Names.

'How can the Red Man be forgotten, while so many of our States and Territories, Bays, Lakes and Rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving.'

Ye say they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forest where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout—
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared, as withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown;
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut bath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

A Lion in the Way.

'Yes, there is always a lion in the way,' said Mr. Hall to a gentleman with whom he was conversing in the parlor. Justin entered the parlor at that moment. He heard the remark of his father, but was a good deal puzzled as to its meaning. He had read about lions, and, like most children was greatly interested in them. He would have gone farther to see a lion than any other animal.

He wished very much to know to whom his father had reference in the remark above quoted, but he could not think of asking him while he was engaged in conversation. Some boys would have said at once, in violation of good breeding and good grammar, 'Who are you talking about?'

But Justin had been well brought up, and besides, had a good natural sense of propriety. He sat down and kept silence, hoping that he should hear something, which would enable him to infer the fact which he wished to know. In general he loved to think out things instead of troubling his friends with numberless questions. It was a good trait in his character.

Justin did not succeed in thus learning the fact desired, so as soon as the visitor had departed, he came up to his father, and rested his elbows on his father's knees, and acted as though he wished to ask a question the propriety of which he had some doubt.

'You have some request to make, my son,' said Mr. Hall.

'Yes, sir, I wish to ask you of whom you were speaking when you said there is always a lion in his way.'

Mr. Hall saw from Justin's manner that he had understood the expression literally. He was somewhat amused at the idea, but refrained from laughing lest he should hurt Justin's feelings, or discourage his laudable curiosity. He replied, 'I was speaking to Mr. Harris; you must be careful and not let the lion get in your way.'

'If a lion had a mind to get in my way, how could I help it? I'm not as strong as a lion.'

'What kind of a scholar is Robert Carr?' Justin wondered what led his father to ask that question, and his wonder prevented him from replying with his usual promptness. He finally answered in a hesitating manner, 'I don't know.'

'Don't know! don't you belong to the same class with him?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How does it happen then, that you don't know what kind of a scholar he is?'

'I thought I ought not to say any thing against my classmates.'

'That is very well; you should never say any thing to the disadvantage of another, unless it is true, and unless you are required by some good reason to tell it. But while you try to obey this rule, you should not transgress another one, by saying what is not true.'

'I know that Robert is not a good scholar, and yet he has a very good mind; why is he not a good scholar?'

'Because, sir, he has no resolution. If the lesson looks long he will say, "I can't get it, and won't try;" and if he comes to a hard place in the lesson he gives right up.'

'There is always a lion in the way then.'

Justin's eyes brightened, for now he understood the reason of his father's asking about Robert, and the meaning of the expression a lion in the way. 'I know what you mean now by telling me not to let a lion get in the way; when I undertake a thing, I must not get discouraged and give it up.'

'That is it.'

'What if the thing is wrong?'

'You must not undertake it.'

'What if I don't find it out till after I have begun?'

'Then stop short.'

'Some young lions get in your way sometimes, don't they, Justin?' said his mother, who entered the parlor in time to hear the latter part of the conversation.

'I don't know, ma'am,' said Justin, doubtfully.

'Have you finished your kite yet?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Have you finished weeding your flower bed?'

'Not quite.'

'Have you read your new book through?'

'Partly.'

'What has hindered you? the little lions?'

'I guess so,' said Justin, smiling, though he felt the reproof contained in his mother's remarks.

Justin, like a great many other boys, began a great many things which he never finished. This is a very bad habit; should never be formed, or if formed, it should be corrected at once. Otherwise it will grow worse and worse. There are some men whom you never can depend upon to get any thing done.—In boyhood they fell into the habit of beginning things and not ending them.

'How shall I keep these little lions away?' said Justin.

'By always finishing every thing which you begin,' said his father.

'But I get so tired of some things.'

'No matter, you must finish them for the sake of finishing them. If you always keep to this rule, you will be more careful about beginning things. You will think more before you act, and will plan more wisely.—When I was a boy I was very much like you. They used to call me great at beginning, but I seldom completed any thing. My father saw it, and took me in hand, and made me finish whatever I began, if possible. In that way I corrected the habit, and I should be glad if you would correct it in your case, my son, without the interposition of my authority.'

Justin resolved that he would follow his father's example.

GENERAL DAVID E. TWIGGS.



Brigadier-General David E. Twiggs is a native of the state of Georgia. He entered the army as captain of the 8th regiment of infantry, on the 12th of March, 1812, served with distinction in the war of 1812, was promoted to the office of major on the 14th of May, 1825, and was made colonel of the 2d regiment of dragoons on the 8th of June, 1836.

On the 25th of March, 1846, we find Colonel Twiggs detached by General Taylor for the service of capturing Point Isabel, which was held by General Garcia with a force of 250 men composed of infantry and artillery.

He figured among the most useful of officers in the field in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Colonel Twiggs' services on the 8th and 9th of May were very properly noticed by the government; who, on the 30th of June, 1846, promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general.

From this time he participated in the labors and perils of General Taylor until we find him before Monterey, where the most arduous services were assigned to him.

After the capture of Monterey, General Twiggs was occupied in garrisoning with his division that and the other posts which fell into the hands of the Americans, until the grand movement on Vera Cruz occasioned General Scott to detach him, with his division, from General Taylor's command. He was thus prevented from sharing the glories and perils of Buena Vista; but he bore an honorable and conspicuous part in the siege and capture of Vera Cruz.

In the future operations of the army, we doubt not that the skill and bravery of this veteran commander will prove of great service to the cause in which he is engaged. No officer appears to have inspired greater confidence in his capacity for every emergency which the war may hereafter present.

ROUGH AND READY.



THE WIFE OF PAREDES.—The Savannah Republican says that Paredes is not more remarkable as a soldier than his wife as a heroine. "A captain in the American Navy, well known in this city, who is intimately acquainted with the Mexican President, informs us that his wife is remarkable for great coolness in danger, as well as her unwavering devotion to Paredes. She always accompanies the army on horseback, and on several occasions has been known to dress her husband's wounds with her own hands, on the field of battle."

Illustrated Life of Gen. Taylor, published by Lindsay & Black, etc.

1846. APPALLING STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

STEAMER ATLANTIC WRECKED-- GREAT LOSS OF LIFE!

It is with feelings of the most painful nature that we record the particulars of the loss of the once magnificent steamer Atlantic, and a number of valuable lives. This ill-fated steamer left Allyn's Point for New York between twelve and one o'clock on Thursday morning, the 26th ult.

There were between seventy and eighty persons on board, in all, including passengers, officers, crew and servants.

The Atlantic got well underway, and was running along finely, when the steam chest exploded; and nearly at the same moment the wind shifted from the north-east to the north-west, and blew almost a hurricane.

The steamer was thrown into the midst of darkness and confusion, and the air resounded with the cries of the scalded. It was a frightful scene to behold. Capt. Dustan instantly called all hands to the fore deck, and ordered them to heave over the anchors, but it was found almost impossible for a man to stand on deck, in consequence of the violence of the gale, the sea continually making a breach over her bows. Owing to this, it took nearly an hour to get out the three anchors.

The steamer worked heavily, plunging her bows under at every lurch, and dragging her anchors.—Between the time of anchoring and daylight, it is thought that she dragged over the distance of about eleven miles. This was a terrible time to all on board.

The fires were all put out at daylight, on Thursday, and from that time to the period of going ashore, the passengers and crew suffered from the intense cold. The only means of keeping warm, was to wrap themselves in blankets, and walk briskly around the steamer.

All, at this time, began to look to their own personal safety. All put on the life preservers that the boat was so plentifully supplied with, and prepared themselves for any emergency. Some put on one, some two and some four life preservers. The doors, shutters, settees, &c., &c., were detached and cut away, for rafts to drift ashore upon, whenever the steamer should strike.

The gale increasing in violence, Capt. Dustan, who preserved his self possession throughout the perilous time, ordered about forty tons of coal to be thrown overboard, in order to lighten the vessel.

About noon on Thursday, the smoke pipes, which were very large and heavy, were ordered to be thrown overboard. This was done, the Captain assisting, and the steamer was eased for a short time. After this less resistance was offered to the wind.

The steamer continued to drift, however, and everything looked terribly hopeless.

The danger increased so rapidly, that between 2 and 3 o'clock Captain Dustan ordered the decks to be cleared of all merchandise, of everything that was in the way. Cases of boots, shoes, barrels of flour, stoves, &c., &c., including one package said to contain \$7,000 worth of plate, were thrown overboard. There were six or eight thousand dollars worth of lace on board, belonging to one of the passengers, who had previously said that he would give the whole to any one who would put him safely ashore. This lace was afterwards seen strewn along the beach.

All these efforts, however, to save the steamer were unavailing, and after these repeated and united efforts had failed, all hopes of safety were over, and all felt desirous and anxious that the steamer should strike the beach. It was a frightful sight, but the feelings of those on board had been wrought up to such a pitch, that a reaction came over them, and they were resigned to their fate.

About midnight she parted one of her cables, there being four out, one attached to thirty hundred weight of furnace bars, and the others to anchors. After this the gale continued to increase, and now blew a perfect hurricane.

She was driven still nearer the shore, but passed a point that all expected she would strike upon. She then drifted about eleven miles more, making in all twenty-two miles, which occupied about forty-eight hours, of terrible uncertainty and suffering. She then struck, stern first, on a ledge of rocks on Fisher's Island, when a tremendous sea seemed to lift her up on the very top of the ledge; so far up, indeed, as almost to throw her over on to the other side. This was the crisis in the disaster; it was terrible, and heart rending in the extreme. In five minutes after she struck, she was in pieces. In these five minutes at least one-half of those on board the Atlantic were taken from time into eternity. Some were drowned, some crushed, and some frozen to death. The screams, the crash, the roar of the sea, were dreadful.

Capt. Dustan, after staying by the boat until all human efforts were useless, and announcing such to the passengers to be the case, was lowered down from the hurricane deck into the water, but probably being so benumbed by the cold, and exhausted from efforts to serve until the last, as well as the strong undertow, while attempting to save himself, as was supposed, was drawn under the boat, and nothing more was seen of him until found on the shore.—Before leaving his station he slipped the last cable.

The following list of the passengers and crew of the Atlantic was made up from the books of the Company, and is believed to be correct, or nearly so. We are indebted for it to the kindness of Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt.

PASSENGERS.

Mr. Symes, Boston to New York,	not found.
Atwood, " " "	probably found.
Atwood, " " "	" " "
Hassler, " " "	body found.
Maynard, " " "	" " "
Giddings, " " "	not found.
Burbank, " " "	" " "
Partridge, " " "	body found.
Western, " " "	saved.
O. G. Orr, " " "	body found.
G. W. Cullum, " " "	not found.
Leverett, " " "	saved.
H. Van Wert, " " "	not found.
Cunningham, " " "	saved.
Houghton, " " "	not found.
Solar, " " "	body found.
Kimball, " " "	" " "
Collamore, " " "	" " "
Hirsch, " " "	saved.
Rev. Armstrong, " " "	body recovered.
Booth, " " "	not found.
Hanna, " " "	" " "
French, " " "	body recovered.
Pitts, " " "	" " "
Baldwin, " " "	not found.
Mary Jordan, " " "	" " "
S. E. Cassaday, (of Philadelphia),	body found.
A lady in berth No. 6, probably the body at Norwich, now waiting to be identified.	" " "
Mr. Comstock, New London to New York,	saved.
Lieut. Norton, " " "	body found.
Mr. Andrews, " " "	saved.
Rogers, " " "	" " "
Ames, Norwich to New York,	not found.
Truesdell, " " "	" " "
Brewster, " " "	saved.
Tarbox, " " "	" " "
Tinkham, " " "	not found.

DECK PASSENGERS.

Wilson, Boston to New York,	" " "
Putnam, " " "	" " "
John Walton, " " "	missing.
Mrs. J. Walton & 3 children,	body's found.
Jacob Walton, (boy),	saved.
Robt. Vine, son-in-law to J. Walton,	" " "
Madder, " " "	not found.

OFFICERS OF THE BOAT AND CREW.

Captain Dustan,	body found.
Michael Dougherty, waiter,	" " "
Mary Ann Hilton, stewardess,	" " "
Sarah Johnson, " " "	" " "
Sarah Rubey, " " "	" " "
John Gleason, porter,	body not found.
Charles Riley, waiter,	" " "
Thomas Glane, " " "	" " "
John M'Farlane, " " "	" " "
Lanmer Kella, deck hand,	" " "

SAVED.

N. M. Allen, 1st Pilot; Chas. Crandell, 2d do.
E. Kingston, 1st Mate; R. W. Duncan, 2d do.
J. M. Dobbs, 1st Engineer; E. Birdsell, 2d do.
W. W. Boyle, Clerk.
James Steison, Captain's Mate.
John Keel, Steward.
C. W. Woodworth.
H. Manchester, Fireman; J. Thompson, do.
R. Atwood, do.
T. S. Barker, Gas Tender.
George Smith, Cook.
P. Mayhew, deck hand; W. Haller, do.
T. M' Coy, Porter.
E. Daily, Waiter.
Thomas Kingson, Mail Agent.
T. O. Good, Adams' Express.

There are five bodies amongst those not positively identified. One man, on whom was found a L. C. handkerchief, marked Archibald Austen.

One woman and a child, supposed to be from Salem, Mass., on their way to New Jersey.

A Miss Smart, so supposed, said to belong to Boston.

A Mrs. —, so supposed, as yet not known, probably the lady passenger who was in berth No. 6, ladies' cabin.

One body of a man at Fisher's Island, so cut to pieces that he could not be identified.

Part of a body, from the waist to the neck, so mangled that it cannot be identified.

Also, several parts of bodies, such as arms, hands, legs, feet, &c., lying in different parts of the Island.

The clergyman mentioned, was the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, for so many years the Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

A Mr. Partridge had in his company a Miss Jordan, who was coming to New York on a visit to his wife. All his exertions to save her were fruitless, in the last of which he nearly lost his own life. He escaped to the shore by swimming, having first divested himself of his clothes, with the exception of his shirt and pantaloons.

Mr. Moses Kimball was of the firm of Kimball & Brown, and recently one of the house of Spafford, Tileston & Co., New York, and was returning from Massachusetts, his native State; and Mr. William Burbank, was of the firm of Burbank & Chambers, morocco dealers, in Ferry street, Brooklyn, where he was an Alderman, and we believe President of the Board of Alderman of that city. Mr. Burbank has been in public life for a number of years, and was a member of the last Legislature.

Among the lost were two young gentlemen of Boston, Mr. Orlando Pitts, Secretary of the Boylston Insurance Company, and Mr. French, of the Merchant's Office, both of whom were on their way to New York to spend Thanksgiving Day with their friends.

Lt. Norton, one of the lost, entered the Military Academy from the State of Ohio, in 1828, and graduated in 1842. For several years he has been stationed at West Point as an Assistant Instructor of Tactics, and was returning to the Military Academy when lost. He was a fine soldier, an estimable man, and endeared to all who knew him.

Surgeon C. A. Hasler had just arrived at Boston, after a three years' cruise, in the U. S. ship Fal-mouth, and was on his way to Brunswick, N. J., the place of his residence. He has left a devoted wife and four children to mourn his loss.

Capt. Cullum, of the U. S. corps of Engineers, while endeavoring to make his escape, had his left arm severely bruised, by the falling of the Upper Saloon upon it, which held him fast, until a breaker raised it sufficiently for him to effect his release from his perilous situation. When he reached the shore, he was completely exhausted and almost senseless. Capt. C. left that evening on government business, the importance of which, only, induced him to venture out in such a gale. He, together with Lt. Stewart and Maynard, and the two officers that lost their lives, rendered much valuable assist-

There were six females, four children, and two infants among the passengers. All the females were drowned or crushed to death. Only one of the children was saved, and he, we learn, was the only one saved of the family of which he was a member. His father, mother, married sister, and a younger sister, and two young brothers, were on board—all are dead! The poor little orphan thus saved, and thus thrown alone on the world, is only twelve years of age. The two infants were drowned, frozen, or crushed to death.

In connection with his own, and the preservation of the little boy, the particulars given by Mr. Varnum Marsh, of Haverhill, Mass., are painfully thrilling. When the Atlantic struck, Mr. M. was setting in the gangway; his first impression was that a heavy sea had struck the steamer. In a moment after, however, (although every moment was an age to those on board,) the sea stove in the side of the vessel at his back, swept him along, and dashed him against the Sound side of the steamer. Before he could recover himself, another tremendous sea came and threw him against the upper side of the vessel. Thence he was thrown in among every thing moveable on deck, and considerably bruised. After he was thrown up the third time, he succeeded in catching hold of the sky-light frame, and there remained for a few moments, and the only person near him to be seen or heard, was the small boy mentioned above. He was on the top of the ledge, amongst the wreck. Mr. Marsh here discovered that he was made fast by an iron hook, on a bar of iron, which had become entangled in one of his life preservers; after great exertions he made out to throw one of the straps over his head, which drew the other still tighter. He then thought that all was over with him; but by an almost superhuman effort he succeeded in drawing that off also. He then found that the other pair of preservers, which he had on, were entangled with those he had thrown off. To extricate himself from this difficulty, he laid down, and drew all off, over his feet, and threw them away. All this had to be done in a very few minutes, and what must have been his feelings in that time!

After Mr. Marsh had thrown away his life preservers, he saw a gleam of light from the upper side of the vessel. The Atlantic was then lying on her beam ends, and her decks covered with ice. Through the side of the vessel from which this gleam of light came, Mr. M. made his escape. Before he reached that point, however, he saw a human being standing near the aperture.

After reaching to within six feet of the outside, he called to the person whom he saw, and who proved to be the little boy, to pass him a piece of board, or something else, to enable him to get over the ice. The boy thought that Mr. M. told him to leave the place. This induced the boy to leave, and Mr. Marsh crept out over what he supposed to be a dead body, but it was too dark to tell with certainty whether or not this was so. Then he took hold of a part of the wreck on the side of the ladies' saloon, and walked on the edge of the vessel. On looking up, he saw the mast, with several pieces of timber or spars attached, swinging to and fro. At this moment a tremendous sea came, and washed Mr. M. back into the sea. Then he found it necessary to swim, as rapidly as his bruised limbs would permit him, through the swell of the sea, ice, and broken parts of the vessel, to avoid the falling mast, and escaped by a few feet only. He then made for the shore as quickly as possible, which he finally reached in safety, after being driven back several times.

After Mr. Marsh turned towards the shore, he heard some one cry, "oh! what shall I do? I shan't get ashore!" This was the little boy again. Mr. Marsh encouraged him to strike out through the surf, and he had the pleasure, in the midst of his pain, to see the little fellow land safely on the beach, where he was finally thrown himself and rescued by some men who came to his assistance.

The Atlantic was a new boat, most beautifully furnished, and of immense strength; as an evidence of which, it may be mentioned that, tossed and strained as she was by the gale and the sea, she never leaked in the least, and was perfectly tight until finally broken up. Her cost was about \$140,000, and she was insured in New York for \$55,000, though half the amount, being a fire policy, will not be recovered. It is stated, also, that she is insured at the East for \$100,000, though we have no authentic information as to the truth of the statement.

NOBLE HEROISM.

A subscriber, resident in the vicinity of the late lamentable disaster in Long Island Sound, gives us the following information of a noble attempt to rescue the sufferers on board the steamer Atlantic:

On the evening previous to the loss of the ill-fated Atlantic, several young men of Mystic proceeded in a whale boat to Noank, where they were joined by others of that village, and embarked on board the smack Planet, resolved to succor that unfortunate vessel or perish in the attempt. They were fifteen in all. The most experienced sailors felt that such was the fierceness of the elements and the rock-bound position of the Atlantic, that no aid could be afforded her; yet, determined to make the trial, they fearlessly ventured out, but before they could reach the place of their perilous destination, their vessel struck a rock, and sunk in five minutes after. By extraordinary dexterity they cleared their boats—for they had fortunately taken the whale boat along with them—and found themselves, at once, at the mercy of the waves, in Fisher's Island Sound, and in the evening, too, with eleven crowded into the whale boat and four in a tiny smack boat. The whale boat had two oars, and succeeded in reaching Noank; but the small boat had but one oar, which they had scarcely preserved from their sinking vessel, and had to scud before the wind with but a piece of board for a sail. By great exertion, they finally reached a small clump of rocks in the Sound, where these four men passed that terribly cold night, which proved so fatal to the crew and passengers of the noble Atlantic. The smack's boat had been given up as lost by the friends of those on board of it, but they were greatly relieved from their forebodings early the following morning.

Thus failed a gallant attempt at rescuing the hapless beings in the Atlantic. It had been their intention to reconnoitre the steamer, then riding at anchor, and if nothing could be done immediately for their relief, then to land on Fisher's Island, and wait the event, either of her safely outriding the gale, or stranding; as, in the latter case, as the event proved, had they been on the ground, they might have been the means of saving many lives, perhaps nearly all.

We have not the names of this brave band of fifteen; if we had, they should be forthcoming to the public, as they eminently endangered, and had nearly lost their own lives in accomplishing their praiseworthy object. This, however, we do know—they hailed from MYSTIC and NOANK, villages lying within six or eight miles of the disaster, on the opposite side of Fisher's Island Sound. Other attempts were made to help the sufferers, but none, perhaps, which promised greater success, had their own craft not been wrecked.

The Bell of the Atlantic.

For the Philadelphia Saturday Gleaner.

"The Bell still tolls over the scene of desolation. That part of the wreck to which it is attached happened to lodge in such a position that the bell was supported out of the water, and at the motion of every wave strikes twice, and so, night and day, tolls on its doleful notes."

List! list to the tolling bell,
Which is rung by the wintry blast;
Hark! it seems to say, farewell,
For those whom death holds fast.

Toll on, toll on, thy sadd'ning knell,
As each wave 'gainst these dashes
And sing, for those who now sleep well,
A requiem o'er their ashes.

Thine, thine is a mournful task,
As thou toll'st all night and day,
And a passing tribute seem'st to ask,
As thou chant'st the funeral lay.

Sound on, sound on, in thy solemn tone,
O'er the spot where the valued perished.
The loved to a watery tomb have gone,
The young—the fair—the cherished.

H. I.

The Atlantic's Bell, which tolled so long and dolefully over the sad scene of the wreck, has been purchased for an Episcopal Floating Chapel. It is now standing at the corner of Broadway and Murray streets, New York.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION AND LOSS OF SOME TWENTY LIVES.

The New Orleans Picayune states that on the 21st ult., about seven miles below Natchez, the steamboat Sultana, bound down the river, came in collision with the steamboat Maria, bound up, striking her just forward of the wheel-house, and, by the violence of the shock, broke the connection pipe of the Maria, by which between twenty-five and thirty deck hands and deck passengers were scalded—many of them so severely that there was no prospect of their recovery.

The Maria sunk to within about two feet of her cabin floor within five minutes after the collision, drowning between twenty-five and thirty persons who were on the lower deck. The cabin passengers were all saved.

Thread Lace.—The exquisitely fine thread which is made in Hainault and Brabant for the purpose of being worked into lace, has occasionally attained a value almost incredible. A thousand to fifteen hundred francs is no unusual price for it by the pound; but some has actually been spun by hand of so exquisite a texture as to be sold at the rate of ten thousand francs, or upwards of £1000 for a single pound weight. Schools have been established to teach both the netting of the lace and drawing of designs by which to work it; and the trade at the present moment is stated to be in a more flourishing condition than it has been before even in the most palmy day of the Netherlands.

Eve is represented as having been a perfect beauty and there can be no doubt that she was one of the loveliest works of God's creation—but then in her day, corsets had not been invented, and nature was not tortured. She had no steel or whalebone to compress her waist into a span, nor bustle of cotton or bran to deform her shape. Let the girls of the present day throw these instruments of torture aside, or be moderate in their use, take early exercise and inhale the invigorating morning air, and the tint of the rose will be substituted for the wanness of the lily, and health and cheerfulness take the place of feebleness and ennui.

The Dog

In illustration of the remarkable sagacity of this animal, an experienced ship master of this place relates the following

The ship *Colgne*, sometimeⁱⁿ 1790 sailed from Dunkirk on a whaling voyage. The Captain and second mate died on the voyage, and while the ship was returning, under the charge of the chief mate, Mr Deuben, Gardner, of Nantucket, she was overtaken at the mouth of the British Channel by a tremendous gale, which, after carrying away her sails and masts, drove her on the rocks.

Mr Gardner and several of the crew, in attempting to save themselves in a boat, were all lost. After some hours the wreck beat nearer the shore, so that the bowsprit ^{hung} over an emergent rock, upon which the survivors placed themselves. Here, though the sea occasionally broke over them, they were enabled to remain, by supporting each other, in a sort of basin scooped in the surface of the rock. It was now near midnight. On board the ship, which soon went to pieces, there had been a dog, which of course was given up for lost — as the shore, to the waters edge, was for several miles lined with an almost perpendicular ridge of rocks, up which it was impossible for the dog to climb.

About a mile from this cliff on the upland stood a farmhouse, the occupant of which was aroused at about day-break, by a loud barking and scratching at his door. On rising, and opening the door, he perceived a dog, frisking about in an extraordinary manner, running towards the cliff, then partly returning, and again heading for the cliff. The man however, again went to bed, the storm still raging; but the

dog again assailed his door, yelping and howling with renewed violence so that the farmer was once more induced to go out, when he beheld the dog running to and fro as before, capering and barking with most singular manifestations of impatience. The farmer observed to his wife that some disaster must have occurred on the sea shore, for the dog had so informed him, as plainly as brute language could indicate. He therefore instantly clothed himself and followed the dog, who appeared almost frantic with gratitude. The animal proceeded to the precipice directly over the fatal spot; and the farmer on looking over discovered the forlorn and almost perishing mariners clinging to the rock at a short distance from the strand. The alarm was immediately given to the neighboring farmers, who soon procured ropes and other aids from the town of Falmouth, 3 or 4 miles from the spot, and succeeded in saving all the survivors with a single exception, one man being killed by the fall of a stone from the cliff. Fourteen were thus rescued, who unquestionably owe their lives to the fidelity and sagacity of poor Towser. The narrator resided 3 months in Falmouth, during the winter following, where he heard the circumstance much spoken of, particularly by Mr Fox the American Consul.

The Sailor's Mother.

BY WORDSWORTH.

THE FIRST WHITE MAN IN PROVIDENCE.
In the town of Cranston, R. I., about three miles from the city of Providence, is a grave stone with the following inscription:

"Here lies the Body of
Joseph Williams, Esq.,
Son of Roger Williams,
Esq., who was the First
White man that Came to
Providence, he was born
1644, he died on 17, 1724
in the 81st year of his age"

In King Phillip's War he courageously went through,
And the native Indians he bravely did subdue;
And now he's gone down to the grave, and he
will be no more,

Until it please Almighty God his body to restore.
Into some proper shape as he thinks fit to be,
Perhaps like a Grain of Wheat as Paul sets forth
you see.

Corinthians, 1st Book, 15th chap. 37v.

One morning (raw it was and wet,
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime;
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient Spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength and dignity so fair:
She begged an alms, like one in poor estate,
looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

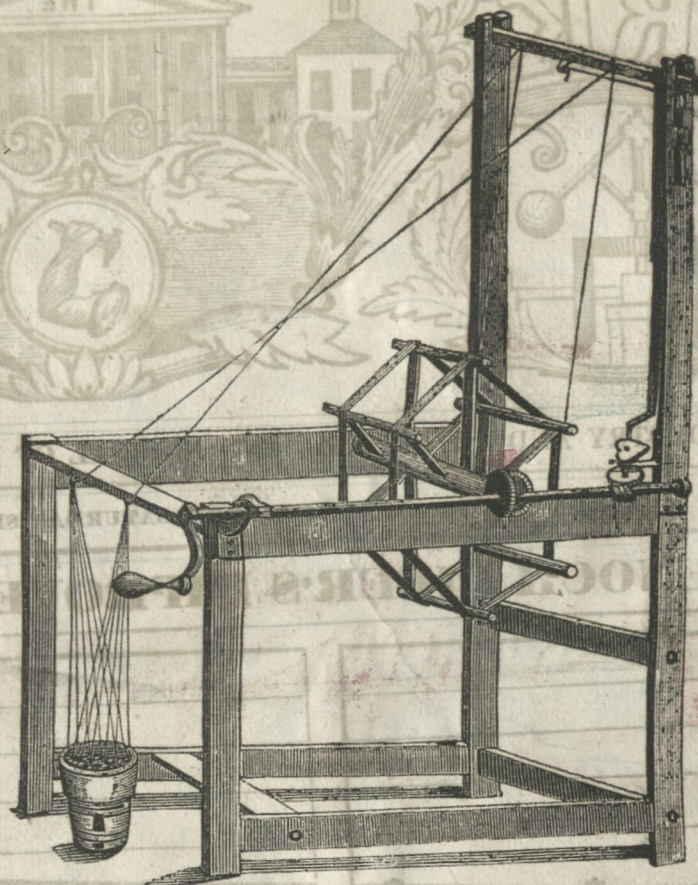
When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
'What treasure,' said I, 'do you bear,
Beneath the covert of your cloak,
Protected from the cold damp air?
She answered, soon as she the question heard,
A simple burthen, sir, a little singing-bird.'

And thus continuing, she said,
'I had a son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away.
And I have travelled weary miles to see
If aught which he had owned might still remain
for me.

'The bird and cage they both were his:
'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim
He kept it: many voyages
This singing bird had gone with him:
When last he sailed, he left the bird behind;
From bodings, as might be, that hang upon his mind

'He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety:—there
I found it when my son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little wit!
ear it with me, sir, he took so much delight in it.

IMPROVED SILK REEL.



The subscriber, having devoted several years chiefly in acquiring a knowledge of Silk growing, has invented and constructed a Silk Reel, which he thinks possesses several advantages over any other Reel in use. It is on principles similar to the Piedmontese Reel, but occupies but about half the space. Its transverse motion spreads the skein in better order than any other Reel. It requires but one person to reel, while the Piedmontese, and other reels do with two; and it constantly tells the exact number of threads reeled.—S. Blydenburgh.

Mirabeau's Eulogy on Franklin.

On the morning after the intelligence of Franklin's death reached Paris, when the Assembly was convened Mirabeau rose and spoke as follows:

"Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of the Divinity. The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race. Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in the funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning! Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of Nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity. Congress has ordained throughout the United States a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and, at this moment America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her constitution. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered, in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty. I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin."

CURE FOR A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.—

The late Duke of Richmond had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey that was kept in the stable was remarkably fond of riding the horses: skipping from one to another, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. 'If he is so fond of riding,' said his grace, 'we'll endeavor to give him enough of it.' A complete jockey dress was provided for the monkey, and the next time the hounds went out, Jacko in his uniform was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view-halloo being given, away they went, through thick and thin: the horse, carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. 'Aye, zure,' said the man, 'he be gone over yon fallow.' 'And was there any one up with him?' 'Whoy, yes,' said John; 'there be a little man in a yellow jacket riding as though the devil be in 'um. I hope from my heart the young gentleman mayn't meet with a fall, but he rides monstrous hard.' The monkey got home safe; and it is needless to say he never again mounted on horseback.

Railway and Steam power 3600 years ago.—The Lost Arts of the Ancient Egyptians.—If the Thebans, 1800 years before Christ, knew less in some departments of useful knowledge than ourselves, they also in others knew more. They possessed the art of tempering copper tools so as to polish the hardest granite with the most minute and brilliant precision. This art we have lost. Again, what mechanical means had they to raise and fix the enormous impost on the lintels of their temples at Karnac? Architects now confess that they could not raise them by the usual mechanical powers. Those means must, therefore, be put to the account of the 'lost arts.'—That they were familiar with the principle of Artesian wells has been lately proved by engineering investigations carried on while boring for water in the Great Oasis. That they were acquainted with the principle of the railroad is obvious, that is to say, they had artificial causeways, levelled, direct, and grooved, (the grooves being annointed with oil,) for the conveyance from great distances of enormous blocks of stone, entire stone temples, and colossal statues of half the height of the monument. Remnants of iron, it is said, have lately been found in these grooves.—Finally, M. Arago has argued, that they not only possessed a knowledge of steam power, which they employed in the cavern mysteries of their Pagan free-masonry, (the oldest in the world, of which the pyramids were the lodges,) but that the modern steam-engine is derived, through Solomon de Caus, the predecessor of Worcester, from the invention of Hero, the Egyptian engineer.—*Westminster Review.*

Faith of an Indian Mother.—Extract from the third volume of Mr. Bancroft's History:—If a mother lost her babe she would cover it with bark, and envelope it anxiously in the softest beaver skins; at the burial place she would put by its side its cradle, its beads and its rattles; and as a last service of maternal love would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment in the land of shades. Yet the new born babe would be buried, not, as usual, on a scaffold, but by the way side, so that its spirit might secretly steal in the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices. On burying her daughter the Chippewa mother adds, not snow shoes, beads and mocasin only but (sad emblems of woman's lot in the wilderness) the carrying belt and the paddle. 'I know my daughter will be restored to me,' she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial, 'by this lock of hair I shall discover her, for I shall take it with me,'—alluding to the day when she, too with her carrying-belt and paddle, and the little relic of her child should pass through the grave to the dwelling-place of her ancestors.'

Good Advice.—Let the business of every body else alone and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study even to make leisure hours useful; think twice before you spend a shilling, remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you see an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the tract, confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should even fail in the struggle, you will be honored, but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly upon his seat in the House of Representatives, and cried out at the top of his shrill voice "Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—pay as you go." John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that pay as you go, and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh it will laugh at you, honest one.

LOVE HER STILL.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

Love her still!

She hath fallen very low,—
Thou, who know'st her long ago,
Little, little canst thou see
Of her girlhood's purity;
But, though sin hath left its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all hath fled,
And life's shame in hers iustead,
Love her still!

Love her!—let no harsh cold word,
Man, from lips of thine be heard;
Woman, with no lifted eye
Mock thou her deep misery—
Weep ye—tears, give tears alone,
To our world forsaken one.
Love her still!

Love her!—let her feel your love—
Summer showers that fall above
Fainting blossoms, leave with them
Freshen'd leaf, and straighten'd stem;
Sunshine oft doth give again
Bloom, the bitter storm hath ta'en;
And this human love of ours,
By the world's poor faded flowers
May be found as dear a boon
As God's blessed rain and sun,
To restore their native hue,
And their native fragrance too.
Love her still!

Gather round her, weep and pray—
Clasp her, lead her from the way
She doth journey—tenderly,
From the wrong and misery,
To the better paths where peace
Waiteth her, with sweet release
From life's heart-ache; so once more
In her breast the hope of yore
May be lit—that blessed hope,
That with earthly loss doth cope,
Earthly sin, and earthly shame,
Till all earth is but a name,
And the rescued soul is given
With its treasure unto Heaven.
Oh! bethink ye of the bliss
That will fill your hearts for this,
Loving Friends, what time ye see
Shadow after shadow flee
From her pale, sad face—what time,
Soaring in a thought sublime,
Ye shall know the while ye pray,
To His Angels, God doth say,
Love her still!

Easier Asked than Answered

"Pa, what's a curtain lectur? Aunt Sally says Ma gins you one every night"—Oh git ut the way child, you bother me.
"But papy wont you tell me? Bill Brooks s his dad knows, but wont tell; and so he d me, cause he said papy, you was a teach-nd knowed more learnen than any body
you and Bill Brooks both, dont tend to essons and not be asking foolish ques-
I'll skin you

Long Wharf Lyrics

SETH CINNAMON, OF LONG-WHARF, TO PETER PEPPERCORN,
OF SALT FISH HILL, IN DEDHAM.

Yours of the 10th is just received;
Accordingly, dear Peter,
Here's the Price Current that I've weaved
All into Yankee metre.

Lemons continue to arrive,
Though dealers are but piddling,
A cargo brought \$2 75,
And proved from fair to middling.

There's some advance in Southern corn,
But Western pork's no higher;
A lot at auction was withdrawn,
And could not find a buyer.

Oil has remained quite dull of sale,
And prices—more's the pity—
Have now declined, three cents on whale,
And five on spermaceti.

But hops are up two cents a pound,
The stock is somewhat lighter:
Kentucky hemp is twisting round,
And hangs a little tighter.

Drugs have become alarming cheap,
Holders begin to flutter,
And speculators plunge quite deep
In lard and firkin butter.

There's much decline in rum and rags,
If buyers come we pin them;
They talk of sales of gunny bags,
But yet there's nothing in them.

Gunpowder still can make its way,
Though sold behind the curtain;
A lot of prime went off to day,
As loud reports make certain.

Grindstones can hardly rub and go:
Feathers are rather flighty;
Lumber hangs heavily still; and so
Does lead and lignumvitæ.

Sugars are falling every week,
Mollasses every hour;
Havana tart's too low to squeak,
And holders all look sour.

That codfish story's all a hoax,
But hooked us wondrous clever;
Turk's Island salt is firm as Oakes,
And tar sticks fast as ever.

Brandy and gin go at a pinch,
But we've got used to nippers;
A lot of cheese—though buyers flinch,
Sold on account of *skippers*.

Teas come it stronger than I wished,
The China trade's so troubled;
Some think the whole concern is *dished*,
Yet buyers may get bubbled.

'Tis heavy with light cotton stuffs,
The price has fallen whack O!
And we're afraid that auction puffs,
Won't raise it on tobacco.

Chip hats have not *declined a shade*,
Because the weather's sunny,
And I should think the blanket trade
Would now feel rather funny.

Bear skins have taken upward strides,
We're all so hotly fired;
And I've no doubt that in raw hides
Smart doings have *transpired*.

In short—we've blazing times in town:
So think it not surprising
That Russia tallow's going down,
And mercury is rising.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS

BY MISS BARRETT.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing,—
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender:
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting!
Taking color from the skies,
Can heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
Snow-like at first meeting
Love with thine heart, that all
The neighbors then see beating.

Love me, with thine hand stretched out
Freely—open minded!
Love me with thy loitering foot,
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me!
Love me with thy blush that burns,
When I murmur 'Love me!'

Love me with thy sinking soul—
Break it to love sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world has crowned thee!
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
Up the woodlands shady!
Love me gaily, fast and true,
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's leveno fable,
I will love thee—half-a-year—
As a man is able.

WASHINGTON IRVING.—The world is familiar with this great name, and richly is she awarding the meed of her homage to his high attainments and elevated character. But though every body is familiar with our distinguished countryman, few indeed, comparatively speaking, are probably acquainted with the origin and powers of the first prose writer of the age. In the last number of the American Museum is an interesting memoir, which we avail ourselves of in preparing the brief outline that follows.—[Phil. Herald.]

Washington Irving's father was a Scottish merchant of our sister city, New York. Washington was born in that city, in 1782. He was the youngest son, and his worthy parent having died while he was in tender years, his fond mother and excellent brothers bestowed upon him the kindest attention. His brothers were men of cultivated minds, and early encouraged the love of composition in their youngest brother. Dr P. Irving was the editor of a paper called "The Morning Chronicle," and at the age of 17, Washington brought forth essays in his columns entitled the "Letters of Jonathan Old Style," which display, "in opening beauty, some of the peculiarities of the matured author in his subsequent works."

He was at length entered at Columbia College, and his collegiate course was distinguished by close application, though abroad he was regarded as one of the most sportive students of his Alma Mater.

Subsequently he commenced the study of law, which proving incongenial to his feelings and prejudicial to his health, he embarked for Europe in 1805, "to gratify his anxious desire to visit foreign countries, and landed on the coast of Sicily, near the city Agrigento." He passed two years examining whatever might attract the notice of the scholar and antiquarian, and returned home to resume and complete his legal studies, but his diffidence caused his abandonment of a profession uncongenial to all the feelings of his nature. During this period it was that he joined Paulding, Verplanck and others, in producing the "Salmagundi," a satire of the times, which all readers of racy wit are undoubtedly familiar with.

Three years afterward, ingenious advertisements stimulated the public mind to look with anxiety for a veritable history of Gotham, developing the peculiarities of the men, manners and habits of the ancient settlers. Many commenced the reading of "Deidreth" under the belief, which the solemnity of the introduction was well calculated to encourage. It was the best exhibition of the varied satirical powers of the author, "from the grave ironical to the piquant caustic—the delicate witty, and the broad ludicrous," suggested, it is believed, by the pompous announcement of an astute member of the Historical Society that he was compiling a history of New York.

About this period he was admitted into the commercial house of his brother, and when the war of Great Britain interrupted the operations of the house, he was received into the army as a member of the Governor's staff; but after the war, resuming his mercantile connexion, he went to reside at Birmingham, as the foreign correspondent of the house. The commercial embarrassments which followed the war, caused a prostration of the house, and he was once more thrown upon his mental efforts.

The "Sketch Book" was the result of the study which he made during his residence abroad of the scenery, places, men, manners, literature, history—in a word, a most graphic work of a master spirit, recording whatever would strike an observant eye and a most enthusiastic and lucid mind. It won the most unbounded admiration in both England and America, and we may say made the fortune of our great countryman abroad, for from that time his writings were sought with greater avidity there than they ever were in "his own, his native land."

"The Tales of a Traveller" and "Bracebridge Hall" followed during the next four years; but the next work was entirely different, the basis of which was suggested by Alexander H. Everett, who was in 1825, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid. It was his great work, "The History of Columbus," an original history of the life and voyage of the great mariner. "The Conquest of Grenada" followed in 1828, the materials of which were obtained when he made his investigations for the life of Columbus.

In 1831-2, "The Adventures of the Companions of Columbus," and "The Alhambra," succeeded as rich in historical interest. "The Tour of the Prairies," after a personal excursion of the author through the wilds of the West, came forth in 1835, and the same year produced "Abbottsford and Newstead Abby," and "A Legend of the Conquest of Spain."

In 1837, "Astoria" was published, "being a description of the settlement of that name," commenced by Mr Astor, "at the mouth of the Columbia River, and the surrounding transmontane region, in all their freshness and wildness of beauty."

The "Rocky Mountains," last year given to the world, completes the list of our author's works, a book which, like "Astoria" and "The Tour on the Prairies," gives the most vivid sketches of the legends and peculiarities of the untutored men of the forest, and of the "grand features of nature in that picturesque region."

It is unnecessary to say in conclusion to this very hasty synopsis, that Washington Irving, both at home and abroad, is justly regarded as the most popular prose writer of America, and we think we may not be thought singular in our opinion, if we say he will be ultimately looked upon as the most clear, sententious, and pleasing writer,—take him all in all—the world has ever had.

LOTON.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

The reader will be puzzled to understand the meaning of the word at the head of this article, and I will therefore premise by telling him it is the name of a fool who once resided at Nantucket, and that this fool is the hero of my tale. I always felt a strong interest for idiots. I have sat for hours regarding the little sharp head, retreating forehead, and vacant eyes of a natural simpleton. I am sensible of a powerful attraction toward these unfortunate creatures. The contempt in which they are frequently held, is a foul disgrace to human nature. If there is any person whom I regard with the most unqualified abhorrence, whom I cannot wish for a friend, and whom I would fain make my mortal enemy, it is the wretch who can spurn a man to whom God has denied an ordinary share of intellect.—There is a moral turpitude, an infinitude of baseness in this description of tyranny, to which the lowest, foulest, and most cankered precinct of hell can produce no parallel. It is a crime that beggars charity, that petrifies mercy, and for which forgiveness would be a high-handed insult to Heaven. If there is any being on earth who particularly claims our good services, it is that sufferer who, with the sensibilities of a man, possesses not the means of procuring the common enjoyments of his race. He knows just enough to perceive that he is shut out for ever from a communion with his fellows. Without a capacity for seeing the bright coruscations of knowledge, he is endowed with just sufficient vision to be sensible of the eternal night which has settled on his soul. Do not tell me that an idiot is incapable of mental suffering. His immortal soul is cribbed, pinioned, crushed and tortured by the iron boot and wedges of his cramped cranium in a manner that—could he speak—could he give breath to his agony, would freeze the hearer's blood to stone.—It would be a tale of such deep and immeasurable woe, that all the opiates of the East could never medicine it from our recollection. Condemned to grope his way through this dark, heartless, and uncharitable world, without the lamp of intellect to shine upon his rocky path—wounded, buffeted, forsaken, despised, his sufferings are incalculable.—But this preface is long enough, and I proceed with my tale.

In an old wooden house, the eaves of which nearly touched the ground, in the town of Sherburne—as Nantucket was then called,—dwelt the aunt of Loton the Idiot. She was a lone widow woman, who, after enduring the usual proportion of sorrow, which falls to the lot of poor and friendless women, had succeeded in establishing herself in the old building aforesaid. She spun, sewed, and washed for a living. She could not earn much, it is true—for her occupation was simply useful. She was not one of those vast benefactors of mankind who know how to make money earn money. The slender pittance which she received was simply the reward for knitting stockings to keep people's feet warm in the winter, and sewing to protect them from the cold. Contemptible as such an old woman undoubtedly was, when compared with the illustrious ship-owners who drew oily treasures from the deep, by proxy, she yet possessed a sufficiency of the milk of human kindness to pity her houseless and persecuted nephew, who was driven about the streets,

New from exile long returning,
(As thou say'st) for glory burning,
Tell us for what secret juggling
Cam'st thou home by Yankee smuggling,
Like a contraband Havana,
Worthy General Santa Anna.
Santa Anna, Santa Anna,
Dose of Ipecacuanha
Is not half so nauseating
As thy gasconade and prating.
"Gather laurels on the Sabine!"
Best go hide thee in some cabin
Who, at St. Jacinto, ran a
Shameful race like Santa Anna!
Santa Anna, Santa Anna,
Hang thee in thine own baylanna!—
If the Texan boys do cut thee,
Better had Jack Ketch to fetch thee.
Though you were as brave as Brutus,
Yet they'll thrash thee, e'en as cute as
If Paredes did guide the banner
Instead of famous Santa Anna.

from the town pump to the insurance office, pelted with brick-bats, beaten with clubs, and ducked nearly to suffocation by the embryo boat-steerers and 'second mets' of Nantucket.

The good woman had no sooner procured a shelter for herself, than she put on her sun-bonnet, flung a furless tippet over her shoulders, and cut out for Susan Barnard's.

"Susan," said she, as she entered the house—"has thee seen Loton lately?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Susan, "I saw him about two hours ago. I was cruising down in the square in chase of Doctor Pise, and I heard a great noise, and on tacking ship to see what was the matter, behold there was Loton coming rolling down the street before a raft of fellers, who were following him up so close that he looked like a sperm whale chased by fifty boats. On he came, puffing and blowing, and pretty soon I did hear him bellow so! 'Thee can form no idee of how he did bawl!'"

"Well, I'll tell thee what, Susan—these things are a disgrace to the town, and there shall be an end of them. Thee knows that I have now got a house to live in, and I mean to take Loton into it, and see if I can't make something out of him."

"O! thee simpleton!" screamed Susan—"What! would thee undertake to manage a fool? would thee take upon thyself—an old woman like thee—to deal with a man that is six foot high, and so fractious that when they had him in the poor-house, the keepers could do nothing with him, though they beat him until his head was all of a jelly?"

"I do n't care for that, Susan Barnard!" cried the old lady; "I will not see my own flesh and blood abused so. He is the only relation that I have in the world, and so long as I have a place to hide my head, my nephew shall share it with me. And with regard to what thee says about my being so very old, I would have thee know that I am but sixty-two; and as all my relations have lived to be much older, I consider myself quite a young woman yet. But as for Loton, I'll see him housed beneath my roof, before I turn in, whether thee likes it or not."

With this charitable intention, the kind-hearted Mrs. M— hurried out of the house, and bent her course toward the square. She soon fell in with a roguish lad who had just returned from following after Loton, and the flush of excitement was still upon his cheek.

"Bijah, is that thee?" cried the old woman, as she encountered the stripling.

"Yes, neighbor M—. Is thee looking arter Loton?" asked he, with the greatest assurance imaginable.

"Has thee seen any thing fo him?" asked the anxious aunt.

"O yes—the boys have been worrying him agin," replied the lad—"and Loton has gone into Sim Coffin's barber shop, to get his hair cut."

"His head is hurt then!" said the apprehensive dame. "Can thee tell me the names of the boys who have been flogging him?"

"O yes," replied he, readily—"there was Peleg Barker and Ben Horsefield and Tom Starbuck, and there was that big boy from Egypt that they call Slack Easy, and there was Fred Carey and—"

"But did nobody try to put a stop it?" said she in a husky tone.

'Why, yes,' returned the boy. 'Captain Joe Allen did chase Ebenezer Bunker with his cane,—and,' continued he, assuming a very droll expression of countenance, and getting ready to run—'old Lebeus shook his head at them!'

'Why his head always shakes, thee rogue'—but Bijah had decamped. 'O thee viper!' roared Mrs. M——, 'I do n't doubt that thee has had a hand in it too. Well I know thee, and I will complain to thy mother, and I'll be bound, that the'll get a lacing!'

With eyes brimful of tears, the friendless old woman crossed the square, forced herself through the little crowd that had surrounded the door of Sim Coffin's barber shop, and entered the temple of the graces. The first object that she encountered, was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, poorly dressed—his bosom spattered with blood—undergoing the operation of hair cutting. But, although the rest of form was sufficiently ample, his head was undoubtedly too diminutive to allow of a full development of the organs of the mind. It is also said that his skull would yield beneath the pressure of a person's finger, like the rind of a muskmelon. This unprepossessing youth now sat silently, and apparently very much at his ease, beneath the comb and scissor of Simeon.

'Is his head hurt much?' inquired the old woman, scarcely looking at her nephew.

'There's something of a gash, I should say, returned the barber—'I am clearing away the hair, and we shall come at it soon.'

'Whatever is to pay,' said the aunt quietly, 'I will settle'—and she began to fumble at her old seal-skin purse, which alas! seldom contained any thing but coppers.

'Well, I don't know,' said Simeon, with that rough benevolence, which is sometimes the only delicate way of doing a favor, 'this head is not so large as some,' and he covered the scalp with the palm of his hand; 'I guess, Mrs. M——, that we shan't ask more than half price for cutting his hair.'

Loton's head was, at length, dressed, and his aunt took him by the hand, and amid the shouts and laughter of the congregated mob, led him off to her humble dwelling. It was observed, and not without some surprise, that the idiot was perfectly docile while under the escort of his aunt. This, the common herd understood not. They would rather have seen him driven before her with a horse-whip; but Nature had taught the good woman that severity to idiots and to children is in no case justifiable—that the way to make a simpleton obstinate was to beat him, and the way to bring a child up for the gallows is to exhibit, in your own person and at your own fireside, the barbarity and intolerance of a domestic tyrant.

Loton exhibited some little wonder when he entered his aunt's house, and was told that he should live with her. He, however, showed no signs of pleasure in his countenance, and soon left the room. He was gone a considerable time, and she began to fear he had set out once more on his wanderings.—But he, at length, appeared with a large arm-full of dry wood.

'What is thee going to do with that?' inquired she.

'To keep Aunt Merab warm'—answered Loton; and he immediately began to heap the fuel upon the fire with a very generous profusion.

It now entered the head of Mrs. M——, that her nephew might be serviceable to her, by kindling fire in the morning, and going through the preliminaries of getting breakfast. She, therefore, gave him to understand, before he went to bed, that she should expect this duty at his hands. He made no answer, but, on the next morning, punctually obeyed her directions. Days and weeks passed on, and Loton showed no discontent at his situation. He regularly made the fire in the morning, and carried home his aunt's work. On such occasions, he would sometimes undertake to hold conversation with his aunt's employers; but he was generally given to understand that his company was not wanted, and he returned humbled and abashed to his aged protector.

As soon as the boys found out where Loton was located, they came to visit him. They would assemble in the evening upon his aunt's steps and cellar-door as thickly as a flock of sparrows. Not as enemies they came now, for he had found a friend in Aunt Merab, and because he had found a friend, they began to entertain more kindly feelings towards him. A friendless idiot would have excited all their cruelty—but we all know that when a man is beginning to prosper, it is the duty of his relations and friends to come out in his favor. A proper respect for their own dear selves requires this. O! the beautiful logic of this world! How admirably

does it contrast with the doctrines of Jesus Christ! And in what bold relief do the practices of most Christians stand out from their theories! The hollow square of Owen is nothing to the hollow heart of our highly-respected copeers.

Loton was not insensible to the good will of his late foes; and after supper the large form of the idiot could be seen, during the whole evening, running, jumping, and playing hide and go seek with little fellows whose heads scarcely reached his waistband. His juvenile playmates soon began, however, to envy poor Loton his privileges. They, therefore, set about making him disaffected toward his aunt. They told him that if they were in his place, they would not live all alone with an old woman, and do her work for her. They advised him to assert his dignity, and tell the old woman flatly that he would do no more of her small jobs. Loton listened to the advice of these mischievous fellows, and thought it his duty to obey them. Accordingly, when Mrs. M—— arose on the succeeding morning, and went down stairs, she found that no preparations for breakfast had been made. Loton had gone out. He, at length, came in, and seating himself opposite his aunt, regarding her in silence for some time. She kept steadily at her knitting, and spoke not a word. Loton began to feel 'the keen demand of appetite,' and ventured to inquire 'why Aunt Merab did not get breakfast.'

'Why, Loton,' returned she very mildly—'thee did not get up, and bring in the water, and make the fire, and put on the tea-kettle—and how does thee think that I can get breakfast without water and fire?'

This was a puzzler for poor Loton. He could comprehend that the tea-kettle would not boil unless there was water in it, and fire under it. He therefore bestirred himself, and in consequence, his breakfast was soon ready.

Aunt Merab made no remarks. She entered into no long-winded declamation, as Miss Propriety or Mrs. Smartlady would have done, but simply placed before his eyes—cause and effect. Thus did the poor idiot live with his kind aunt; and both were benefitted by the contact. Neither could have done well alone. Loton's perceptions of right and wrong had evidently grown brighter. His mind had become stronger; and the feeble sprouts of reason had begun to show themselves in his conversation. Five years did the aunt and nephew live together in the utmost harmony. It was an oasis in the life of the latter. With her he was freed from persecution, from stripes and buffetings. He was scarcely permitted to feel his inferiority. He was tenderly nursed when sick, and he had begun to forget that he was a man for ever shut out from the love of his species—when his protector—his only friend in this wilderness world—died. When she was in the ground, he turned to the minister 'Where shall I get another Aunt Merab?'

Alas! thy next Aunt Merab was the tyrant keeper of the poor-house, and his heartless myrmidons!—Oft, as the traveller passed that abode of poverty and misfortune, did he hear the lash of thy tormentor—thy hollow shriek fell like the cry of some unearthly thing upon the ear, whose agonies were greater than those allotted to mortality. For ten long years did the grave spare the sufferer, that he might pass through the extremity of human misery ere he rested for ever. He ran away from his merciless keepers—he was hunted up and down like a wild beast. His little soft head was beaten, bruised, mangled, until human nature could no longer suffer, and the idiot died. Because he had stricken him, he was stricken of his fellows.

'The steed called lightning (says the Fates) Is owned in the United States,

'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse: 'Twas harnessed by professor Morse.'

[Boston Chronotype.

PRAYER OF THE ANCIENT MAIDEN.

Propitious Heaven! O, lend an ear—

Give a kind answer to my prayer.

I ask not honors, wealth, or fame—

Trifles like these I would not name.

My prayer is short—O, grant it then—

'Tis but a word—give me a man.

Nor do I wish to pick and choose—

He who is sent I'll not refuse.

Forgive me if my tears do tell

What sorrow in my heart I feel;

View with propitious eye my grief,

And send a man to my relief.

'Sir' said a marketman to Jemmy, 'you stole a pair of ducks from my wagon'

NE-00-GA.

A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Tread lightly on this hillock green!
A warrior lies below;
Red rust hath spoiled his hatchet keen,
And broken is his bow;
He looked upon this pleasant scene
Three hundred years ago.

My mother told me, when a child,
This fearful tale of him,
While burned our camp-fire, high up-piled,
Far in the forest dim;
And fear old giants of the wild
Changed into phantoms grim.

Ne-oo-ga, in a fit of wrath,
A younger brother slew,
Who faltered on the battle path,
And weak and timorous grew—
Unused was he to blood and seath,
And, ah! his years were few.

Wild horror, when the deed was done,
Upon the murderer fell;
He could not look upon the sun,
Or range the shadowed dell—
Black cords around his heart were spun,
And demons howled his knell.

The wretched warrior buried not
The body, gashed and red,
A shuddering coward from the spot,
With frantic bound, he fled,
And grisly monsters snarled and fought
While feasting on the dead.

In vain beneath the trees, at night,
He couched to find repose;
Round him would gather, to affright,
Flame-eyed, unearthly foes,
Arousing him to hopeless flight,
With stings and cruel blows.

Three days he wandered in the wood,
But on his rugged trail
A brother's awful ghost pursued
Waking a hollow wail,
And curses on that man of blood
Were muttered by the gale.

A wandering hunter of the deer
His beaded knee-belt found,
And tracked the haggard murderer here
With instinct like a hound,
Who told this tale of guilt and fear
Expiring on the ground.

A curse is clinging to the mould
Of his dishonored grave;
No flowers of summer there unfold,
But weeds and nettles wave;
And fiends troop thither when the cold
Rude winds of autumn rave.

Yon golden gate was firmly barred
When westward strayed his ghost;
A mighty Spirit, keeping guard,
Cried—"seek that gloomy coast
Where dwell the doomed and thunder-scarred
A melancholy host!"

The downfall of Napoleon, says a writer in the Boston Atlas, recalled Chateaubriand to France, where he was created a Peer, received into the Ministerial Council and loaded with favors. With them came a stroke of Providence which called forth the

YOUNG GIRL AND YOUNG FLOWER.

The bier descends, the spotless roses too,
The father's tribute in his saddest hour;
O Earth! that bore them both, thou hast thy due,—
The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back unto a world again,
Where mourning, grief, and agony have power,—
Where winds destroy, and suns malignant reign,—
That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Eliza, now,
Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling shower;
They both have perished in their morning glow,—
The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,
Bends, lost in sorrow, o'er thy funeral bower;
And time the old oaks's roots doth now assail,
O fair young girl and flower.

A Sad Narrative.

George and Sarah Green, two hard working peasants, dwelt, with a numerous family of small children, in Easedale, in Grasmere. Though poor, they were much respected in the neighborhood, from the firmness with which they bore their hardships, and the decent attire in which the children were sent to Grasmere school.

It was on a wintry day in 1807, that this couple went to a sale at Langdale-head, which, in clear weather, it was possible to reach by a short route of eight miles; and by this they went. Their object was, if possible, to obtain a place for a daughter, which Sarah had before her marriage; for their small purses would not admit of their making purchases. At such sales, were large concourses of people, who had no other motive than in the probability of meeting many old friends, and partaking of the good cheer then amply provided and liberally bestowed. Intent on their object, time almost insensibly slipped on; the company at the sale gradually dispersed, and the couple returned homewards, amid many serious expostulations not to risk a journey over the mountains above Langdale-head, which they said it was their intention to do. To these however, they gave no heed. They were observed most imprudently to ascend the hills from the road. Voices were heard some hours afterwards, from among the mountains; and, though some thought them cries of distress, others deemed them to proceed from some mirthful party; consequently no notice was taken of them. At such sales it was customary to deal out liquors pretty bountifully, and several serious, nay fatal accidents had been, as might be expected, the result; but no accusation on this point could be fairly adduced against the Greens.

On that dreary night, their six young children, the eldest, Agnes, being about nine years of age, sat by the peat fire, anxiously hoping every moment to hear their well-known voices. Every sound was heard with beating breasts on the part of the elder; every echo amongst the hills was listened to for hours. At twelve they went to bed, but not without having kneeled down and said their accustomed prayers. During the night and on the following morning, a heavier fall of snow had taken place, and they were now cut off from all intercourse with their neighbors. The brook was swollen with the torrents, and the little bridge was in such a precarious state, that they did not dare venture across it. Their parents did not return. The hope had been entertained that during the night they might have found shelter in some cot, but this gradually vanished as day passed on. Again they gathered round the fire, and began now seriously to consider that they might die from starvation.

It was in this state of terror that Agnes began to consider what might be done, and to act in a manner almost unheard for a girl of her years. The night was fast approaching. Having caused the other children to go to bed, she turned herself to household work.—First, recollecting that the clock was nearly down, she wound it up. She then took away the milk, which remained from what had been set aside for the children's consumption, during their parents' absence, and for the breakfast of the following morning, and which was still sufficient for two days' consumption; this she scalded to keep from turning sour.—She next examined the meal chest, made the porridge, but put all the children, except the two youngest, on short allowance; and, to reconcile them to this, she found out a little flour, part of which she baked on the hearth into little cakes, and this persuaded them that they had been having a feast. Before night should make it too formidable, or before fresh snow might make it impossible, she went out of doors. With the assistance of two younger brothers, she carried from the stack sufficient peat for a week's consumption. She exam-

ined the few potatoes buried in 'brackens, (withered fern,) and thought it best to leave them where they were, except as many as would make a single meal, fearing that the heat of the cottage would spoil them if removed. Having thus made all the provision she could for the support of their own lives, she turned her attention to the cow, which she milked; but either from being badly fed, or from some other cause, the milk afforded was too trifling to be of much consideration towards the wants of the family. Her next anxiety was to get down the hay for the cow's food, from a loft above the outhouse: in this she succeeded but imperfectly, from want of strength. Returning to the cottage, she fastened the door, put the young children to bed, and set up with the others till midnight. But no voice was heard, no rap came to the door. Her care, before going to rest was to prevent the snow beating in. And so it went on.—Another night passed on, and after it another day. On the third or fourth, however, so much of the snow had drifted as to permit Agnes by a circuitous route, to pass the stream still swollen, and to find a pathway to Grasmere; and this, after much fatigue, she was enabled to do, and to tell her melancholy tale.

No sooner was it made known, however, than within about half an hour, from the remotest parts of the valley, some distant nearly two miles, all the men of Grasmere had assembled at the little cluster of cottages called 'Kirktown,' from their adjacency to the church of St. Oswald. There were about sixty-three households in the vale, and the number of souls about 265. Sixty of the stoutest men at least, after arranging the signals by which they were to communicate from great distances, in the events of mists or snow storms, set off to the hills. The women of the vale were in the greatest anxiety, until night brought them back in a body unsuccessful; for they were perfectly aware that such expeditions were very hazardous. For three days, if not five, the search was ineffectual; partly from the extent of ground to be examined, and partly from their naturally ranging almost exclusively on the earlier days, on that part of the hills over which the path to Easedale might be supposed to have been. At length dogs were taken up, which, providentially show the most astonishing sagacity in snow storms; and, about noon, a shout from a height amongst the thick cloudy vapor, conveyed as by telegraph, from man to man, intelligence that the bodies were found. George was lying at the bottom of a precipice, from which he had fallen. Sarah on its summit; and it was conjectured that George had desired her to pause, wrapping her in his own great-coat, whilst he should go forward and catch the sight of some object which might inform him of their real situation. The precipice was but a few yards from where he had quitted his wife. The depth of the descent and the fury of the wind would prevent any distinct communication between the couple; but it was believed by the shepherds that Sarah might have caught, at intervals, the groans of her partner, supposing his death were lingering. It was agreed that the wild shrieks heard towards midnight, in Langdale-head, were Sarah's.

Their bodies were interred in the churchyard of Grasmere. George had a family by a former wife; and it was for some of them, who lived at a distance, and who wished to attend that the funeral was delayed. After this solemn ceremony, attended as might be supposed, by persons from all quarters, a division of the children was made amongst the wealthier families of the vale. There had been, even before the funeral, a struggle to obtain one of the children, amongst those enabled to provide for them; and even the poorest claimed to bear some part in the expenses of the case. But it was decided that none of them should be entrusted to persons likely to be obliged to relinquish it. The children thus soon found a refuge; for to the shorn lamb the wind was mercifully tempered, and the

Father of the fatherless suffered them not to wander.

In a great measure through the instrumentality of the Woodsworth family, an ample subscription was obtained, including some of the members of the royal family, and such a sum raised as to provide for setting them in situations adapted to their sphere of life.

How much is there to be learned from this instructive record! how much valuable counsel may parents derive from it! The whole conduct of the children—their due attention to the prayers taught them, their ready obedience to their elder sister, the prudent forethought and energetic activity which that sister testified, speak loudly to the commendation of George and Sarah Green; while it affords to all parents in the same situation, a useful lesson and example, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. If they reaped not the harvest, yet they had sown the seed; and the subsistence so mercifully and abundantly provided for their children, is only one of the psalmist's experience.

The death of George and Sarah Green, will not be soon forgotten in the wilds of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and it is the constantly repeated tale to the visitor of Grasmere churchyard; not that death on the mountains or in the vales, was, or is of such rare occurrence, and that even in a season and in weather far different from that in which the Greens perished—and that not merely with strangers, but shepherds and others born and bred up in the neighborhood—but it was the various connecting circumstances that added such a deep interest to the tale of woe. Often, and in many sequestered spots, will the guides point out to the traveller that there some wanderer slept the sleep of death: well for that wanderer, if he fell asleep in Jesus; and if, while his eyes forever closed upon the splendid scenes which surrounded him, they were enabled to behold the everlasting hills of Zion, which compass the city of the living God.

On the melancholy event referred to, the following was written by the poet Woodsworth:

'Who weeps for strangers? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair's unhappy fate,
Whose graves may here be seen.

By night upon these stormy fells,
Did wife and husband roam;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.

For any dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek.
He perished; and a voice was heard—
The widow's lonely shriek.

Not many steps, and she was left
A body without life;
A few short steps were the chain that bound
The husband to the wife.

Now do those sternly featured hills
Look gently on this grave,
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without wave.

But deeper lies the heart of peace
In quiet more profound:
The heart of quietness is here
Within this churchyard bound.

And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.

O darkness of the grave! how deep
After that living night—
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright!

O sacred marriage-bed of death,
That keeps them side by side,
In bond of peace, in bond of love,
That may not be untied!

[Church of England Magazine.]

HONOR TO WATER.



Liquid crystal, clear and bright,
That in ether drinkest light;
Then dost greet the earth in showers,
Kissing all her fruits and flowers;
Taking then thy curious way
Through channels hidden from the day,
Over gems and jewels rare,
Again to visit light and air,
Bubbling to the bright well's brink,
For thirsty man a nectar drink!

Henceforth be the honor thine
Erst bestow'd on fev'ring wine!
Henceforth be thy place the vase
Curiously cut in stars,
And the chrystal goblet bright:
Purity enshrined in light!

[Original.]

TOUCH NOT THE BOWL.

BY JAMES HUTCHINSON BROWN.

Touch not the bowl for there lurks within,
In the bright and glist'ning wine,
A demon grim, who is sure to bring
Sorrow unto thee and thine;
Who laughs and shouts in his frantic glee,
When the goblet's to thy lip;
Who forges chains to be bound round thee,
While the glist'ning wine you sip;
At ev'ry draught makes you think in vain
It will surely be thy last;
Thy thirst to quench you return again,
And strive to forget the past.

He robs thy cheek of the hue of health,
And thy strength he takes away;
He steals from thee all thy treasured wealth,
From thy soul the light of day,
He waves to thee, with a shout, his hands,
And he beckons you to him;
He takes from thee, with a laugh, thy lands,
Then he leads thee on to sin,
He clanks the chains in his bitter wrath
That he forged to place round thee;
You hear the sounds, but there is no path
For the wretched one to flee.

Thy way is lone, for thy looks are wild,
And thy actions now all fear;
Thy loving wife with her words so mild,
Is no longer to thee dear.
He has made thee mad, for thy brain is sear'd
And his mark is on thy brow;
And startling crimes that you once had feared,
Are as nothing to thee now;
He places brands in thy nervous grasp,
For thou'rt moulded to his will;
He bids thee strong round thy victim clasp,
Then he whispers thee to kill.

Thy arm is raised—his loud laugh you hear,
He will never give thee rest;
He cries out loud, plunge without a fear,
The steel in thy victim's breast!
Now thou art his! for the deed is done,
And the demon wild and grim,
With frantic glee he proclaims that one
Has now bound himself to him;
To cool thy brain then again you fly
To the bright and glist'ning wine;
The demon cries as he lingers nigh—
"No more peace on earth is thine!"

O, touch not wine though 'tis offered thee
By the fairest of the fair;
The temple shun—from its presence flee,
Danger waiteth for thee there.
Then touch not wine though thy friends entreat
Let them ask of thee in vain;
Taste not one drop—though the taste is sweet,
It will cause thee years of pain;
Touch not the bowl for there lurks within,
In the bright and glist'ning wine,
A demon grim who is sure to bring,
Sorrow unto thee and thine.

Boston, Ms.

Cold Water Army.

BY REV. J. HIERPONT.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down to dine?
No, my friends, for is it not
Pour'd out by hands divine?
Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends,
Pour'd out by hands divine;
From springs and wells it gushes forth,
Pour'd out by hands divine.

To Beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seems,
'Tis not more strange than true,
Cold Water, though itself so pale,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
Imparts the rosiest hue;
Yes, Beauty, in a water-pail
Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, (tho' wonderful,
'Tis not less true, again)
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men;
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take that weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

I've seen the bells of tulips turn,
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds;—then why should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle;
What sweetness more than water pure
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain; then drink it up
And thus the oak gets high;
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high;
By having water in its cups,
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair.
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

A Temperance Song.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow"

Come join in our Temperance army,
And put on the Washington badge,
I'm sure that it never will harm you,
Go give in your names to the pledge!

We've done with our days of carousing,
Our nights to a frolicsome glee,
For now with our sober minds choosing,
We've pledged ourselves never to spree.

Not even to handle the evil,
Not even to taste the old bowl;
Not even to look at the devil
That ruins both body and soul.

They call us old broken down toppers,
And they may say just what they will,
But once we were very good loafers,
When our money went into their till.

But we—when the charms of the glasses,
And mended the joys of our home,
Our wives and our little ones' faces,
Wear a gladness instead of a gloom.

Our garments are sound, now, and decent,
Our pockets with money are lined,
Our friends when they meet us are pleasant
And even the Ladies look kind.

We've launched out a cold water frigate,
And called it a Temperance ship,
And invite you to help us to rig it,
And join in our teetotal trip.

A Teetotal Song.

Though assembled for tea—yet not totally so,
As our varied libations most clearly will show—
We all have at heart the true teetotal plan,
A COLD WATER UNION—or none—to a man!
While tastes may thus differ—in tea some de-
light—

While some in hot water are found to unite—
And others in cold—in one thing we agree,
That we all are well suited, this time, "to a T."
Cold water! cold water! how cheerily now,
Does thy bright reflex-glass image purity's brow;
Ere's beauty, resplendent, our gaze cannot fail,
With the tints water colored by "ADAM'S" clear
"ALE."

A cup of pure water! how charming the sound,
As it gurgles and gushes from out the cool ground!
A cup of bright water! how sparkling and clear,
The heart to make glad, and the spirit to cheer!
Then water—pure water! be ever our toast—
And triumphant success to the Cold Water host—
"An army with banners"—not weapons of slaugh-
ter—

No "Fire King" the leader—but GENERAL COLD
WATER!

Hymn.

TUNE—"O that's the Rose for me."

The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me;
It kills the body and the soul,
How sad a sight is he,
But there's a drink which God hath given
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In mercies large and free;
O, that's the drink for me. O, that's,

The stream that many prize so high,
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Forever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near,
Refreshed and glad is he;
O, that's the stream for me. O, that's,

The wine-cup that so many prize
Is not the cup for me.
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see,
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it maybe sure
Of health and length of days;
O, that's the cup for me. O, that's

A TEETOTALLER.—Capt. Phinney, the worthy
commander of the steamboat Telegraph, lately sta-
ted, in answer to a question on the subject, that 'he
never drank a tea-spoonful of rum, brandy, gin, wine,
cider, or beer, in his life; neither tea nor coffee.' 'But
said the interrogator, 'what do you do when you are
sick?' 'I never was unwell in my life,' was the
ready and instructive reply.

A Touching Narrative.

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. 'That wonder,' said Miss P., 'was once expressed to the reverend gentleman in my hearing, and he told me a story, in answer, which I will tell you; and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination he preached, once every Sabbath, for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name; but his sermon was never written without many a thought how he should approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays; but the weeks slipped on; and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart; and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman present officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. 'Since that time,' said the clergyman in question, 'my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only.—I shall speak to her in heaven.'—*Uncle Sam.*

FROM A PAPER 100 YEARS OLD.—The following is a very droll specimen of Yankee wit. It has actually appeared in a Providence paper; and if the Groceries of this Rhode Island Jester be as high flavored as his humor, he deserves a daily crowd of customers.

To be sold by Nicholas Branch, at the Refectory, west end of the bridge, Providence.

Solid Arguments,

Consisting of Bread, Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs, Salmon, Meats, Tongue, Oysters, &c., ready cooked.

Agitations.

Cider, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, S. Oil, &c.

Grievances.

Pepper, Sauce, Mustard, Black Pepper, Cayenne.

Punishments.

Wine, Brandy, Gin, Spirits, Bitters, Porter, &c.

Superfluities.

Snuff, Tobacco, Segars.

N. B.—Any of the above articles to be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz.

French Crowns, Spanish Dollars, Pistareens, Cents Mills, or Bank Bills.

Credit given for Payments,

30, 60, 90 Seconds, or as long as a man can hold his breath.

Those indebted for
Must not be
Nor think it a
If they should meet
For calling for such
And supposing it not
To make immediate

Arguments
Agitated,
Grievance,
Punishment
Superfluities,
Necessary
Payment.

1846.

On the 13th day of July last, the Town of Nantucket was visited by a devastating fire, equalled by that which occurred at Fall River in the year 1843.

The whole number of buildings destroyed, as stated by our Agent, is as follows: public buildings 4; oil factories 7; barns and other out buildings 80. Total 338.

The number of total losses for which we were liable was 33, and

THE NORTHERN LIGHT;—a description of its appearance in 1716. A writer says "that there arose a bright light in the east-north-east, like the light of a house on fire in the night; and soon spread through the heavens from east to west, reaching about 44 degrees in height. It streamed with flashes very bright and strong. I could resemble it to nothing but the light of some fire. The light appeared again at a later hour. It was more dreadful: sometimes it resembled a flame; sometimes it was a blood-red color." Phenomena of this kind had evidently been of such rare occurrence prior to the above date, that their appearance produced terror and consternation in the minds of people generally.

DARK DAYS.—On the 19th of May, 1780, an uncommon darkness took place all over New England, and extended to Canada. It continued about 14 hours or from ten o'clock in the morning till midnight. The darkness was so great, that people were unable to read common print, or tell the time of the day by their watches, or to dine, or transact their ordinary business, without the light of candles. They became dull and gloomy, and some were excessively frightened. The fowls retired to their roosts. Objects could not be distinguished but at a very little distance, and every thing bore the appearance of gloom and night.

The winter before the great dark day, above mentioned, was the severest winter ever known in New England. Snow lay about four feet deep, nearly the whole time, from the middle of November, to the middle of April.

The Sentiments of Washington.

It was once proposed to Gen. Washington, by several officers of the American Army, to place a crown on his head, as King of America. The following is an exact and certified copy of his reply.

To Colonel Lewis Nicola,

Newbern, 22d May, 1782.

"Sir: With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view such with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some farther agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

"I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable.

"At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and, as far as my powers and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

I am, sir, your most ob't serv't,

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

[Original.]

A TALE OF WATERLOO.

BY L. H. SHERWIN.

Ox Waterloo beneath the clouded sky,
Where men lay weltering in their blood to die,
And wailing moans were floating on the air,
A female sat with wild bewildered air,
Her infant to her bosom closely clasped,
And wildly gazed on him when just he gasped,
Beneath his horse and dead, besmeared with gore,
Pierced with a bullet through, and trampled o'er,
He laid among the heap of ghastly slain,
The tide of life fast oozing from his brain.
She on him gazed, then her young infant kissed,
Who then for the last time was by her blessed;
With tearful eye 'him' to her bosom clasped,
And shrieking wildly soon she too did gasp.
Her infant on her bosom lying yet,
As if by angels watched, it calmly slept.
While searching for 'him' thus I saw them lie,
And gazed upon them with a tearful eye.
I took the infant from its bosom bed,
Where sleeping calmly on the ghastly dead.
Oh! what a sight! and yet how sweet to see
That infant sleeping calm and tranquilly,
Unconscious of the blood which trickled down
Upon its mother from its father's wound.
I wrapt the infant in my cloak, and strode
Slowly and sadly from the scene of blood.

"Twas just before the Waterloo's proud fight,
That infant's father called on me at night;
Depressed at heart, with visage pale and wan,
Spoke of his loving wife and little son.
He had no fear, nor shuddered with dismay,
But felt he'd not survive the coming day;
His portrait then entrusted to my care,
To give unto his wife in England, where
He left her long before, his loving bride,—
He felt he'd ne'er again sit by her side.
He of her talked so fondly and so meek,
While tears of love ran scalding down his cheek,
Then wrung my hand, and him I ne'er saw more,
'Cept once in battle, till when in his gore.
We parted then to meet no more in life,
Next day he fell amidst the bloody strife,
andolph, Mass.

TRIAL CONTINUED.—The trial of Barker Burnell, indicted for embezzling the funds of a Bank at Nantucket, of which he was cashier, has been continued to the June term of the Court of Common Pleas, 1847. He was surrendered to the Court by his bondsmen and committed to jail.

JULY 3, 1847.

There were twenty vessels at anchor at the Boston quarantine ground on Wednesday, having on board 1577 immigrant passengers.

The Irish Relief Fund collected in New York up to the 24th inst, amounted to \$156,581.

Whittlings.



A TOAST.

The ships of our navy.
And the ladies of our land!
May the former be well rigged!
And the latter well manned!

A Sailor died at Sunderland of hydrophobia, caught while administering medicine to a dog, one of whose teeth accidentally scratched his hand.

A RIDDLE.—A person directing the attention of another to a portrait, said—

"Brothers and sisters have I none,
But that man's father was my father's son."

What relation was he to the person thus represented?

In the year 1800, Dr. JOHN GASPER SPURZHEIM, a German, commenced the study of Phrenology under Dr. Gall, and four years after became associated with him in his labors, and subsequently added many important discoveries to those of his tutor, as well as reducing the whole to a most beautiful system of mental philosophy. He died at Boston, on the 10th of November, 1832, in the midst of his arduous labors. A beautiful and thrilling poem was written for the occasion by Pierpont, from which the following is an extract:

"Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
Was thy worship at her shrine,
Friend of man,—of God, the servant,
Advocate of truths Divine;
Taught and charm'd as by no other,
We have been, and hoped to be;
But while waiting round thee, brother,
For thy light—'tis dark with thee,
Dark with thee!—no, thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love—shall give thee greater
Light than earth's—as earth withdraws."



The Power of Beauty.—A Sonnet.

BY EVELYN.

I never gazed on beauty, but I felt
My heart and soul in unison to beat;
A strange sensation fraught with joy so sweet,
That I have wished all earthly things would melt
Into beauty I have gazed on mountains,
And felt their wild sublimity creep o'er me—
Seen heaven spread her starry mantle 'fore me,
And heard sweet music, and the gush of fountains:
Have watched the stars until Aurora smiles,
And the first breath of morning kissed my cheek;
The rising sun, amid most splendid piles
Of clouds, until I had no heart to speak:
These had their power,—but one thing greater moved—
'Twas when I gazed on woman, and I loved.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1848.

"Ben D'Israeli says that there may be hope for England still, as the rock upon which it is predicted she will split is only a shamrock, after all."

A DANDY.

Some say there is nothing made in vain,
While others the reverse maintain,
And prove it very handy,
By citing animals like these,
Mosquitoes, bed bugs, crickets, fleas,
But worse than all a dandy.

The Departed.

E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

Speak kindly of each faded one,
That's joined the dreamless dead;
By them is heard your lightest tone,
Your inmost soul is read;
Their spirits fill the viewless air,
Unseen, but ever near;
In midnight dark, in noonday's glare,
Each unkind word they hear.

Speak kindly—'twere an awful thing,
That one on earth belied,
Who bravely soared, with wounded wing,
Above affliction's tide—
His worth and goodness all unknown,
A son of grief and care,
When sleeping in the church-yard lone,
Should hear us wrong him there!

Speak softly, gently, of the dead!
The land to which they're gone,
Perchance ourselves we soon shall tread,
Like them with features wan.
Then, 'twere a painful thing to hear,
As we, unseen of men,
Roam mid the scenes in life so dear,
Our memories wronged by them!

The summer air, that flits along,
Is scented with the breath
Of spirits; and, like plaintive song
Of swan at hour of death,
I hear their voices, when alone
At twilight hour I roam,
Like music round celestial throne,
Where seraphs have their home.

But I can ne'er reveal the song
They sing—the tales they tell—
For airy beings round me throng,
And bind me with a spell:
But of the pale, all-seeing dead,
Speak gently, softly, kind;
And joy shall hover round thy head,
And heal thy wounded mind.



HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water and gave them to Hagar, and sent her with her son Ishmael, away; and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba. When the water was spent in the bottle, she cast the child under one of the shrubs, and went and sat down over against him, a good way off; for she said, let me not see the death of the child. And as she sat over against him, she lifted up her voice and wept.

And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said to her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is; arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thy hand; for I will make him a great nation. Then God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink. And God was with the lad; and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.

The reason why Ishmael, with his mother, was sent away from his father, was because he had been mocking his half-brother Isaac. It was foretold of him before he was born, that he would be a wild man; that his hand would be against every man, and every man's hand against him; yet that he should dwell in the presence of all his brethren. This prophecy has been most remarkably fulfilled in relation to his descendants, the Ismaelites, or Arabs, down to the present time. They are, and always have been, a race of robbers, always at war with their neighbors, yet they have never been subdued. They still live the same kind of wandering life as did their ancestors, dwelling "in the wilderness," in tents, and preserving unchanged the habits and customs of three thousand years.

An eccentric, wealthy gentleman, stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, on which was painted the following: 'I will give this field to any man who is contented.' He soon had an applicant. 'Well, sir, are you a contented man?' 'Yes, sir, very.' 'Then what do you want with my field?' The applicant did not stop to reply.



Drawn by J. Lewis.

TWO THINGS I SAW.

I saw a noble laborer—
A gallant man was he,
Or stalwart frame and manly port,
And dark eye bold and free;
And, ere, he had a fine young wife,
And bright eyed children three—
I never saw in all my life,
A nobler man than he!

He never did a shameful deed—
He ne'er betrayed a friend—
For his own land he'd fight and bleed
Till life itself should end;
He ever shared his frugal store
With each poor soul in need—
Honest and generous, brave and free—
Such was the laborer's creed.

I looked upon his noble form—
I thought upon his worth—
And, faith! the laborer seemed to me
The noblest man on earth!
But when it came town meeting day,
I knew he couldn't vote,
Because he owned no acres broad,
And wore a ragged coat!

I turned and saw another man—
He wore gold specs, and carried
A gay gold headed cane in hand,
And a rich girl had married.
He lived up in a great brick house,
Three stories high or more,—
He owned a farm, a cotton mill,
Some bank-stock, and a store.

Close-fisted, hard and stern he was,
He hardly ever smiled—
He drove the beggar from his gate
And at his woes reviled,
He hardly ever smiled, I said,
Yet surely 'twas not so,
For to each nabob he would smirk
Like a monkey in a show—

He'd cheated now for forty years—
Failed twice, and saved each time
Some twenty thousand dollars good—
And kept his horse and wine.
He was an old aristocrat,
And terribly he growled
When he heard Brownson's doctrines preached
And at "free suffrage" scowled.

He vowed that under old King Charles
We'd got on "well enough"—
That all this talk of Human Rights,
Was rigmorole and stuff!
Now this rich man of course could vote,
Come from the polls, and meet
The vulgar herd of laboring slaves,
Thronging the crowded street!

Sang at the celebration of the New England Society
of Washington, 22d of December.

They left the proud land of their sires,
In the footprints of martyrs they trod,
They lit up the woods with their fires,
And reared their green altars to God.
They bent in devotion the knee,
And rejoiced that their perils were o'er;
While the tempest sang hymns to the sea,
And the waves beat the time on the shore.

The fagot—the axe—and the cord—
Their terrors and triumphs are o'er;
Oh! strong was their faith in the Lord,
As they watched on the desolate shore.
The mother, in tears sank to sleep
On the father's untorn breast;
And the longing eye turned from the deep,
For there had the weary found rest.

A Suttee.

No sooner is a Hindoo female of any rank deprived by death of her husband, than she is immediately surrounded by her priests and brahmins; for what purpose? Is it to pour into her widowed heart the balm of sympathy on this occasion of sorrow and anguish? Ah, no! Is it to invite her to their homes that they may there give her the comforts and the consolations which their own absurd system might afford? By no means. It is to give her the dreadful alternative, to have her head shaved and to retire into a state of perpetual infamy, or to go to the funeral pile of her husband and there offer herself a sacrifice. When we think of the shame and the degradation which are the sure attendants upon the one, we need not be surprised that so many thousands have embraced the other.



I saw her pacing her appointed circuits around the pile. I saw her ascend the bed of death, and tied to the dead body of her husband. I saw her take her jewels from her ears, her neck, and the various members of her body, and distribute them as parting memorials to her friends. I saw her son,—whom she had nurtured, and whom she had nursed,—take the torch into his hand, and in several places kindle the flame that was to consume his mother. I saw the servants of iniquity cut the ropes to let the canopy of fagots fall upon her head to crush her and to prevent her escape; and as the flames ascended and as the pile became one mass of fire, I heard the horrid yell and the shout of exultation from the surrounding multitude, to drown the shrieks of that victim in the plaudits of their joy. Oh! I thought I was standing on the borders of the infernal lake. I wondered that the earth did not open her mouth to devour the perpetrators of this horrid murder. Ye mothers of Israel! Ye whom the gospel of Jesus has elevated to your proper rank! Pity your sex who are thus degraded in India.

The foregoing description of a suttee is taken from Campbell's India. It should not be understood, however, that this custom is upheld by law. During the administration of lord William Bentinck it was abolished, and the British authorities have since endeavored to prevent the recurrence of these scenes of guilt and blood. But, aside from the fact that we have here an illustration of the unchanging spirit of heathenism, it is very evident that the practice has not been destroyed in the affections of the people. Many victims have been immolated in the independent provinces; and, indeed, repeated instances have occurred in which females, instigated by the brahmins, have left the British territories to evade the law, and have sacrificed themselves in the adjoining districts.

They founded an empire in gloom,

While sickness and hunger stood by;

They built them a church and a tomb,

And waited to live or to die!

The God of the faithful was there

To strengthen the fast sinking form,

He heard the lone wanderer's prayer,

And mercy was sent with the storm.

The race of the exiled was strong,

The red men in bitterness fled;

The valleys were vocal with song,

And the wilderness bowed its green head

They covered the ocean's green shore;

They roamed to the uttermost sea;

And they vowed like their fathers of yore,

That their land should forever be free.

The heroes of liberty stood,

To battle the monarch of thrones,

They poured out, like water, their blood,

And whitened the hills with their bones.

The eagle that soar'd 'mid the stars,

Their emblem of glory became,

They dignified valor with scars,

And gave to their knighthood a name.

From the frosts of the far northern shore,

To the bowers of the orange and vine,

Our blood when 'tis wanted shall pour—

We'll stand in the death dealing line!

And, strong in the pride of the free,

In the land of their valor and fame,

We gather from mountain and sea

To hallow each forefather's name.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

I knew a beautiful and gentle maid
Whom proud and haughty parents cross'd in
love;

I knew her in her cradle, saw her laid
In the cold earth, and many mourn above.
I saw her father weep the stern command
Which broke her heart, while it unclasp'd her
hand.

She did not love unworthily,—her choice
Was of a poor, low-born, but virtuous youth;
One gifted by the general public voice,
With heart to love and serve the God of truth:
And then he had a brow, and eye, and hair
Of beauty. Oh, they were a glorious pair!

Her parents spurn'd him, bade him choose a bride
Among the base-born menials of the land;
They said their daughter bore a name of pride,
And wealth and rank alone might ask her hand.
He bow'd his head, he press'd his suit no more,
Wip'd off a tear, then left his native shore.

She saw him pace with mournful step, the strand,
She saw his gallant bark depart the bay,
Convulsively she wav'd her lily hand,
'Twas reason's last, and madness' first essay.
Thenceforth her words were wild, and her dark
eye
Was lit up, like a heated August sky.

She never broke into the frenzied shout
Of senseless laughter, nor bemoan'd her fate;
But sate, all patiently, the long day out,
Her head leant on her hand, her look sedate—
'Twas only in her eye, or when she spoke,
That you could know how deep had been the
stroke.

Then rued her sire his stern, unnatural part,
He tried to soothe her with kind words and fair;
He bade her take her Henry to her heart,
And said he liv'd. She sigh'd and ask'd him
where.
And with the name, a passion of deep grief
Burst out and gave her breaking heart relief.

She was herself once more, and tenderly
She hung, all weeping, on her mother's neck,
Who gently kiss'd the pearly drops away,
And strove to re-assure the drooping wreck,
And then they told her, were she on a throne,
And crown'd, her Henry still should be her own.

It was too late,—more fever'd grew her cheek,
Each day the hectic flush gain'd on the rose;
At constant strife with thought, and grown too
weak
To cope with pain, she sank in death's repose;
And I, her father's friend, held the sad trust,
To see this peace-wreck'd girl, laid in the dust.

Temperance Hymn.

BY BENJ. A. G. FULLER, ESQ.

Hark, the glad sound! let earth employ
Her thousand tongues in notes of joy;
The tidings spread from shore to shore—
The reign of Alcohol is o'er.

From Erin's sea-girt isle there comes
A rapturous song of ransomed homes;
Columbia's 'floods, rocks, hills and plains'
Prolong the sound in echoing strains.

Old ocean lifts his deep toned voice;—
The hardy mariners rejoice;—
The Temperance flag floats broad and free,
In every breeze—o'er every sea.

No longer 'neath the tyrant's power,
His trembling subjects cringe or cower;
Their souls, too long oppressed, at length
Have risen and put on their strength.

And soon, from Sin's dark bondage free,
They'll win the glorious victory,
Then let the Earth, with Heaven above,
Welcome with songs the reign of Love.

The Storm.—One of the severest storms ever known in this place occurred on Sunday and Monday last. It commenced blowing from the east early on Sunday morning, and gradually increased for twenty-four hours, by which time it had assumed the character of a hurricane of the first magnitude. It continued blowing until Tuesday morning, though its violence was greatly diminished. The wind was accompanied by heavy and incessant squalls of rain. Much damage was done, as well to houses and other buildings as to vessels in the harbor. Chimneys were blown down in great numbers, walks upon the roofs of houses destroyed, and trees, fences, &c., prostrated in all quarters. The high rise of the tide—some three feet above the surface of the wharves, and extending into the streets in their neighborhood—caused considerable destruction of lumber, wood, coal, &c. The large Rope-walk occupied by Mr Joseph James, and owned by Messrs Barker & Athearn, was totally destroyed. Another Ropewalk, owned by Mr Isaac Myrick, was greatly injured. A number of small buildings in exposed situations were destroyed. At Siasconset there was much damage. A portion of the bank in front of the village gave way, and took with it a dwelling house and two barns. The observatory was blown down, as also were several barns, chimneys, and walks on tops of houses. A resident of the village, Mr Jas. C. Hussey, had his leg broken in consequence of falling down the bank. This is the only accident of the kind that has come to our knowledge. We have heard the loss caused by the gale variously estimated, but on every occasion at a very high rate. Men's minds, at such times, are in unison with the destructive agent, and consequently their calculations and estimates are of the grand order. It is altogether probable that the loss will be found to be much less than is generally supposed.

OCTOBER 9, 1841.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER OF MEMORY AND SIGHT.—Rabbi-Hersch-Daennemark, whose wonderful memory and sight have produced a great sensation in Russia, France, and Germany, and puzzled the most eminent men of the faculty, made his appearance at Sussex-hall, on Thursday, the 30th ultimo. At a mere glance he exactly told the number of lines on a page, in manuscript or print. In any Hebrew book, or in any other language interspersed with Hebrew words, the rabbi told, without looking in, the words occurring on the line and page being named. A pin being stuck through ever so many leaves, he tells the exact word to which the point of the pin penetrates. This he accomplished in books which some of the audience brought from home with them. Being rather an uneducated man, and not able to read any other language than Hebrew, his extraordinary powers cannot be brought to bear upon any other language. He wears a diamond ring, presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, and a gold watch, by Prince Metternich. The Germans called him "Der Wunder Man," (the man of wonder,) and no one has yet been able to explain his remarkable but undeniable ability of telling that which he does not see, and never has seen before. His demeanor is wild and incoherent, and indicates not the usual soundness of mind.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

Married, on the 6th inst. at Statton Audley, Wm. GOODENOUGH to Miss SARAH TATGOOD.

Pity that Hymen's fetters should
"For worse" make mortal stuff;
Single, this lady was TOO good;
Married, but GOOD ENOUGH
And now we safely may aver—
Oh, Cupid! what a whim—
She held him GOOD ENOUGH for her,
Herself TOO good for him.

PREMATURE OLD AGE.

BY REV. H. WINSLOW.

Many of the *habits* of Americans are particularly calculated to precipitate them into a premature old age. It is well known that undue anxiety, vexatious care, disappointment, sudden reverses, have a direct and powerful tendency to undermine the constitution and send debility through the frame. In this view, the *business* habits of Americans are friendly to any thing but long and vigorous life. They are too impatient to be rich; and even impatience itself is not allowed fair play. Uncertainty attending governmental movements, consequent fluctuations of trade, capricious rise and fall of stocks, together with intense excitement and haste in averting calamities and securing advantages, give to business an air of dissipation which rapidly wastes the energies of nature. While a steady business nourishes life, haste always wastes it. And while mental labor, care, thought, and even severe and protracted application of the intellectual energies, may tend to invigorate and prolong the vital functions, anxiety, vexation, disappointment and fear, always tend to destroy them. I have seen a person, present with the fated Queen of France during that reign of terror and death, who informed me that the young and beautiful woman exchanged the charms of youth for the badges of old age, almost in a day. In a single night, a most terrible night it was, her dark locks took on a silvery grey, her brilliant and flashing eye sunk into a leaden dullness. And many, many a poor merchant and manufacturer in this country, has, in the period of a few anxious months, been overtaken with more grey hairs and wrinkles than ought to have been realised in as many years. Our only relief must be sought in more permanent laws, more prudent and far-reaching rulers, and more of that composed temperament which adopts Agur's prayer.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—An admirable instance of presence of mind was shown by a Highland lad, who, with a lowland farmer, was crossing a mountain stream, in a glen, at the upper end of which a waterspout had fallen. The Highlander had reached the opposite bank, but the farmer was looking about, and loitering on the stones over which he was stepping, wondering at a sudden noise he heard, when the Highlander cried out, "Help, help, or I am a dead man," and fell to the ground. The farmer sprung to his assistance, and had hardly reached him, when the torrent came down, sweeping over the stones, with a fury which no human force could have withstood. The lad had heard the roaring of the stream behind the rocks, which intercepted its view from the farmer, and fearing that he might be panic struck if he told him of his danger, took this expedient to save him.—*Burt's Letters.*

GET OFF THE GRASS.—The private gardens around Queen Victoria's palace at Windsor were thrown open to the public last September. One afternoon Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, emerged from the Castle, taking a "near cut" across in the Home Park, where a policeman, not knowing who he was, called out—"Halloo, you sir! come back and get off the grass! come back, you sir!" His lordship hastened off the grass, in the direction of the officer, who, as he passed, taking him for one of the Royal attendants, called out, "You may go on; you are all right enough!" His lordship smiled at the bystanders and pursued his walk.

The Loss of the Thomas P. Cope BY LIGHTNING AT SEA.

CREW AND PASSENGERS SAVED.

The ship Washington Irving, Captain Caldwell, which arrived at Boston on Sunday last, reports that "on the 16th inst., latitude 42, longitude 67 20, fell in with British ship Emigrant, from Liverpool for St. John, N. B., having on board Captain Miercken, crew and passengers, late of the packet ship Thomas P. Cope, of and from Philadelphia, Nov. 26, for Liverpool, which had been struck by lightning, evening of Nov. 29, lat. 41 15, lon 65, which set fire to the mainmast head and rigging, and cargo, consisting of hemp and tallow. Capt. M. immediately cut away the mainmast, and attempted in vain to extinguish the fire. In this dreadful state, they remained on board the ship until the evening of the 5th inst., when the Emigrant fell in with them, and took off part of the passengers, when a gale sprung up. On the morning of the 6th, the gale abated, and the remainder of the passengers, captain and crew were taken off. On opening the hatches of the T. P. C., as the last of the crew left, a dense body of smoke arose, which made it difficult for them to find their way to the boat. When the Emigrant had sailed about five miles from her, in three hours after she had been abandoned, the smoke and flame arose suddenly to a great height, and the ship suddenly disappeared.

When the W. Irving fell in with the Emigrant, she was short of provisions and water, and Capt. Miercken requested Capt. Caldwell to take himself, passengers and crew off, which he did. There were 82 in all. Capt. Caldwell also supplied the Emigrant with three barrels bread, and one barrel flour. On 17th inst., the Washington Irving was hove to, Capt. Caldwell not having had an observation since the 11th, and judging himself to be between Cape Ann and Cape Cod. She has been since the 11th, within two days' sail of Boston, wind NNW., and thick weather nearly all the time.

The cargo of the Thomas P. Cope consisted of 2659 barrels flour, 1450 barrels corn meal, 7500 bushels wheat, 4138 bushels corn, 93 hogsheads and 70 barrels tallow, 27 bales hemp, 644 kegs lard, 800 sides leather, 41 cases pickles, and 3 carriages.

The following were passengers in the T. P. C. and have arrived in Boston:—Capt. Henry F. Miercken, Messrs. Geo. Dodd, Isaac Walton, Mrs. Loughridge, four children and servant, officers, crew and fifty steerage passengers—in all 82 souls.

A YANKEE TRICK.—The Hartford Times reminds us of the device of a gentleman in a neighboring town last fall, to fill his cellar with first rate potatoes, at a very low price. It will be recollected that potatoes generally were not of the best quality, and the price was high. The gentleman gave notice that he had a particular desire to get a specimen of the best sort of potatoes raised that season, and accordingly offered three dollars for the best peck that should be emptied into his cellar—he being the judge. The potatoes came pouring in, peck after peck—those farmers who had different sorts bringing a peck of each, and of the very best of the lot. The gentleman soon found that he had a cellar full of first rate potatoes, when he shut his doors, and paid three dollars to the farmer who left the best peck, according to his judgment. He had potatoes to sell in the spring.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF WASHINGTON.

The annexed interesting sketch, sent us under the *nom de plume* of 'ROSE STANBISH,' will be deemed by every true American an appropriate offering at the moment when we are celebrating the seventieth anniversary of our beloved country's independence: 'The following note was found among the papers of the late Lord Erskine:

'TO GENERAL WASHINGTON: SIR—] have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence, which is to be found in the book I send to you.

'I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted class of men; but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray to God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the happiness of the world.

'T. ERSKINE.'

'In the year of our Lord 1790 I stood upon the door-step of the counting-house of which I was then but the youngest clerk, when the companion beside me hurriedly said: "There he comes!—there comes Washington!" I looked up Pearl street and saw approaching, with stately tread and open brow, the Father of my country. His hat was off, for the day was sultry, and he was accompanied by Col. Page and James Madison. Never have I forgotten, nor shall I forget to my dying day, the serene, the benign, the God-like expression of the countenance of that Man of Men. His lofty mien and commanding figure, set-off to advantage by an elegant dress, consisting of blue coat, buff small-clothes, silver knee and shoe-buckles, and white vest; his powdered locks and powerful, vigorous look, for he was then in the prime and strength of his manhood, have never faded from my mind during the many years, with all their chances and changes, which have rolled between! As WASHINGTON passed the place near where I stood, his mild, clear blue eye fell upon me, and it seemed as though his very glance was a benediction. Though high deeds and noble acts—fame, death, a nation's worship and tears—have since in the deep places of my heart consecrated his name above every other name of earth, yet even then, boy as I was, the glance thrilled through and through; my eyes fell beneath it, and my hand was involuntarily raised to uncover my head, as an august being passed by. The aspect of the outer man alone was calculated to enforce respect—to compel awe and reverence. But there is that in the sight and presence of a being we revere; a being whose name we have been taught to lip in infancy with grateful affection, which stirs feelings that lie far down in the depths of the soul, and inspires faith and trust in God and in human goodness. Oh! heaven-taught, heaven-endowed man, ordained of thy Maker to be thy country's deliverer!

'Once again I saw the President. He was riding, the carriage being drawn by four beautiful bays. I remember well its silver plate and yellow pannels, which has ever since seemed to me a proper and aristocratic color (forgive me, shade of WASHINGTON!) for a vehicle of this kind. Mrs. or Lady WASHINGTON as she was always called, sat by his side. She was of a comely and pleasant countenance, and appeared to be chatting in a lively manner to her noble lord and master, whose usual gravity, if my recollections serves me, was a little relaxed. He turned his face toward her—I think he smiled.

'Be not too familiar, lest men see thine infirmities and learn to cavil at thy teaching'

'This WASHINGTON appears to have understood; or rather, the poetry was innate in his character; and yet no man had fewer infirmities; none less need to dread a close inspection than he. The most conspicuous trait in his character, and one of the rarest virtues, was *moderation*. In every act of his life this was exemplified. Temperance shone in all; it was the guide of his conduct, the key to the great success of his life. Ambition, fame, military glory, in themselves considered, seem never to have had entrance into his lean, conscientious mind. With him all the 'pomp and circumstance' of glorious war was never dreamed of. Human oppression, 'the right' and freedom, nerved his arm. He drew only the sword of defence. Though his courage was undaunted, enthusiasm formed no part of his character. The loud clario and the spirit-stirring drum never drowned in his ear the cry of despair, the shriek of the dying. He never for a moment forgot that the fall of the meanest soldier on the battle-field carried desolation, wailing, and often destitution into a house-hold. But to return: The gaily-prancing steeds soon rolled the carriage out of my sight, and left me standing in the crowded street, an enthusiastic boy dreamer, with wondering gaze and crowded thoughts.

'Once more was he borne along. The steeds not now prancing and gay, but one—the old war-horse—led before his master's body, saddle and stirrup empty, and cloth of black covering him. Mournfully the dumb animal seemed to walk. How mutely eloquent it was! The scene is now before me; the solemn procession, slowly moving, marked through all its length with the sad trappings of woe!—The unutterably solemn strain of music, the march for the dead, rings now in my ear! I seem to see again the serious, down-cast faces of the men who followed after; again I hear the sobs and weeping of the women, and the wondering and affrighted look of little children is present with me. Each one mourned as with a personal grief. Earth will never again behold such a spectacle—a nation dissolved in tears! Why were they shed!—What trait of our beloved WASHINGTON do we most gratefully reverence? Is it not his transcendent goodness, his unsullied integrity, his purest patriotism? Yes, we love while we honor his memory. In life we reposed trust in him as in an ark of safety, a shield of defence. A God-fearing man, He prospered him, and blessed his life. Favored of Heaven, he enjoyed the confidence of men. No, I repeat, *never* shall I forget the words which wrought wonder, consternation and fear in my mind, and which was depicted on every face: "Washington is dead!"—They were spoken in a whisper, but now full of woe! . . . For many years I dwelt in the very house in which the Great Defender lived; I slept in the very room in which he slumbered. Sometimes an ancient friend of the family would point out with irrepressible pleasure and honorable pride the very spot where 'The General' stood, and where his 'Lady,' on grand reception-days; how they were attired; what gracious words they spake; how kindly and how hospitable. And then the old man, sighing, said to my mother, with the ever-retrospective glance of age, "Ah! Madam, those were palmy days!" There was one article in the house which had belonged to the WASHINGTON family, and only one. It was an old mirror. It fitted over the mantel-piece, underneath the wainscoting, and was never removed.

Well do I remember, when I was a mere child, being told this by an old servant; and of my gazing upon it with veneration because it had often reflected the face and form of the beloved WASHINGTON. It was held sacred as a relic of him. Many a weary night, when I have lain sleepless on my couch, the wind ('mournfully, oh! mournfully') whistling without, a lonely feeling would creep over me as I looked upon the wainscotted walls of 'The Great Room'; the old blue tiles of the large fire-place; the deep embrasured windows; and felt the stillness so profound within that I could almost hear the beating of my heart: then the dark vision of a fearful imagination has been exercised, and the words of my mother seemed to whisper me again: "When vain fears disturb thee, remember the good man who once lay where thou liest, and be thankful; the dark visions will be dispelled." Then I have thought, "His eyes have rested on the same objects I now behold;" I have fancied the thoughts that might have filled his mind, as he lay on a sometime sleepless pillow; thoughts pure, thankful, self-sacrificing, noble.—A vivid picture too of the illustrious man; his countenance uplifted and lustrous with heavenly peace and hope; his hands upraised, and his lips moving with words of prayer and praise, has been before me; for I had been told that he was 'a man of prayer,' and in this I had been taught to believe lay his strength. And then (easy transition!) a yet more glorious vision passed before me; a beatific vision. I have seen him one of the throng of those who 'walk in white' beneath the shadow of the eternal throne; his face radiant with light, and a crown of joy encircling his brow; yet wearing the same serene, majestic look which he wore on earth! Spirit of WASHINGTON! mild, wise, merciful, temperate, just—we evoke thee!—Influence, guide, rule thy countrymen! It is a most remarkable fact, that all who ever saw WASHINGTON are unanimous in their accounts of the impression which his personal presence made upon every beholder.

AT ACCUSHNET HALL, Thursday Evening, March 27, 1845. VOLUNTARY. PRAYER. ODE.

Composed by Charles T. Congdon, Esq.

This upper room orate,
O God, we consecrate
To Thee and Thine;
Steel Friendship's manly heart—
Warm Love the better part—
Bare Truth devoid of art—
All three divine!

Safe doth no mortal go;
The best mischance may know
In chequered life:
Brother's, your vows renew;
With steadfast hand and true,
To help each other through
The stormy strife.

With tireless eye and heart,
Tending the sufferers smart,
The sick couch nigh;
Over his narrow bed
The farewell tear to shed,
While the last words are said:
'Brother—good bye.'

As much as in us lies,
To wipe hereafter's eyes,
To cheer, to guide;
Always forgetting not
The widow's sable lot,
The fatherless forgot
By all beside.

O God of smiles and sighs;
This golden sacrifice
The full heart pours;
As we remember thus
Earth's sorrows numerous
O Lord, remember us
When darkness lowers.

OUR WILLY'S PRAYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WILLY AND THE BEGGAR GIRL.'

All day with the tooth-ache,
That terrible pest,
Our dear little Willy
Was sadly distressed:
His cheek was all swollen,
His mouth hot and red
When we laid him at nightfall
To rest on his bed.

We warmed his soft pillow,
And tucked him in snug,
And hoped he'd sleep soundly
As puss on the rug;
But alas! that sad tooth-ache
Came back with a pang,
And loud through the chamber
Our Willy's voice rang.

Poor child! How it grieved us.
'Don't cry, Willy, dear!'
And mamma from his cheek
Kissed a glittering tear.
'Try to sleep, my sweet darling!'
'I can't for the pain,'
And loudly the sufferer
Cried out again.

'O mother! It hurts so,'
'I know it does, love,'
'The Good Man can cure it,
The Good Man, above—
Oh, say, can't he mother?'
'Yes dear. 'Oh, then pray
To the Good Man to take all
This tooth-ache away.'

It melted our feelings
To look in the face
Of our child, with its confident,
Innocent grace,
As he gazed up so earnest,
And asked as to pray
That the Good Man would take all
His tooth-ache away.

Mamma broke the silence—
'You must pray, Willy dear,
And I'm sure if you do so
The Good Man will hear.'
'But, mother, I can't pray.'
'Say, Our Father, my love'
'Our Father?—with hands clasped,
And eyes raised above,

Lay our sweet little Willy,
And breathed out his prayer,
While we felt that the Lord
And his angels were there.
Then hushed was his murmur,
Soft closed was his eye—
From his innocent breast
Came a naïf broken sigh,



INDIAN

The Gambler.

'My love,' a chiding dame would say,
'You always lose, yet always play;
When will you leave your gambling o'er
And be the sport of chance no more?'
'Madam,' said he, 'I'll do it when
You cease coquetting with the men.'
'Alas, I see,' replied the wife,
'You'll be a gambler all your life.'

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.



The above cut represents one of the most remarkable and interesting events in the history of our country. It is a copy from the late Benjamin West's picture of the meeting of Penn and the Indian chiefs for the ratification of the sale of the territory of Pennsylvania by the latter to the former, and the conclusion of a treaty of peace and amity between the two parties.

Penn had received the property of the vast tract of land constituting the present state of Pennsylvania by patent from Charles II., in March, 1681; but he did not deem the royal grant to be his sufficient authority for taking possession of the country until he had obtained the consent of those by whom it was actually inhabited. Accordingly, very soon after his patent had been signed, he deputed commissioners to proceed to America, and to enter into a negotiation with the Indians for the fair purchase of so much of the territory as they claimed a right to. The desired arrangement was made with little difficulty; and the following year, Penn having himself come over to view his acquisition, it was resolved that the compact which had been made should be solemnly confirmed.

It had been agreed that the meeting for the ratification of the compact should take place at Coaquannoc, the name given by the Indians to the spot on which Philadelphia now stands. The parties, however, after assembling, proceeded a little higher up the Delaware, to a place then called Shackamaxon, on which the adjoining village of Kensington has been since built, and where there grew an

immense elm, under the spreading branches of which the leaders on both sides took their stations. Mr. Clarkson, in his "Life of Penn," gives some interesting particulars, principally derived from the traditions preserved in Quaker families, descended from those who were present on the occasion. "William Penn," he says, "appeared in his usual clothes. He had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash round his waist which was made of silk net-work, and which was of no longer apparent dimensions than an officer's military sash, and much like it except in color. On his right hand was Colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, and on his left his friend Pearson; after whom followed a train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the Sachems, (or kings,) were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the Sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations, and according to Scripture language, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief, who had a right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves round their chiefs, in the form of a half-moon, upon the ground. The chief Sachem

then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him."

After the delivery of his speech, Penn unrolled the parchment, and by means of the interpreter, explained it article by article. The compact was based upon the principle that the land was to be common to the Indians and to the English; and that the natives were to have the same liberty to do what was necessary for the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families, which the settlers had. "He then," continues Mr. Clarkson, "paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise which had been spread before them.— Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem, who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remain-



ed himself with them to repeat it. The solemn pledges of the Indians to perform faithfully their part in the contract, followed this harangue.



The Night of Toil.

The Lay of the Locomotive Engine.

See how strangers draw near,
And regard me with fear,
As I glowing, but passively stand;
And their looks seem to say,
I'm more mighty than they,
Though I'm fresh from humanity's hand!
Yes, you are my makers, I know it, mankind!
I was formed by your skill, and conceived by your MIND.

Oh, that wonderful gift,
Like the lightning so swift,
With its reason sublime,
And its power o'er time;
With a strength yet unknown,
And a will of its own!
Man, it can control thee
As thy will controls me!
I follow its dictates, acknowledge its sway;
But I scoff at the weak little bodies of clay;
As I take my departure—away, away!

Permit me, my master—
Now, faster and faster
I rush through the yielding air;
Like a monster of thought,
I am not to be caught,
Whilst under the owner's care.
I astonish each child,
And the cattle look wild,
And grazing steed bounds at my sight—
And the rook hurries by,
With a wondering eye,
As I rival his speed in my flight.
And the roadside resembles a liquid stream,
And the mortals behind me all quail at my scream.

Last night in the cold,
With the moon one day old,
I dashed onward with fiery speed,
And my great eyes so bright,
Killed an owl with affright,
And I shouted too-hoot! at the deed;
And a man the rails cross'd,
Who his hearing had lost,
(He was wending his way to his wife.)
In a thought I was past,
But that thought was his last,
And I shrieked at the loss of a life.
And onward I went,
With a breath never spent,
And a far sounding voice loud and long;
And they stopped me at last,
E're the barrier I passed,
Or I'd battered their bulwarks so strong;
But I'm not to be done,
And may yet have some fun—
If my boiler don't burst I'll astonish the town,
By the blow that will knock the whole terminus down.

From the Portland Transcript.

We are the same things that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking of, they too would think,
From the death we are shrinking, they too would shrink
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing!

THE LAST YANKEE NOTION.—There is a chap travelling in Connecticut, who has fitted up a large double wagon into a sort of saloon, with a daguerreotype apparatus, and is going about like a tin peddler, calling at houses and taking pictures here and there, as he can find customers.

MEN LIKE CATS.—Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on a tail, and all memory of former acts of kindness is obliterated.

Two poor men went to Greenland as missionaries. People laughed at them before they went; one gentleman said, "Where will you live when you get there?" "We will build a wooden hut," said they. "Oh, but there are no trees," the gentleman replied. "Then we will dig caves, and live in them." The gentleman, who was a pious man, was surprised at their faith, and gave them some money, and the king of Denmark sent a little wooden house in the ship with them,—a house which could be taken down and put up. When these men got to Greenland, they had more hardship to endure than I can now relate. Sometimes they could get no food, for though the king of Denmark had promised to send them food in ships, the winds and ice often hindered them from coming for a long while. They tried to fish, and to hunt seals, as the Greenlanders did, but they did not know how to hunt and fish well, and their boat was old, and they sometimes were nearly drowned. As for the Greenlanders, they did not care about the missionaries; and they would not give them food, though sometimes they would sell them a little very dear. But God inclined the heart of one Greenlander to keep them from starving, though even this man did not attend to what they said. The poor missionaries sometimes wandered by the sea-side, and ate the bitter sea-weeds, and picked up the shell-fish. At last more missionaries came to help them. Five years passed away, and yet the Greenlanders refused to listen, when one day a missionary was sitting in his hut, translating the Bible into the Greenland language, some of the Greenlanders entered. They asked him what he was doing. He gladly told them, and asked them to stay and hear something out of the book. He then told them (as he had told many before) about Adam's sin and Christ's love, particularly about what Jesus suffered in the garden and on the cross. How pleased he was to see the tears rolling down the cheeks of one of the heathen! These tears showed he felt what he heard, as none had done before in that country. This man entreated the missionary to read again about the Savior's agony in the garden; he then said he would live near him that he might learn more. Soon he became truly pious, and persuaded many of the Greenlanders to believe also. Now were the missionaries rewarded for all their pains. At this day there are scarcely any heathens in Greenland.—[Miss. Repos.

THE HUMMING BIRD.—A gentleman who resided some time on one of the West India Islands informs us that while he was once travelling along the bed of a deep ravine overhung with thick vines, he was actually startled by the immense numbers of humming birds which hovered over and about him. They hovered about him as if actuated by curiosity alone.—They were of various kinds and colors, some of them being nearly as large as sparrows, while others were but little larger than a bee. Some were of a dingy green, or a light brown, while others seemed gaudily arrayed in plumage as brilliant and variegated as the rainbow. They would approach within arms length of his face, and pausing in their flight, with their little wings in rapid motion, would stare at him as if they wondered what possible business he could have in those remote wilds; but they exhibited no symptoms of terror, not having been taught by experience to fear the cruelty of man.

The Miniature.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife.
Fresh as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life,
He almost thought it spoke: he gazed
Upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kiss'd you back my dear."
"Why, no my love," said he.
"Then William, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like me?"

Interesting Discovery.

The Norwich Aurora contains a communication describing an "extensive cavern," recently discovered in the town of Colebrook, Connecticut. It was first discovered by some boys. The writer thinks when the loose rocks are removed, the mouth will be about fifty feet wide, and thirty feet high. In company with several others, on the 27th ult., he entered and partially explored the cavern. He says: "The air, on entering, has a peculiar smell, which I can compare to nothing. I imagined the candle burned less brilliantly than in the open air. For the first three or four rods the way is a good deal obstructed by sharp rocks; then comes a smooth, gravelled floor, as a Meadized road. Ten rods from the entrance we measured and found the width to be eighty-three feet; and again, at thirty rods, we found it sixty-seven feet. The sides are quite even, especially the east side, which is as smooth as if it had been chiseled. The roof is broken and craggy; in some parts rising very high, at others it descends within ten feet of the floor. The flooring for the most part is level and smooth, consisting of stone and hard gravel. We met with several deep pits, into one of which we were near falling. Two of them resembled wells.—We sounded one to the depth of nine fathoms, and found water, and another to the depth of five and a half fathoms, which appeared to be dry. The main part of the cave is remarkably straight and uniform in the width for the most part. It runs in a north and northeast direction for a quarter of a mile, where it ends abruptly. We met with numerous openings at right and left, some large enough to admit a horse and carriage, and others scarcely a man. We only marked them with chalk and passed on to the end of what seemed to be the main part of the cavern. Here we stopped for a few moments. All stood without speaking, gazing about with admiration and wonder. The silence was painful. No dropping of water or creaking of insects, not a sound could be heard but the low, suppressed breathing of the company. It seemed as if I could hear their hearts beat. I looked at my barometer—it had risen several degrees. The thermometer stood at sixty and a half. As we prepared to retrace our steps, we discovered an opening on the west side, a few rods from the termination of the part of the cavern we were in. We drew near and listened. There was a low, murmuring sound as of a distant waterfall, and the air which issued from it, seemed colder and damper. This led us to suppose that it must be of great extent, but we were too cold and weary to prosecute our researches any farther at this time."

ARITHMETICAL.



A file of soldiers consists of twelve men: each man is capable of assuming four different positions in each of the twelve places. How many positions are the twelve collectively capable of assuming? Rule 1st multiply four into itself twelve times: the product will show the number of positions the file is capable of without changing places; 2d multiply each of the twelve numbers by the next, thus 1 by 2, this product by 3, and that by 4 &c. the last product will show how many positions the file may assume by changing places allowing one position in each. 3d multiply the two grand products into each other which will give the answer required viz 7,811,788,426,625,600.

'E'en guides may sometimes miss their way,
Deceived by sore mischances;
And righteous men be led astray
By change of circumstances.
The truest ballance sometimes fails,
'E'en when 'tis best adjusted;
And strong temptation may prevail
'Gainst those whom most we've trusted."

REVERSES:

OR,

The Mantuamaker's Daughter

BY GEORGE HAYDN.

'What an angel!—Who can she be?' exclaimed and interrogated Henry Sydney, in the same breath, as a plain, yet very neatly-dressed girl, with a light and agile step, crossed the street before him, and entered a small white house, standing on the suburbs of Baltimore.

'Who—the girl that has just gone into the hovel to our right?' inquired his companion, a lady, splendidly attired in the height of the fashion, and mounted on a spirited steed, that seemed to spurn the earth on which he trampled.

'The same,' replied Sydney; 'if by the term *hovel* you mean that neat little cottage, with its vine-trellised window, which so aptly conveys to one's mind the idea that it is the abode of peace and happiness, vividly at variance with the turmoil and discontent of the world around.'

'Why, it's Eleanor Parsons, our mantuamaker's daughter, who well nigh turned the heads of all the young men at Major Jeffries' ball, last May, by her uncouth manner, and her ignorance of the forms of society, to conceal which she declined dancing more than once or twice during the night, all of which they were short-sighted enough to mistake for simplicity and coyness,' said Mary Hansly, with a sneer of derision, at the same time stealing a glance at Henry's countenance, to see how he relished the disappointment.

'She is certainly the most perfect creature I ever beheld,' exclaimed Sydney.—'Will you not give her a bid to your party on Tuesday?' he continued, the interest which Eleanor Parsons' beauty had awakened in his breast, growing now lukewarm by ascertaining the obscure station which she occupied.

'What! I ask Eleanor Parsons to a party of mine?' exclaimed Miss Hansly, piqued at the affront which Henry—carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment—had inadvertently given. 'Catch me associating with a mantuamaker, indeed! What would the Misses Stanleys and Wilberts say of me?'

'What did they say of Major Jeffries' daughter?' asked Henry Sydney.

'Miss Jeffries can do as she pleases, but "birds of a feather should flock together," is my motto,' said Mary Hansly, and she gave her head a haughty toss, that savored but little of taking a mantuamaker's daughter by the hand and promoting her advancement in the world.

Henry Sydney bit his lip, to repress the tart reply that was at his tongue's end, and a strict silence was thenceforward observed, till they arrived at Mr. Hansly's door, when he, instead of going in to while away the remainder of the evening, as was his wont on such occasions, took a formal leave of Mary Hansly, and bent his steps toward his boarding house.

Notwithstanding his endeavors to dismiss the mantuamaker's daughter from his mind, her image still continued to haunt him through the night; if he slumbered for a moment, her buoyant step, her exquisitely-moulded foot and sylph-like form were ever present in his dreams; if he opened his eyes, the snowy folds of the bed curtain, touched by the talismanic wand of his fevered imagination, gradually disappeared, and, in their stead, her countenance, beaming with the glow of health and rich expression of innocence, floated before his vision.

Having lost his mother during childhood, and being an only child, Henry Sydney, at the death of his father—who who was once extensively engaged in the commercial business, but, by the loss of two or three large merchant-ships—which went to the bottom during a storm at sea, with their valuable cargoes, and yet a large amount of specie—had been rendered, in a manner, bankrupt—found himself the heir to five thousand dollars, the remnant of his father's well-earned and once ample fortune. This capital he invested in a mercantile business, and, by dint of personal industry, business-like habits, and an extraordinary run of good luck, had risen to eminence, and was well to do in the world, as regarded pecuniary matters. He was now about twenty-five years of age, tall, well-made, and rather handsome than otherwise. He had for some time had serious thoughts of taking to himself a wife, but not as yet, amid all the gay scenes of pleasure and fashion, which he frequented, had he met with the girl with whom he would have been willing to have ventured into the indissoluble bonds of marriage. A twelve months' intimate acquaintance with Mary Hansly—whom he had first met at a fashionable tea party, and with whose lively flow of spirits, rather than her personal attractions, he had been charmed—had taught him that she would make a gay and airy butterfly for a ball-room, but a dull and monotonous fire-side companion. It was not for such a girl as that, that the heart of Henry Sydney yearned; it was for one of those deeply reduced from a state of affluence to penury—that he had soon after sank into an early grave—and that his widow and her family, can calmly perform the duties which a married state necessarily imposes upon her, without sighing for the pleasures of a ball-room; and who, on her husband's return at night, after the labors of the day are over, can welcome him with a smile, which amply requites him for the fatigue he has undergone, and at once dissipates the gloom from his countenance, if, perchance, an unexpected difficulty in business may have caused it to gather there.

Tuesday night rolled round. Mary Hansly, having completed her toilette and cast a last lingering glance in the looking glass, to convince herself that she could not fail to captivate Henry Sydney, descended into the drawing-room, to receive the company, who began to pour in at an early hour. By nine o'clock, the generality of those invited had assembled. Mary Hansly, who anticipated a delightful time of it, experienced a sudden depression of the spirits as casting her eye around the room she detected the absence of Henry Sydney; but consoling herself with the idea that he would certainly be there by ten, she again yielded herself up to the delights of the party. Ten o'clock came, and Henry Sydney was still an absentee.

'Where can he be?' she anxiously inquired of herself.

Eleven o'clock came, without his being there; she could now neither dance nor converse with her accustomed gayety, notwithstanding she was surrounded by the fashionable, the handsome, and the talented. There was a void, which the presence of Henry Sydney alone could supply. The hour for the breaking up of the party at length arrived, and crest-fallen, she gladly retreated to the solitude of her chamber, where, after giving vent to her feelings in a passionate flood of tears, she repeatedly asked herself, what could have detained him. Why should he have forgone his share in the pleasures of the night? The truth of it was, Henry

Sydney had that night, of all others, framed an excuse for paying the widow Parsons a visit.

He started a little after night-fall, and, having arrived at the door, tapped gently with his cane. A slight noise from within reached him—the door was opened—and he was asked in by a middle-aged lady, of a dignified and imposing appearance. Her countenance, which bore the rigid impressions of care, rather than time, still retained traces of personal beauty. The usual preliminaries of a self-introduction, (in which he passed himself off as the head clerk in an extensive dry-goods store, and wished some linen made up,) being over, he seated himself, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Parsons, whom he found not only a sensible and well-informed woman, perfectly 'at home' on subjects to which he expected she was an utter stranger, but possessed of a highly cultivated mind, and refined yet distant manners, which told that she had once moved in a higher sphere. So charmed was he with the company of Mrs. Parsons, that he prolonged his stay till a late hour, and then reluctantly took his departure, having once, and once only, caught a look at Eleanor Parsons, through the half-open door, as she diligently plied her sewing in an adjoining room.

Henry Sydney, the next day, inquired into the history of Eleanor Parsons, and learned from an intelligent old banker, that her father was formerly one of the most opulent merchants of Baltimore, but, by a series of misfortunes, had been suddenly reduced from a state of affluence to penury—that he had soon after sank into an early grave—and that his widow and daughter had, about two years since, removed to the house which they then occupied, and had, by a close application to their needles, in pursuance of the art of mantuamaking, which Eleanor's father, when in affluence, had insisted on her acquiring, by lessons given at home, gained an honest livelihood.

At the end of a week, Henry Sydney paid Mrs. Parsons a second visit, which but called for a third, and that for a fourth, and so on—each succeeding visit being repeated at short intervals, till, at length, three or four times a week he might be found seated in Mrs. Parson's little parlor, which wore an air of peculiar neatness and comfort, enjoying hers and her daughter's company. Eleanor Parsons, who was at first shy and silent, as the frequency of Henry's visits placed them on a more familiar footing, gradually threw aside her reserve, and appeared in her true character. Then it was that he had an opportunity afforded him of remarking how grossly misrepresented she had been by Mary Hansly, and how far she excelled the latter, not only in real simplicity and inborn gracefulness, but also in intellectual acquirements; for, previous to her father's bankruptcy, she had been three years an inmate of one of the first academies in the State, and since being reduced to such narrow circumstances, had, by means of her own industry, scraped together quite a respectable collection of books, with which she allowed no opportunity of improving herself to escape her. Once, after repeated solicitations, he prevailed on her to sing, and as he listened in rapture to her voice, the thrilling tones seemed to vibrate along his heart-strings, he was convinced how utterly worthless were Mary Hansly's brilliant array of piano tunes, when compared with one so simple song, teeming with pathos and sentiment.

As her character more fully developed itself, and Henry Sydney, with a practised eye, discovered her deep and fervent affection for her mother, her great defer-

ence for and prompt compliance with her mandate, and her proficiency in those little household matters which it behoves every female to have a knowledge of, but which too many pride themselves on being ignorant of, he became thoroughly confirmed in the opinion that Eleanor Parsons was all that he could desire in a partner for life. But there might yet be an insuperable barrier to the store of imaginary happiness he had hoarded up, and he trembled at the bare idea, as he put to himself the question—'Does she love me?'

For more than four months he had regularly continued his visits to Mrs. Parsons, and as yet had not received the slightest acknowledgement that his love was reciprocated by Eleanor, but more than once he thought he had detected the blush painting her cheeks on his entrance, and a quivering of the voice, a slight incoherence in her answers when he addressed her, and hope whispered 'away with despair';—he proposed, and was accepted.

'I wonder where Henry Sydney can have kept himself of late? I haven't set eyes on him for a month, at least,' said Mary Hansly to her mother, as she drew a chair to the window, to look over the morning paper, about six months after Henry had first commenced his visits to Mrs. Parsons's.

'Why they say he has gone almost beside himself about that pert hussy, Eleanor Parsons,' replied Mrs. Hansly.

'Well, I do think these mantuamaker's daughters, and their like, take the lead! Why, there's Susan Darnley, the old milliner's daughter, who was not worth a copper, that married Dr. McPherson, last winter, who was worth not less than thirty thousand dollars—who would have thought it!' said Mary Hansly.

'Ah! there's no telling to what extremes their impudence will at length carry them. As for me, I'm clear for putting them down at once,' chimed in Mrs. Hansly, with a knowing shake of the head.

Mary Hansly gazed abstractedly out at the window for some moments, and then suddenly resumed:

'Well, I'm glad of it; it serves her perfectly right, for of course he intends to —'

The rash imputation was cut short by the following paragraph, which caught her eye, as she glanced mechanically over the paper:

MARRIED.—On the 19th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Daniel, Mr. Henry Sydney to Miss Eleanor Parsons, all of this city.

She could scarcely credit her own eyes but there it was in too glaring print for her to be mistaken. She was completely thunderstruck.

Five years have rolled round since Henry Sydney first caught a look at Eleanor Parsons crossing the street, and with them have come many changes.—Henry Sydney and his wife—or, as we still shall continue to call her, the mantuamaker's daughter—now occupy one of the most splendid private dwellings in Baltimore. The Hanslys, by a course of reckless extravagance, have expended every dollar of their fortune, which he had deemed inexhaustible. Mr. Hansly, unable to bear up against his sad reverse of fortune, has fallen a victim to premature death; and the *hovel*, as Mary Hansly during her days of prosperity had contemptuously denominated the humble abode of Mrs. Parsons, is now tenanted by Mrs. Hansly and her haughty daughter, who in their turn are compelled to take in plain sewing to procure a subsistence.

THE COAL MINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLAY CLAYTON.

It was in the summer of 1844, that I set off from Philadelphia in company with a gay party of ladies and gentlemen, for a trip through the northern portion of Pennsylvania. The truth of the matter is, that it was my bridal tour; which, in compliance with a fashionable custom, that is, perhaps, "more honored in the breach than the observance," I had been induced to make, instead of settling down at once, as I wished to do, in our snug little home, and bidding adieu, for a time at least, to the excitements of the gay world. But this last, Mary said, was impossible. If we remained at home, we would have to accept a long round of entertainments in our honor; and she advised me, therefore, as a simple choice of evils, to yield to the fashionable practice, and rusticate, if travelling can be called rustication, in the mountain regions of our native State.

Accompanied, therefore, by half a dozen of our young friends, who had discharged very assiduously the responsible offices of bridesmaids and grooms-men upon the joyful occasion of our marriage, we left Philadelphia one fine morning, in a carriage, or rather stage, which we had chartered for the tour, for Pottsville, the emporium of the mining district.

As the particulars of our journey thither would not be very entertaining to readers in general, I shall hurry on to an adventure which I have thought might be of some interest to those who are fond of hearing

"Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,"
and of all other things that partake in the least degree of the marvellous.

We had walked out to visit a coal-mine in the neighborhood of Pottsville—had descended the inclined shaft as far as the ladies could go without being covered over with dirt and mud, had joked a good deal about the prospect of some of the supporting planks giving way, and burying us alive in the depths of the earth, and had again reached the warm air and beautiful sunshine at the mouth of the mine,—not without, by the way, a feeling of relief, in spite of all our joking, that we were no longer in the least danger—when a foolish impulse induced me to leave the party secretly, for the purpose of gaining, unperceived by my friends, the summit of a bold rock which jutted out like a nose from the face of a high wooded hill behind us. In order to ascend the hill, however, I had to make a considerable circuit to the right; and while I was slowly climbing to its top, half-convinced already that I was "paying rather too dear for my whistle," I came across an opening in the hill-side, which had evidently been intended as the beginning of a mine, but which, probably from the size of the vein being too small to repay the labor necessary to be expended on it, had been given up. As I loitered a moment at the mouth of the abandoned shaft, I thought that I would explore it for a short distance, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there had been any change in the manner of working the mines—as it was evident from the grass and shrubbery that covered the dirt and stones that had been thrown out, that this was one of the earliest that had been opened. My unfortunate mechanical turn, which has always been getting me into difficulties, from the time that my eyes were swelled up for a month for my curiosity in relation to my old aunt's snuff box, further stimulated what in any one else would have been a very reasonable and laudable

curiosity. I shall not stop to discuss here the truth of that saying of Emerson's, that no man ever had a point of pride but what at some time or other tripped up his heels, and which saying, by the way, is as old as the story of the stag and his beautiful horns in the Fable—but certain it is, that my *uncommon genius*, in this respect, as my good mother in her fondness always called it, has never to my knowledge helped me out of one scrape to ten that it has lured me into. Well, I progressed further and further into the mine, which had an inclination upwards, instead of the usual downward slant, I do not know with what object, unless it might have been to carry off the water easily, until I came to a narrow passage, where a large rock had gradually settled down, as it seemed, leaving barely enough room for an ordinary sized person to pass without absolutely crawling on both hands and feet. As I had no object in going any further, I was about to retrace my steps, when I saw by the dim light of the cavern, to which my eyes had gradually become accustomed, something glisten a few feet beyond the inner side of this narrow passage. I looked and looked, but for the life of me could not make it out. It might be a leaf of mica—it might, on the other hand, be something valuable—a diamond breastpin, perhaps, that some adventurous tourist like myself had lost in scraping through the tolerably long passage between the rocks. Imagination which plays us poor mortals such tricks some times, at length nearly satisfied me that it was a diamond—I did not understand how anything less brilliant could glisten so in so dark a place—and resolved to possess it.

Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I bent down, and putting my hands upon the ground, on rather rock, (for the bottom of the shaft was in this place a smooth, solid ledge of stone,) I made my way in the best manner that I could through the aperture. I know not how it was—I have always been unable to account for it in a satisfactory manner; but, when I was about three-fourths through, I felt the rock above me press hard upon my back; and, springing forward involuntarily whilst a sudden chill shot through my whole frame, I found myself upon the other and inner side of the narrow passage. I never shall forget my feelings the next moment. What I had instantaneously dreaded was true. The upper rock had settled still further, and left so little space that it seemed scarcely possible for me to return the way I had come. Fearing, however, that the rock might settle yet still further, I threw myself involuntarily as it were upon the ground, and attempted to crawl back again. But in vain—my shoulders stuck tight, and I could not force them through. After trying, as I thought, at least half an hour, to find some way of placing my body that would enable me to escape, I turned away from the hole with—I confess it candidly—tears in my eyes, and sobbed as I lay stretched upon the ground like a very child. Imagine yourself in such a situation, kind reader, and ask your own heart whether you probably would have acted a more manly part. Remember, too, that the change was so sudden—from a condition perhaps the happiest that man can enjoy in this world, that of the just wedded husband, to a state of suffering of the most terrible and hopeless character. Even almost within the sound of my voice, had it not been for that fearful wall of stone, stood that young girl in her youth and beauty and perfect happiness, while I, whom she would have died to save, lay shut apart forever from her, and doomed almost inevitably to die before many days, by the swift and sure and horrible cravings of ungratified hunger. The thought was terrible—and I am not ashamed to say, that for a time I cried like a child, within my gloomy

prison. Suddenly the thought came into my mind, that the shaft, inasmuch as it ran upward, possibly might have an outlet. I started up and groped my way hopelessly through the darkness, but I had not proceeded far before I felt the cold earth walls which closed up further progress in that direction, and was convinced that the shaft was one that had been worked only a short time, and then abandoned. I tell you this calmly, for why should I pain my heart by conjuring up anew the hideous phantoms of that terrible hour. When I found myself balked in this last hope, I threw myself again on the ground in a paroxysm of fear and despair, which rendered me for a time almost insensible.

How long I remained in this state of apathy I knew not (for my watch had unfortunately been stopped in my first efforts to escape from my prison-house)—but when I came to myself, I judged that the afternoon was already far spent, for the light of the cavern seemed more dim and wavy. It was early in the morning that we had started forth—and by this time my companions had doubtless become alarmed at my absence, and were searching in every quarter for me. God grant! I thought, that they may be so fortunate as to hear of this old abandoned shaft. And Mary! what agony must she now endure—she, my bride, my beloved one! and to think that I shall never see her more! the thought was mad, and I rushed to the narrow opening of my prison, and endeavored to tear the solid rock away with my hands.

Again I attempted to crawl through the aperture; and this time I thought for an instant I would have succeeded—I had stripped my shoulders to the skin, but my frame was just too large—I forced myself along until the blood ran down from the lacerated flesh—but still in vain, and faint and exhausted I again drew back into my prison.

Time and again I tried to force a passage between the rocks. I dug into the earth at the sides of the shaft to see if it were not possible to make a passage in that manner—I roamed up and down the mine, hoping to find what I had no hope to find,—some other outlet into the clear, bright world beyond—for again it seemed comparatively light in my cave, and I concluded I must have worn away the night in my unceasing endeavors to escape. And now, too, I began to feel the cravings of hunger—Great God! then all hope was lost—for my companions by this time must have given me up in despair! No, Mary!—she would never give up the search—but they would reason her out of it—they would represent to her that I had fallen into the river, and been borne by the tide beyond their reach—perhaps even then they were searching the depths of the water for my dead body, forgetting in their folly that I might be buried all quick and living in the depths of the equally cruel earth!

Suddenly, as I sat hopelessly upon the ground, my hand touched something cold—I turned quickly, and there lay in a little hole that had been scooped out of the earth on one side of the shaft, the miserable object whose deluding glitter had been the cause of all my misery. I seized it and held it up in the few rays of light that penetrated between the rocks. It was nothing more than a simple green glass bottle, with flat bulging sides, such as laboring men often use to carry their liquor in—I could have dashed it to pieces—but a sudden thought struck me.

It is singular how the mind in the very depths of despair, is disposed to take refuge from the apathy of utter hopelessness, in almost any species of excitement. Men will quarrel upon such occasions, merely as an involuntary relief from the dreadful-ness of the thoughts that press so crushingly upon their hearts. And thus it is that the shipwrecked

seaman, if he has the opportunity, will lose the sense of coming inevitable destruction in the frenzy of the drunkard. It was so with me upon this occasion. My first impulse was to dash the cheat to the earth—my second was to shake it, to ascertain whether it were full or empty—and my third was to place it to my lips, and swallow nearly its entire contents.

Not many minutes had passed, before I began to feel the effects of the large quantity of liquor I had taken—soon I became utterly fearless. I was not afraid to stay there, I would remain there and not be frightened either, was the wild thought that passed through my brain. Suddenly, however, my mind took another direction—I thought I was defied to make my way out. Every power both of body and of mind, was then nerved to its utmost tension. I remember well with what a cool fury I wrapped up my coat, vest and shirt in a small bundle, and rolled them as far as I could through the passage. Then I lay down once more flat upon the ground, and with a desperate energy tugged and strained for freedom; or, rather, in that hour of madness, for victory, over some one, I did not know who. The blood poured from me in various places, but the pain only seemed to spur me on. It did not occur to me that I was lacerating myself—they were wounds inflicted by my enemies, and I grit my teeth, and swore at the coarse rock as if it had been a human foe. Nothing I am satisfied, but the unnatural strength and energy caused by that unnatural and perhaps in other circumstances almost deadly drought, could have enabled me to work my way like a worm through that narrow opening. But I did do it—and, wonderful to relate—no, upon second thought it is not wonderful—it sobered me!

Allowing myself but a few minutes to recruit my almost exhausted strength, I put on my clothes, which I had pushed before me the remainder of the way, and made the swiftest progress I could down the hill; thanking God, as I tottered along, for my wonderful escape from the most horrid of deaths. What was my surprise, however, as I reached the bottom of the hill, to see Mary and the rest sitting very comfortably upon the prostrate trunk of a tree, not far from where I had left them, and all, except Mary, talking and laughing as if nothing had happened.

Mary was the first to see me, "Why, Clay," said she, skipping forward, "where have you been this last hour or so? I declare I have been quite uneasy about you."

"Yes, Mary has been enacting the young bride to perfection," cried Frank Manly, my best friend, laughing.

But Mary by this time had caught my hand, and was looking up with an anxious, fearful expression, into my face. "What has happened, dear Clay?" said she, as I sunk down upon the grass beside her without speaking.

"Clay, my dear friend, what is the matter—where have you been?" cried Frank, as he caught a glance of my face, springing to my side.

"Good God! Mary," I whispered hoarsely, as tears filled my eyes—"have you been unconcerned and almost happy—while I have been suffering nearly the torments of the damned!"

It was unkind—I knew it was so, as soon as I saw how my words had cut her to the heart. But she recovered from it nobly, and with a woman's true, loving spirit, let all that was bitter in my words fall to the ground unnoticed, like the rind from the kernel, and only taking the inner sense of what I spoke, which was the overflowing of my devoted love, she said sweetly—"Rest your head on my lap, dearest; do not tell us now—I see you have suffered much, in one short hour but you are

safe though at last, through the mercy of Heaven, Clay!"

And it was so. Only for one short hour had I been absent from them. Knowing my fondness for such things, they had thought that after accompanying Mary out, I had gone back into the shaft to examine it a little more closely, and to explore it to its greatest depth. Mary had been anxious for a full half hour, but the gentlemen of the party, having no doubt that I was perfectly able to take care of myself, only joked and laughed about the excessive timidity of young wives for their husbands, and would not move a step. Short hour though as it was, it gave a shock to my constitution, from the effects of which as manifested in excessive languor and in a most unpleasant excitability of the nerves, I have only within the last six months recovered—and, so long as life shall last, I never shall lose the vivid impression of the perfect wretchedness and despair that stamped themselves upon my soul, during my short imprisonment in the abandoned coal mine.

New England.

Farewell, dear New England!—thy blue hills are blushing
In sunset's last rays, as they fade from my view;
Home of my hopes! what fond tears are gushing,
As I pour forth my blessing and heart-felt adieu!

How sweet are the scenes which my mem'ry is bringing!
Thy vales, and thy woods, and thy meadows' rich store;
Thy rough hills and mountains, and Old Ocean flinging,
His cool breezy waves round thy rock girdled shore!

In thy generous bosom the Pilgrims are sleeping,
Mid the reverent honors of sons they have bless'd;
Land of the free!—how the nations are keeping
Their watch on thy day-star, to guide them to rest!

Ah! home of my childhood!—there, in life's dawning,
My youth's merry pastimes, paternal love bless'd;
There a mother's dear smile was the light of each morning,
And there is the grave where we laid her to rest!

And there are warm hearts, whom time cannot sever,
Whose love long has blest me, whose prayers still pursue;
Where, in my wanderings, oh! where shall I ever
Find others so gen'rous, so tried, and so true! H. H. R.



JERUSALEM AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Above we present our readers with a beautiful cut representing Jerusalem and the mount of Olives; regretting that our limited time and space will not allow us to indulge ourselves in the lengthy description, which the antiquity of the subject, with its varied associations so well deserve.

We look back upon Jerusalem in the time of Solomon, glittering with wealth and splendor the residence of the most wise and enlightened of that age; the favored city of God. Remaining with few exceptions the same for many centuries our attention is again strongly

Why is a lover like a knocker? Because he is bound to a door (adore.)

O. P. Woodman has been fined in one of the Florida courts for cutting down and converting to his own use a large live oak, the property of Uncle Sam. He should have remembered the exhortation of the song:—

'O, Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
It ne'er belonged to thee,
Why should you steal it now!'

called to it as connected so intimately with the history of the life, sufferings, and death of our Saviour. Soon after, it was almost ruined by the Romans; and from that period history presents only a series of dire misfortunes. With less to attract an invader than many other portions of the East, it has been constantly exposed to invasion: now overrun by Barbarians, now by Mahometans, now rescued by Christians, and again falling under the despot sway of the Muslem viceroys, whose possession it now remains, old, a delapidated, and not possessing a tithe of former magnificence.

'Don't stand there loafing,' said a Professor at Cambridge to three students, standing where they should not. 'We're not loafing,' said Nat; 'there are only three of us, and it takes 'leven to make a loaf.'

Why is a fashionable lady like a rigid economist? Because she makes a great *bustle* about a little waist (waste.)

Why, ma, said beer would dye red? yesterday that it was beer made your nose so red, and I thought— Here, Susan, take this child.

Wooden And-irons are among the latest of the patients taken out at Washington.

We need not send to Portugal, No go to good old Spain, sir, The best of wine is at our call,

fellows," replied the representative of the land of steady habits, "would be afraid to turn it over at all; lest by so doing, it should become worn, and pass for less than its real value."

THE FACTORY GIRL'S LAST DAY.

'Four or five months back, there was a girl o a poor man's that I was called to visit. It was poorly. It had attended a mill; and I was obliged to relieve the father in the course of my office (that of assistant overseer of the poor) in consequence of the bad health of the child. By-and-by it went back to its work again and one day he came to me with tears in his eyes. I said, 'What is the matter, Thomas?' He said, 'My little girl is dead.' He said, 'In the night; and what breaks my heart is this: she went to the mill in the morning; she was not able to do her work, and a little boy said he would assist her if she would give him a half penny on Saturday; I said I would give him a penny; but at night, when the child went home, perhaps about a quarter of a mile, it fell down several times through exhaustion, till at length it reached its father's door with difficulty, and it never spoke audibly afterwards; it died in the night. I judged she might be 10 years old.' [Minutes of evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, page 210]

'Twas on a winter morning,
The weather wet and mild,
Three hours before the dawning
The father roused his child;
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, 'the bell is ringing,
My hapless darling, haste!'

'Father, I'm up, but weary;
I scarce can reach the door.
And long the way and dreary,
O carry me once more!
To help us, we've no mother,
You've no employment nigh;
They killed my little brother,
Like him, I'll work—and die!'

Her waisted form seemed nothing,
The lead was at his heart;
The sufferer he kept soothing
Till at the mill they part.
The overlooker met her,
As to the frame she crept,
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her as she wept.

Alas! what hours of sorrow
Made up her latest day;
Those hours that brought no morrow,
Too slowly passed away;
It seemed as she grew weaker,
The threads the oftener broke,
The rapin wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

The sun had long descended,
But night brought no repose;
Her day began and ended,
As cruel tyrants chose.
At length to a little neighbor
A half penny she paid,
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she laid.

At last, the engine ceasing,
The captives homeward rushed;
She thought her strength increasing—
'Twas hope her spirits flush'd.
She left, but oft she tarried;
She fell and rose no more,
Till by her comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortur'd feeling,
He watch'd his sleepless child;
And close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the factory's ringing
Her last preceptions tried;
When from her straw-bed springing,
'Tis time! she shriek'd, and died!

That night a chariot pass'd her,
While on the ground she lay;
The daughters of her master
An evening visit pay—
Their tender hearts were sighing
As negroes' wrongs were told;
While the white slave was dying
Who gain'd their father's gold!

Ancient Stages.—The first line of stages in the United States, was established soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, by Captain Levi Peas, of Boston, Mr. Evans of Baltimore, who built the Indian Queen Hotel, on Main street, in that city, and a third gentlemen, whose name we have forgotten. This line extended from Boston to Savannah. The carriages made use of must be still fresh in the memory of many, if from no other cause, from the dreadful shaking they got when riding in them. They were long bodied carriages, on very low springs, having five seats and no doors—you entered by crawling in at the front upon your hands and knees, and proceeding aft in that way until you reached the seat you were to occupy. Brissot de Warville, the celebrated leader of the Brissotine faction in France in her first Revolution, and who, with his party, afterwards suffered under the guillotine, made a tour of the United States 1787—88, and like a true French gentleman as he was, in speaking of these carriages in his book of travels, and, 'They were admirably calculated for the country in which they were made use of,' as if a better and more convenient kind might not have been used. They did not give place, however to a better kind for many years; the progress of improvement was then slow; and we had many a shaking in them, on the same roads, many years after the polite Frenchman had given them a good name. But there is another way to account for Brissot's being pleased with them;—they were at least as pleasant and convenient to travel in, as those then, and for many years after made use of in France, for public conveyance. Handsome and convenient public diligences did not find their way into France to any extent, until after the field of Waterloo, when they commenced adopting the English fashion.

Stage coaches, for the conveyance of the mail and passengers, were introduced into England, but very few years sooner than stages for the same purpose were introduced into the United States. In 1830, on our way to Edinburg, we travelled into the city of York with a team of horses, one of which had performed a daily task on that road, from the commencement of running mail coaches upon it, the astonishing period of twenty seven years!—and, to add to the singularity of the fact, the man who was then driving had driven the same horse seventeen years of the time, and not lost a day!—These facts we had from the driver himself, and they were fully confirmed to us by the keeper of the Swan Inn at York, where we stopped, in the presence of a number of others, who vouched for their correctness.—*Cincinnati Evening Post.*

Politeness.—Rev. Mr. R. had travelled far to preach to a congregation at L—. After the sermon, he waited very patiently, expecting some of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One and another departed until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly looking gentleman, and gravely said—
'Will you go home to dinner with me to day, brother?'

'Where do you live?'
'About twenty miles from this, sir.'
'No,' said the man (coloring) 'but you must go home with me.'
'Thank you; I will cheerfully.'

After that time the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

Crossing the Atlantic in Seven Days.—We quote the following passage from Miss Sedgwick's letters from London, for the sake of the opinion it repeats of a distinguished man of science, concerning the prospects of Steam Navigation:

'I had the pleasure at breakfast of sitting next to Dr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the author of the self calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye, that looks as if it might penetrate science, or any thing else he chose to look into. He described the iron steamer now building which has a larger tonnage than any merchant ship in the world, and expressed an opinion that iron ships would supersede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and which, I trust, may soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will go to America in seven days!'

The Old Maid.

Tho' faded, and wrinkled, and toothless and gray,
Half robbed of the use of her eyes and her ears;
Retired at the close of life's troublesome day,
How worthy the venerable maiden appears.

How smoothly she glides down the current of life,
No one to control her, she has her own way;
While the girl who submits to be hailed as a wife,
Is bound by her honor to love and obey.

The handsome young girl who is hailed as a toast,
Must often receive invitations and calls;
Be surrounded by men in a numerous host
To attend her to parties assemblies and balls.

Not so with old maidens: forever at ease,
No mortal on earth, doth she fear or offend,
She goes and returns whenever she please,
Without husband to dictate or beau to attend.

Young girls must be cautious what sorrows they hold,
And mind on what topics their wit they display,
But happy old maidens may prattle and scold,
Regardless of what other people may say.

How many young men have been driven to despair,
And made use of laudnum, rope, or a knife,
Because that some giddy coquetting young fair,
Refused to become his companion for life.

Old maidens have never such deeds to repent of,
They are free from the sin of bewitching the beau;
No young man or widower ever was sent off,
If once he addressed them, as any one knows.

Let preachers, and moralists preach and proclaim,
That women in wedlock do much greater good,
Old maids for not marrying are not to blame,
For we all know they'd marry to day if they could.

And now, tho' not half of our heart cheering joys,
Are here to the view of the reader displayed,
Since all must declare with unanimous voice,
Oh happy, thrice happy, and blessed—

OLD MAID.



THE WORK OF CHANCE.—Most of our readers have we presume, been amused at times by the appearance of the forms of the human features, animals &c., when looking into a fire of burning coals; and have also heard of the wonderful profile likeness of Washington which appears in the high hanging rocks at the passage of the Potomack through the Blue-ridge, near Harper's Ferry. An extraordinary chance figure on a small scale, and which has led to these remarks, came recently under our personal observation. The figure from which we copied with our utmost accuracy with regard to both outline and shade,—the figure which appears at the head of this article,—was produced by the falling of a drop of melted tallow on one of the beams of the engine of one of the New Haven Steam boats, and immediately coagulated to opacity where for aught we know it yet remains. The shade was produced by the partial transparency on a dark ground of the thinnest part of the material of which the figure was formed.

THE LAST KISS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image is as fresh in my mind, now that twenty years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her, as a gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I had erred—for I was a wild, thoughtless child—there was a trembling mildness about it that always went to my little heart. Methinks I can see her large blue eyes misty with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, 'My child, how can you grieve me so?'

"She had for a long time been pale and feeble, and sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, I thought she must be well. But then she spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and to love my father a great deal, for he would have no one else to love.

"I recollect she was ill all the day, and my little hobby horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do, before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered—

"Mother, dear mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold, and when she put her hand upon my cheek, and laid my head in her bosom, I felt a cold shuddering pass all through me.

My father carried me from the room; but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while, thinking; I feared my mother would die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did, when she died, and they carried her sweet little body away where I never saw it again. But I soon fell asleep, as children will.

"In the morning, I rushed to my mother's room, with a strange dread of evil to come upon me. It was just as I feared. There was the white linen, over the straight cold bed. I tore it aside.

"There was the hard cheek, the closed eye, the stony brow. But, thank God, my mother's dear, dear smile was there also, or my heart would have broken.

"In an instant, all the little faults, for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would but stay with me.

"I longed to tell, how, in all time to come, her words would be a law to me. It would be all that she had prayed me to be.

"I was a passionate, headstrong boy; but never did this frame of temper come upon me, but I seemed to see her mild, fearful eyes fall upon me, just as she used to look in life; and when I strove for the mastery, I felt her smile sink into my very heart, and I was happy.

"My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me, to aid the good, and to root out the evil, that was in me. I felt it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do so. I was the child of her affection. I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of the grave, her anxiety for my fate had caused her spirit to linger, that she might pray once more for me.

"I never forget my mother's last kiss. It was with me in sorrow; it was with me in joy; it was with me in moments of evil like a perpetual good."

The above is a part of the letter of an old man, who had his children and his grand children about him, and who is a cheerful man with his gray hairs, full of reverence.

MY MOTHER.

My sainted mother! thou hast bade
This earth a long good night;
And changed thy garb of sadness here
For one of fadeless light!
Imagination often brings
Thy features mild and fair;
But beautiful as they were once,
How lovelier in yon sphere.

The flowers have bloom'd and died full oft,
As leaves upon the tree;
And many suns have rose and set,
Since thou wert last with me;
But still I can indulge the thought
That thou art near me yet,
To hush the murmur on my lips,
To calm my vain regret.

Sweet mother I remember well
How in thy doating joy,
Thou wouldst enfold me to thy breast
And bless thy little boy;
And o'er my cheek would softly fall
Tears of maternal love,
And on the bud untimely chill'd
The dew floats from above.

And I remember, too, when oft
Within thine arms I lay;
I sob'd the prayer that Death would first
Take me, thy child, away!
I wept to think of losing thee,
And sooner would have gone
To rest beneath the churchyard tree,
Than be an orphan lone!

And thou wouldst soothe me, blessed one
With gentle word and look,
Until the torrent of my grief
Became a rippling brook;
And then thou hadst some holy hymn
To lull me to repose;
Until the tears would leave mine eyes,
And sleep their lids would close!

And when the hour of sickness came,
Thy ministering hand
Would kindle up anew the flame
That smoulder'd on the brand.
And then a heav'nly smile would come
Upon thy care worn brow,
And thou wouldst mark with watchful glance
The spreading of the bough!

But ere the branch, like hope, had borne
Its trembling leaves of green,
A veil was o'er its freshness thrown,
A shadow went between!
My mother! thou wert call'd above—
To death thy form was given;
But thy meek spirit soar'd on high,
To rest its wings in heav'n!

To prevent Evil is to do Good.

A Roman chemist discovered a terrible composition, ten times more destructive than gunpowder. He went to France in 1702, to divulge his secret to Louis XIV. This prince, wishing to judge of the effect of this composition himself, caused him to make an experiment under his own eyes. "Your conduct is ingenious," said he, afterwards, "and the experiment terrible and surprising, but the means of destruction employed in war are already sufficient! I forbid you publishing this. Endeavor rather to forget it—it is a service you owe to humanity!"

RIDDLE.

A monosyllable I am,—a reptile, I vow;
If you put me together, I'm syllables two;
I'm English, I'm Latin, I'm one or the other,
What's English for one half is—*conspicuous*!

GREAT FIRE IN NEWPORT.

On Sunday last the "Ocean House" at Newport, R. I., was burnt to the ground, and several lives lost. We gather the following particulars from the N. Y. Tribune.

At about 1 o'clock, while the fashionable throng were dressing for dinner, the cook-house, a small building adjoining the Eastern wing of the Ocean House, caught in the ceiling from a dish of lard which took fire and blazed from the floor where it fell, to the roof. In an instant the cry of fire was given, and such a scene of confusion and distress ensued as no man could wish to see twice. The boarders were running from room to room screaming for their friends, brothers, wives and children, and all inquiring with white lips the cause of the alarm. There was a most pitiless lack of water, and the flames seized with fury upon the extremely dry and combustible material of which the cook-house as well as the whole building was composed.

The Fire Department appeared to be efficient and well organized—ambitious and daring—but what good were their half-dozen fire engines without water? It was now clearly seen that the building could not be saved, and in two hours the whole pile was a smoking ruin. The Ocean House was valued at \$36,000, and insured in Providence and Boston for \$18,000. The building was in the form of an L, running North and East—the Northern wing being 226 feet long, and the Eastern wing 125 by 30—four stories high. It contained 208 rooms.

But the saddest portion of this calamity is the death of SAMUEL FOWLER GARDNER, Esq. one of the oldest, wealthiest and most estimable citizens of Newport. He owned a large amount of property here, and was the agent and part proprietor of the extensive Newport Cotton Mills, the Coddington, Perry and Newport Steam Mills, and another of which he was exclusive owner. He leaves a wife and ten children.

The body of Mr. Gardner was found in the ruins, more than half consumed—a key and pencil lying on his chest. Two other bodies have been taken from the ruins of the Ocean House. They are thought to be the bodies of servants in the House. George Burrows and Robert Coxall were on the ladder with Mr. Gardner when the Eastern wing came down, and they fell outward, while he fell inside the burning walls.

The two former are seriously injured, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Coxall will survive. The Furniture of the House was worth \$25,000—two thirds saved; \$9,000 insured.

DR. FRANKLIN.

The Doctor tells some curious stories about himself in his memoirs, published by his grandson. "I went out," says he, "to bathe in Martin's salt water hot bath, in Southampton, England, and, floating on my back, fell asleep, and slept nearly an hour by my watch, without sinking or turning—a thing I never did before, and should have hardly thought possible." If it were not Doctor Franklin who is responsible for this story, we should say that from the length of the time he was sleeping in the water, it was no wonder that his first utterances upon waking should be rather "fishy."

What are you doing there, Jane? Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red. But what have you got to dye it? Beer, pa. Beer, who on earth told you that beer would dye red? Why, ma, said yesterday that it was beer made your nose so red, and I thought—Here, Susan, take this child.

Hallo, Mr. Engine man, can't ye stop your steam-boat a minute or two? Stop the boat! what for? Wife wants to look at your boiler, she's afraid of its bursting.

Your logwood wine is very fine, I think they call it "Port," sir, You'll know it by this certain sign Its roughness in the throat, sir. This true that Yankees are most shrewd, And woden nutmegs make, sir, But who? have thought Port wine was bro'd, This side the big salt lake, sir. We need not send to Portugal, No ge to good old Spain, sir, The best of wine is at our call,

One of the Massachusetts boys was the other day taking a Connecticut countryman to task, for the peculiar penurious qualities of the citizens of his State. "Your Connecticut Yankees," said he, "will turn a fourpence a dozen times over to see if you can't make it pass for six-and-a-half cents." And you Massachusetts fellows," replied the representative of the land of steady habits, "would be afraid to turn it over at all, lest by so doing, it should become worn, and pass for less than its real value."

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

"L'éternité est un pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: 'Toujours! jamais! jamais! toujours.'—*Jacques Bridaine.*

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light,
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free hearted Hospitality,
His great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at his board;
But like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning time-piece never ceased,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed,
Oh, precious hours! O, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white
The bride came forth on her wedding night
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer
Was heard the old clock, on the stair,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever."

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
'Ah, when shall they all meet again
As in the days, long since gone by,'
The ancient time-piece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever."

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

GIGANTIC INCREASE OF THE COMMERCE ON THE LAKES.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer, in an article on the "Lake Country," says that its trade and commerce in a few years will nearly equal the commerce of the Atlantic. At the present moment it exhibits evidence of gigantic increase. It is known that the first steamboat which reached Mackinaw was in 1819, and in 1826 steamboats navigated Lake Michigan. Last year there were 380 vessels navigating the Lakes above the Falls, amounting to 76,000 tons. In the same year there were on Lake Ontario 7 steamboats, 3 large propellers, and 100 brigs and schooners. The tonnage is estimated at 8000. In 1845 not less than 1,500,000 barrels of flour passed over the Lakes, and 260,000 passengers. At the present time the commerce of the Lakes may be fairly estimated at \$100,000,000 per annum. This is an evidence of what that commerce will be hereafter.

THE EARL AND THE LOWLY LADY.

The sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed—O yes! worse than widowed! as he stood there, and followed with his eyes the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. 'I am sick of all this idle pomp!' he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral. 'I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!'

Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of Derby, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of a hill overlooking the village of H—. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. 'Here at least is a happy scene,' he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. 'At least, I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it,' he said; and in a few moments he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognized as the Earl of Derby, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers, and straggling bushes of birch sufficiently high and thick to meet over-head, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her bosom, and a curly headed archer dis-

tending his cheeks with pumping a little painted trumpet, the horrid grating of which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good humored, that the earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging. 'Not in that merry village we have just left,' he said, 'for I am unwell and tired.'

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood, overhanging the river; and directed him to follow it through a large corn-field, and up a very steep sandy lane; and then, for about half a mile over—but such directions are tiresome enough when one is obliged to listen to learn one's own way; here, they would be even more so. Beside, I am not sure the earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds which, in the quiet fields, on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him; he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river floating gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and steadfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully, half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on, about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled; and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her trouble; and the only expression on her face was innocent gladness.

Let no one suppose, that in this fair country girl we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. What was she!—a fair and happy maiden of low birth, if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education, beyond reading, and—let me remember—yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was full of natural melody; and practice, and genuine feeling; and above all, piety, had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful; but their modest, innocent expression, was better than mere beauty. Her hands

were not the whitest in the world, though they were delicately, say exquisitely shaped; their little palms might have been softer; but, if it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milk maid, 'she makes her hand hard with labor,' it might have been well added, 'and her heart soft with pity;' for they who knew her, say she was the kindest creature that ever lived, and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner that gave a charm to every look and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say—in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure-minded maiden; who felt in his inmost heart the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love, that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word) 'vagabond.' They doubted, and questioned, and wavered and questioned again, till the earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer and blush; and thus, in fact, to make them really suspicious, for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

'You see,' said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, 'you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or rather have been, till now, when you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please Heaven, I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what,' he said, 'brother and sister,' (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking very wise) 'don't be in a hurry to give your consent. Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes! I say it again, (though you seem to smile) young man—fit for any lord in the land.'

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were penniless; but she felt, that without the consent of her parents, (servants of God, and kind parents, as they both were,) she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will, on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak; her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her dutious child. Mothers, or wives, I meant to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or truer words) calm good sense, it soon agreed that Lucy should marry, on this condition—that the answer to a certain letter, to be written by him, should be given.

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In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been at times unusually silent, recovered all her cheerfulness, and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of the neighborhood were waiting round the church door, to fling baskets-full of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessings of many poor aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them and blessed them.

"High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as these!" he said to himself; "but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood!"

"That is a grand place, indeed!" said Lucy, as toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; "but does our road lie through the park?"

"Not exactly through the park," he replied; "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years, and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power; and we have time enough, though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home."

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

"Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture, are all very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbor of honeysuckle so near the house?"

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length she said, "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

"How many questions have you given me to answer, Lucy? Let me consider! Yes, he is a married man; he married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy."

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

"Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded. "Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and as she said this, she drew more closely around her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one!" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; "I sighed in pity for the poor young lady, for a lady she is now; such a change is enough to turn her head!"

"Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said.

"Perhaps it might," she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?"

"My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought he had never before seemed so tenderly respectful towards her; "my sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions; you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "I must be lady here; you must make me Countess of Derby!"

She had scarcely said this when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll; Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service; then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the Countess of Derby, his wife!

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the color forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession; and, raising her innocent face, she courtesied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of Derby above her; but, perhaps, of all the high born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with an humbler spirit, than the LOWLY LADY.

The Bushmen.

Wandering Habits.—The Bushmen of South Africa have neither house nor shed, neither flocks nor herds. They remove from place to place as convenience or necessity may require. The man takes his spear, and hangs his bow and quiver on his shoulder; his wife, in addition to her helpless infant, frequently carries a mat, an earthen pot, a number of ostrich shells, and some ragged skins. They ascend the mountain, and, with a keenness of sight perhaps superior to our common telescopes, survey the plain below, to discover game or cattle, or to watch those whose herds they may have stolen. If danger approaches, they climb the highest cliffs, from which nothing but the rifle ball can bring them down. When closely pursued they sometimes hide in dens and caves, in which their enemies—blocking up the entrance with brushwood and setting it on fire—sometimes smother them to death in scores. Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them.

Food.—Hunger compels them to consume every thing which is eatable; they even resort to plants and berries which are extremely unwholesome, while almost every kind of living creature—lizards, locusts, grasshoppers not excepted—are eagerly devoured. They roast and eat serpents, whether poisonous or not; the heads of poisonous serpents they cut off, and carefully extract the bags, or reservoirs of poison, which communicate with the fangs of the upper jaw. If they have meat enough they do nothing but eat and sleep, dance and sing till their stock is exhausted. When compelled to sally forth in pursuit of prey, they are very skilful hunters; they can run almost as fast as a horse.

Dwellings.—It is impossible to look at their habitations and not ask—are these the abodes of human beings? In some places they will dig a hole among the bushes, and then unite and fasten the branches over it. Here, in a spot not larger than an ostrich's nest, the man and his wife, and probably a child or two, lie huddled together. Where bushes are scarce, they form a hollow under the edge of a rock, and partially cover it with reeds and grass.

Poisoned Arrows.—Having extracted the poison which they find in many of the serpents of South Africa, they mix it with the milky juice of some poisonous plant; they then simmer it over the fire till it becomes about as thick as wax; with this they cover the points of their arrows. It is stated by Mr. Moffat—whose book has furnished the facts contained in this description of the Bushmen—that he has known men shot dead on the spot with these arrows; and others, who did not at first appear to be mortally wounded, he has seen expire in convulsive agony within a few hours.

Cruelty to Children.—When a woman dies leaving a child which is not able to shift for itself, it is buried alive with the corpse of its mother. The Bushmen will also kill their children when they are ill-shaped or cry for food, when the father has forsaken the mother of the child, or is obliged to flee from his pursuers; in these cases they will abandon them, strangle them, smother them, or bury them alive. Parents sometimes throw their little ones to the hungry lion, as he stands roaring before their cavern and refusing to depart till some peace-offering is made. They never correct their children except in a fit of rage, and then they almost kill them.

Religion.—The Bushmen know nothing of God, nothing of a future state, and yet they dread the approach of death. The missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society were tolerably successful in leading the people to a knowledge of the truth, till their labors were interrupted by the difficulties which arose between the Bushmen and the farmers. Before this event, some of them had become very active in doing good to others. The children had learned to sing the praises of Jehovah; they had also made considerable progress in the schools.



A Bushman hunting Ostriches.

The accompanying sketch represents a Bushman approaching his game in the garb of an ostrich. Having stuffed a cushion with straw, and made it somewhat like a saddle, he covers it with ostrich feathers by fastening them to pegs. Next he stuffs the neck and head of an ostrich, and thrusts a small rod into them. He then whitens his legs, places his feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the lower part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. At the distance of a few hundred yards he cannot be distinguished from a real ostrich. This human bird, as it moves along, appears to be sometimes picking at the grass, sometimes turning the head this way and that way as if keeping a sharp look out, sometimes shaking its feathers, till it comes within bow-shot of the game; then away whizzes the arrow, and all the ostriches run off, except the wounded bird, and the Bushman runs too. The male ostriches, if they suspect the cheat, will give chase to this strange bird; then he must take care to keep clear of their wings, for if they hit him they will lay him prostrate on the ground.

Don't kill the birds—the pretty birds
That play among the trees;
'Twould make the earth a cheerless place,
Should we dispense with these.
The little birds—how fond they play—
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds the happy birds
That bless the field and grove;
So innocent to look upon
They claim our warmest love.
The happy birds—the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see;
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence be.

Use boys of the West,
With courage possess,
Is never can rest,
With buffalo rest,
To wear on our breast,
And heavier skin breeches,
Without any stitches,
Fresh from the sand
Of our footmen British,
We'll make 'em look skittish.
Chorus—So never say nay,
Hall Columbia.

The plan of running rail-road cars on Broadway, N York, is opposed on the ground that it will be dangerous, noisy, &c. Does not every one know that a carriage which conveys fifty persons is much less dangerous and noisy than five carriages which contain ten persons each?

Why is cutting a horse's tail like a place where vessels lie?
Ans. It is a dock.
If you have a neighbor who will let you entirely alone, don't complain. Some will not even do that.

